AUG 1 0 1966

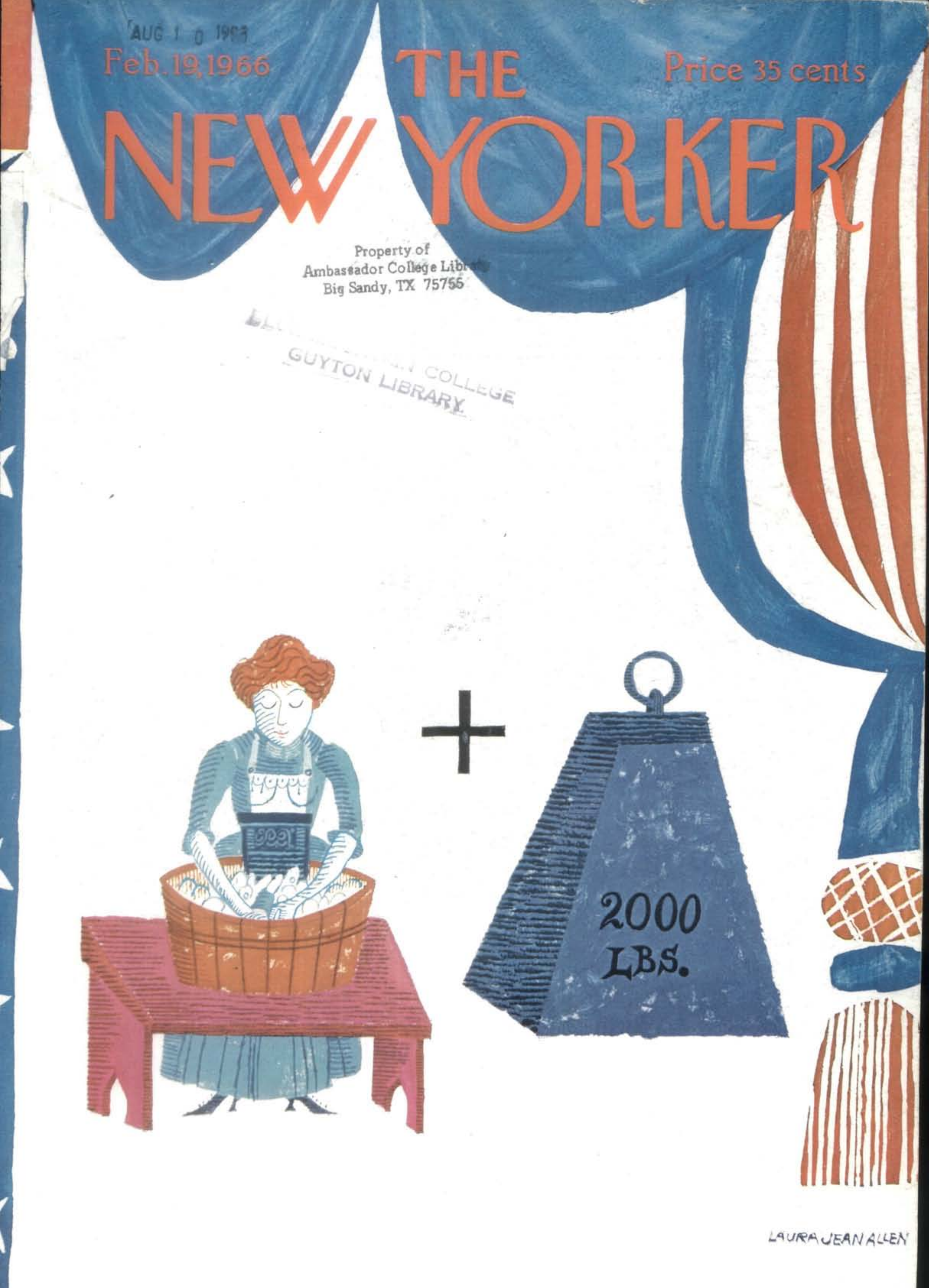
Feb. 19, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

[illegible] COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY


+
2000
LBS.
LAURA JEAN ALLEN

A tailgate that turns into a door...

a door that turns into a tailgate...

FOREGROUND, MERCURY COLONY PARK; REAR, MERCURY COMET VILLAGER.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

...in Mercury's elegant move-ahead wagons

Mercury could have won the station wagon game on looks alone. You can see that in the classic distinction of the Colony Park's sweeping lines. And in the youthful spirit of the Comet Villager. Also, in the rich simulated walnut paneling that warms them both. But Mercury didn't stop with beauty. You also get a great idea: it's called the Dual-Action Tailgate. You can drop it down, like tailgates have always opened. Or, swing it wide like a door. That makes entering easier for people. The Dual-Action Tailgate is standard on Mercury wagons and the Comet Villager. Mercury wagons also have Channel-Aire, to keep dust, snow and dirt off the rear window. No wonder Mercury is considered America's wagon master.

the move-ahead cars from

Mercury

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR HAIR LIKE THIS?

ALL YOU NEED IS A DYNEL CHIGNON, A DYNEL POSTICHE, A BRUSH, BOBBIES AND A YEN!

With hairpieces of Dynel® modacrylic fiber you can be a Brigitte one moment, a brunette the next. No fretting over damp days, setting every night. Just brush and look smashing. That's because they're not fake anything. They're real Dynel. Another quality product of

UNION CARBIDE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, most theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A lengthy, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Weeknights—except Washington's Birthday and Thursday, Feb. 24—at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

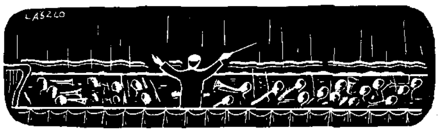
Marat/Sade—Very long, very loud, very tedious. Staged by Peter Brook and acted by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40).



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Long Runs—any wednesday: A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. Sandra Smith will succeed Miss Cook on Tuesday, Feb. 22. (George Abbott Theatre, formerly the 54th Street Theatre, 54th St. E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.). . . **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.). . . **luv:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.). . . **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.). . . **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	140
BOOKS	159
THE CURRENT CINEMA	145
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON	146
MUSICAL EVENTS	134
THE RACE TRACK	132
THE THEATRE	130

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A Dublin play by Brian Friel, with Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford. Directed by Hilton Edwards. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine appealingly, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 20.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has the indefatigable Gwen Verdon and an enthusiastic cast. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Long Runs—fiddler on the roof: Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.). . . **funny girl:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **golden boy:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 5.). . . **half a sixpence:** Tommy Steele disporting himself in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Elsie Dinsmore. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Hostile Witness—Ray Milland in a London import, written by Jack Roffey and directed

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 53, February 19, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB KITTA

TIFFANY & CO. NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57th ST. • SAN FRANCISCO 233 POST ST. • BEVERLY HILLS 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE • HOUSTON FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Reginald Denham. Opens Thursday, Feb. 17. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Washington's Birthday, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:30.)

Slapstick Tragedy—Tennessee Williams' latest offering, consisting of two short plays starring Margaret Leighton and Kate Reid. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews through Monday, Feb. 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 22. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

First One Asleep, Whistle—Salome Jens and Frank Converse in a play by Oliver Hailey, staged by John Berry. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 23; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2:40, and no performance that evening. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 24. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nathan Weinstein, Mystic, Connecticut—A comedy by David Rayfiel, with a cast headed by Sam Levene, Zohra Lampert, and Estelle Winwood. Previews nightly, except Sunday and Washington's Birthday, at 8:30; matinées Saturday, Feb. 19, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Opens officially on Saturday, Feb. 26, at 7:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE: The final performances in a three-week repertory of plays. Feydeau's farce **UN FIL À LA PATTE**, Thursday, Feb. 17, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, and Tuesday, Feb. 22, all at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ De Montherlant's play **LA REINE MORTE**, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's comedy **L'AVARE**, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's third offering is Sartre's **THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA**, adapted by Justin O'Brien. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **CARMEN**. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, does quite well. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3, except Feb. 23; special matinée Washington's Birthday.)

Jonah—Sorrell Booke and Earle Hyman in a Biblical play by Paul Goodman. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 2.)

Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Rooms—A pair of glib, rather cheap one-acters, the first a comedy and the second a melodrama. James Broderick is good in both of them. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

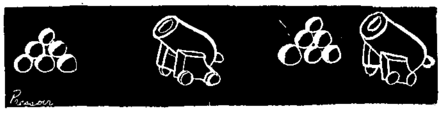
A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3. No performances Tuesday and Wednesday nights, Feb. 22-23.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winterset—A revival of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Washington's Birthday at 3. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Erick Hawkins—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 8:30.)



Paul Sanasardo—With his company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Vittorio Gassman—Plus a troupe of assisting actors in "The Game of Heroes," an anthology of scenes and one-act plays from four centuries of Italian theatre, performed in Italian with English introductions. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—March is the way of Julie London, who sings at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, for she comes on like a lion, and rarely lets a ballad go out like a lamb. Both fireworks and waterworks are assisted by the worthy band of Lee Evans, which also turns its hand to dance music. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—It is still regarded by a lot of us as a social obligation that custom cannot stale. A couple of bands (Freddy Alonso's and Charles Bubeck's) do the honors in the great hall; in the Champagne Room, a violin and piano do non-activist music. Closed Sundays.

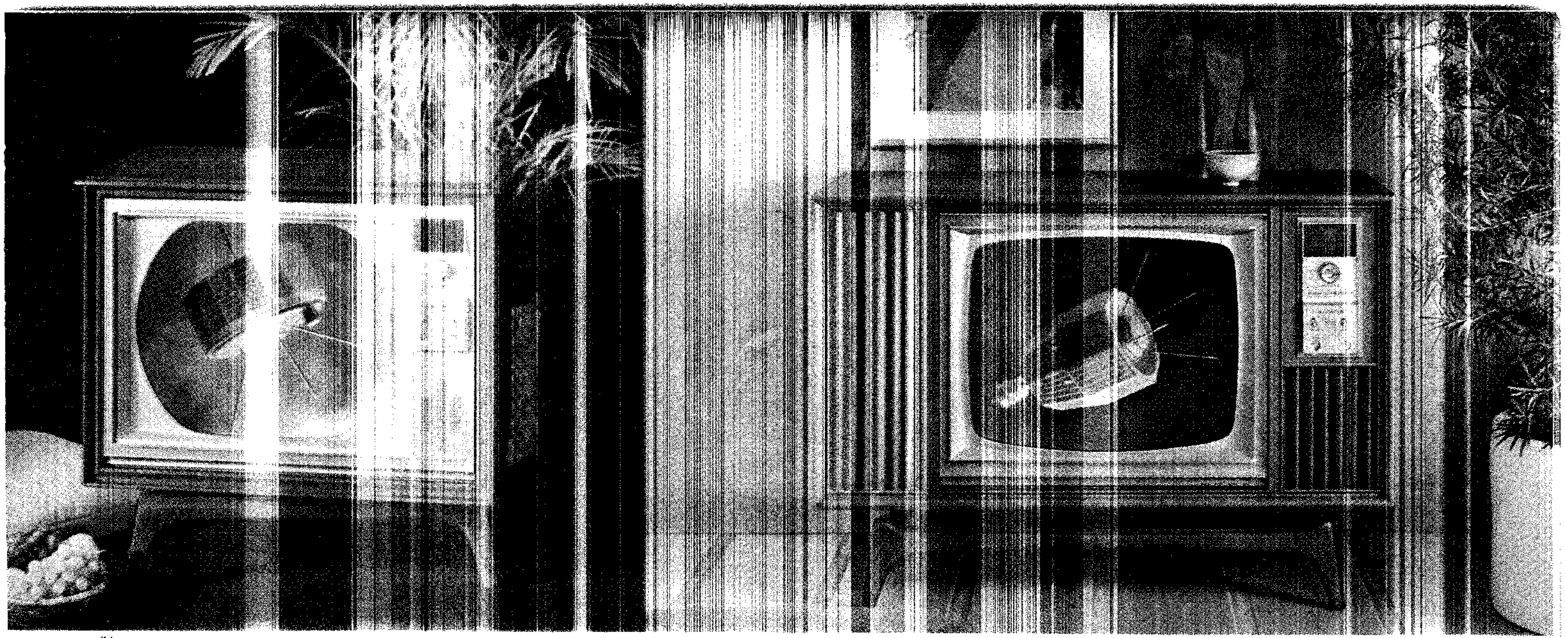
Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Liza Minnelli, who enters the Persian Room at dinner and supper, has come a long way from Hollywood, but there is still a distance to go; that is, she is herself overwhelmed by the overwhelming Clytemnestra ballads she has been given to sing, though absolutely winning as the small girl lyrically wondering what the world has in store for her (aplenty, no doubt). Neil Schwartz and Bob Fitch, who take part in her likewise winning *pas de trois*, are the amiable and antic pink of perfection. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) are their flanker backs. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A skyport without the dubious benefit of helicopters, devoted, instead, to all-embracing views and the propagation of dance music, which comes—eight-thirty until one-thirty—out of a trio. No sound on Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. In the middle of it sits the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, under the tutelage of Urbie Green. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the



The 21"* *Farrell* on swivel [illegible]

25"* rectangular Color TV—the Scandinavian-[illegible] Larvik.

Now RCA Victor gives you Color TV that's custom-engineered the Space Age way—with dependable RCA solid copper circuits.

It's breathtaking: beautiful RCA Victor Color TV. *Behind* that beautiful picture are two important things you *can't* see.

One is reliability—of RCA Solid Copper circuits (shown at left). They replace old-fashioned handwiring in over 200 possible trouble spots. They won't come loose. Won't short-circuit. Won't go haywire. They're *solid*.

Then there's experience. RCA Victor has more experience in Color TV than many manufacturers have in making black-and-white sets.

Cabinet styles? You'll see several beautiful examples of any you name, rich in fine furniture detail, glowing with the beauty of magnificent woods and costly veneers.

See for yourself why more people own RCA Victor Color TV than any other kind. Soon.

*19-in. (overall diag.) 180 sq. in. picture/21-in. tube (overall diam.) 265 sq. in. picture/25-in. tube (overall diag.) 295 sq. in. picture

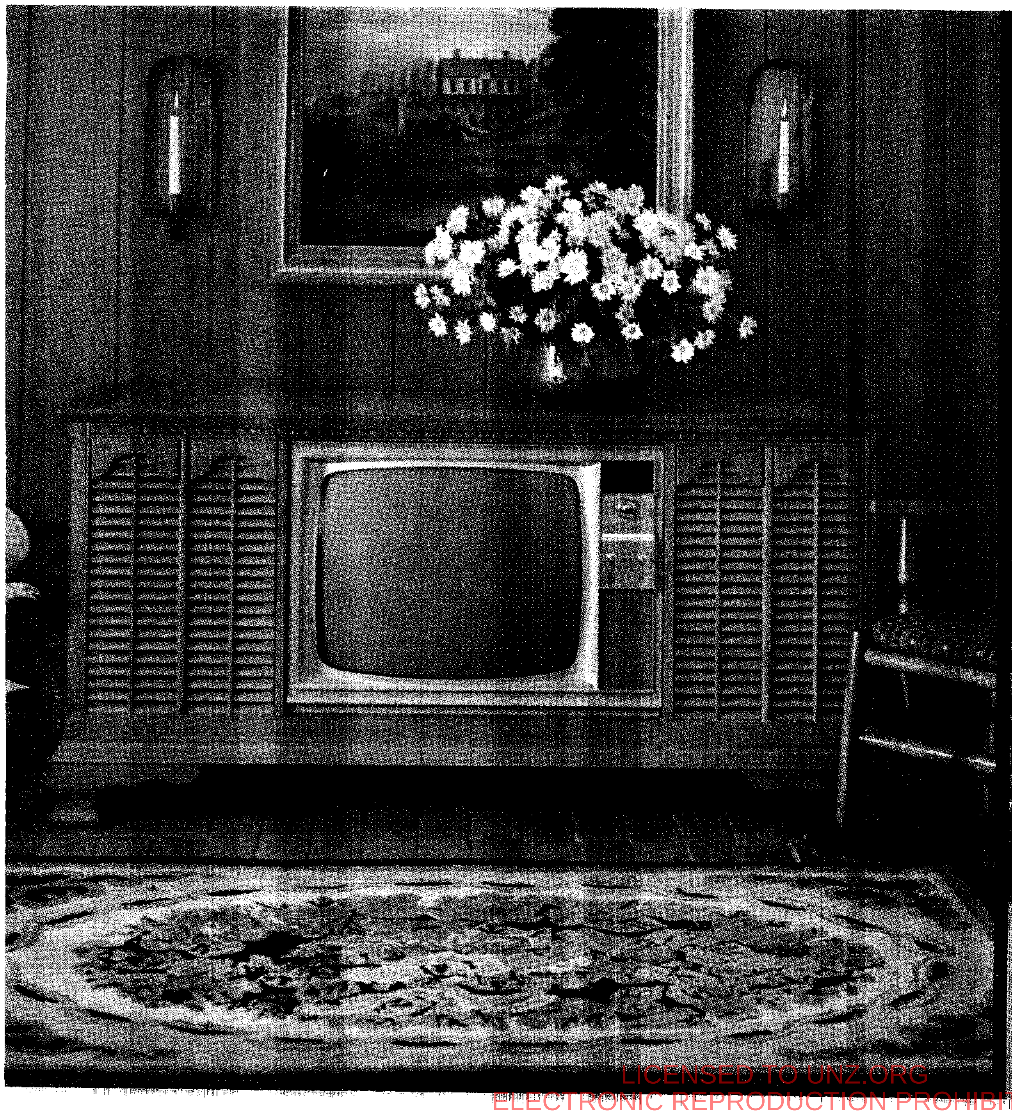
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

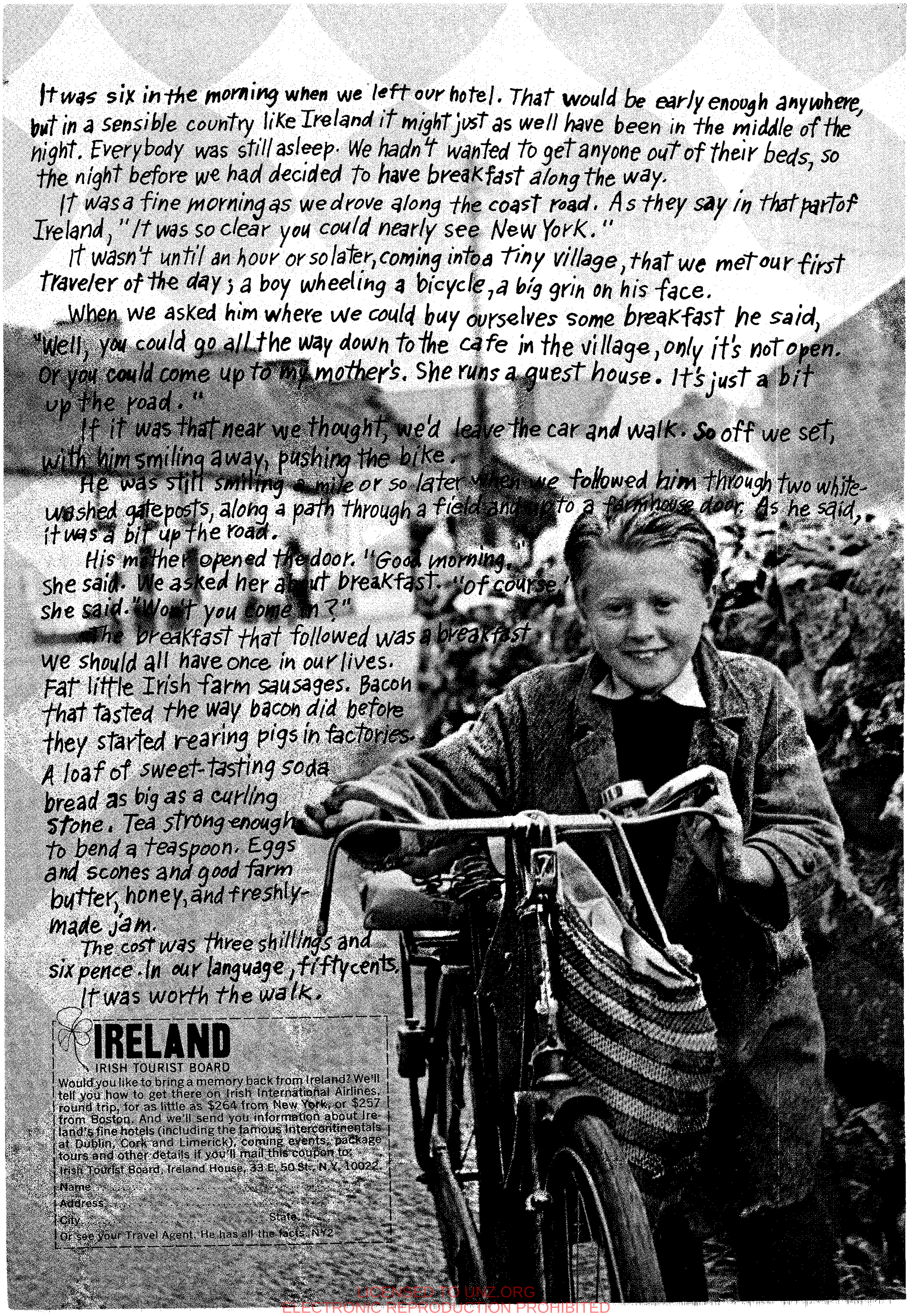
The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s)®

The *Shenandoah*: 25"* Color TV, Stereo, FM-AM-FM Stereo radio.

New 19"* Contemporary consolette, the *Stockton*.





It was six in the morning when we left our hotel. That would be early enough anywhere, but in a sensible country like Ireland it might just as well have been in the middle of the night. Everybody was still asleep. We hadn't wanted to get anyone out of their beds, so the night before we had decided to have breakfast along the way.

It was a fine morning as we drove along the coast road. As they say in that part of Ireland, "It was so clear you could nearly see New York."

It wasn't until an hour or so later, coming into a tiny village, that we met our first traveler of the day; a boy wheeling a bicycle, a big grin on his face.

When we asked him where we could buy ourselves some breakfast he said, "Well, you could go all the way down to the cafe in the village, only it's not open. Or you could come up to my mother's. She runs a guest house. It's just a bit up the road."

If it was that near we thought, we'd leave the car and walk. So off we set, with him smiling away, pushing the bike.

He was still smiling a mile or so later when we followed him through two whitewashed gateposts, along a path through a field and up to a farmhouse door. As he said, it was a bit up the road.

His mother opened the door. "Good morning," she said. We asked her about breakfast. "Of course," she said. "Won't you come in?"

The breakfast that followed was a breakfast we should all have once in our lives. Fat little Irish farm sausages. Bacon that tasted the way bacon did before they started rearing pigs in factories. A loaf of sweet-tasting soda bread as big as a curling stone. Tea strong enough to bend a teaspoon. Eggs and scones and good farm butter, honey, and freshly-made jam.

The cost was three shillings and sixpence. In our language, fifty cents.

It was worth the walk.

IRELAND
IRISH TOURIST BOARD

Would you like to bring a memory back from Ireland? We'll tell you how to get there on Irish International Airlines, round trip, for as little as $264 from New York, or $257 from Boston. And we'll send you information about Ireland's fine hotels (including the famous Intercontinentals at Dublin, Cork and Limerick), coming events, package tours and other details if you'll mail this coupon to:

Irish Tourist Board, Ireland House, 33 E. 50 St., N.Y. 10022.

Name
Address
City State
Or see your Travel Agent. He has all the facts. NY2

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **FREY'S,** 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Carl Norman's piano sounds the responsive chords. The hours run late; Sundays are the music-maker's holidays. . . . **MIKE MALKAN'S,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Another youth convocation—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): One more neighborhood pub. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): And still another neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. Bob Emma, prancing on a tin-pan upright, takes care of the 1900 sound; All the King's Men, folk singers, date a bit later. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of futurism in music. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mitteleuropa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Seldom, if ever, have so many Rodolfos and Scarpias assembled under cover of night disguised as plain, ordinary waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Explorers of the piano bars in this part of town are much better off here, where Charles De Forest, from ten until three every night but Sunday, sings (to his own accompaniment) about the ways and wiles of guys and dolls.

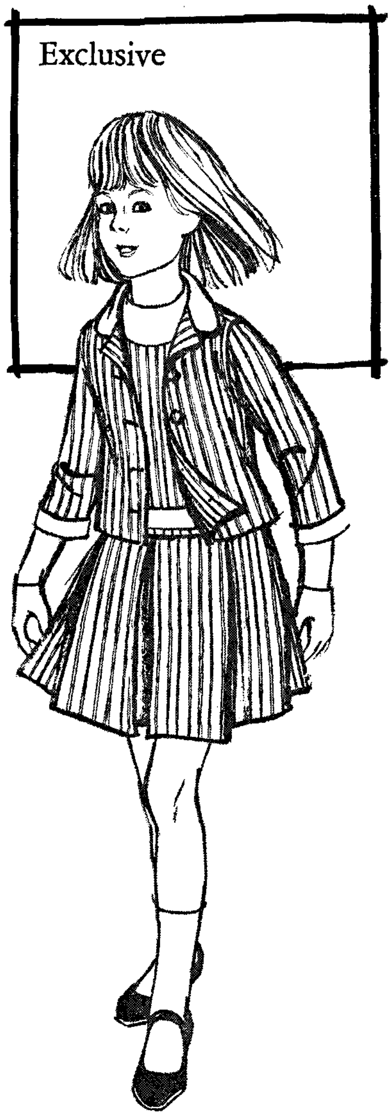
NOTE—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, can best be viewed by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers are little masterpieces of wile and wit. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—Joe Moon, a well-versed poet—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar (Rogelio Reguera) dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (Harold Morris) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. On Monday, Feb. 21, Mr. Morris will give way to Sarita He-

Boys & Girls



Petite Parisienne ...or, at least that's the effect given by this young ensemble, one from our exclusive collection of "Petite Virginie" clothes. Designed in France by the young Parisian, Virginie, they're made here for the young Americans who aspire to a couture look early in life. This, a two piece jacket dress in striped cotton denim with freshenings of vanilla trim. Red-and-vanilla stripes or grey-and-vanilla stripes. Sizes 7 to 14, $15.

On mail or phone orders, add 55¢ beyond our delivery area.

Sixth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

BONWIT TELLER

SPRING WEARS NAVY

The navy wool suit takes on the looks of '66...the jacket double breasted, the skirt slim...with a jolt of white wool shell, a fillip of navy-and-white silk collar. By Robert Fields for Linker, misses' sizes, 125.00
Mail and phone orders filled.

COLLECTION CLOTHES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

redia, a real Spanish gypsy moth, whose flame is the guitar she wields. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and Elysian bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions seem diminished. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): Tony Gorody, the old Havana clubman, is playing woo-the-muse piano in the Bivouac Room, and that's not a bad idea. Between six and one, he's in fairly constant attendance. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The Supremes, three remarkably noisy girls whose emotional outlet is sing with zing. The support is a brace of new humorists and those carefree Copa ballerinas. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. Among the bystanders is Jayne Mansfield—stop, look, and (not particularly) listen. Not far in the background is a more-than-life-size panther named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): This pavilion should (on Monday, Feb. 21) be back in operation again, now as a springboard for Damita Jo, whose singing and antics need very little springing to begin with. Timmie Rogers, a catch-as-catch-can humorist, and a new band belonging to Gerald Wilson should also be around. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles, living up to the flamencan code, tramples a pair of willing partners into the dust raised by his incessant feet. The five carollers known as Los Vegas live up to the law west of the Pecos, for they are as accustomed to the Sands and the Sahara as they are to Seville. The players give their all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square (AL 4-0480): The best of all possible ways of doing a Cole Porter retrospective—a lighthearted, lightfooted revue splendidly decorated by the activities of Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan, their tongues all in midaria when they are not in mid-cheek. Carol Arthur, Jane Manning, and Virginia Vestoff are their owlish assistants, and Ben Bagley is the architect of the whole thing. William Roy, pianoforte, and Dick Sheridan, timpani, are the lithe orchestra. The schedule: Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and also at eleven Fridays and Saturdays; no show at all Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Mabel Mercer, whose advice to the lovelorn has been put into the neatest words and music, is at the moment flanked by Joan Rivers, who (to hear her tell it) is beyond the help of any words, or music, at all. The two ladies, who plead their cases in the most excellent of spirits, are not to be found before ten at the earliest. Sam Hamilton is Miss Mercer's lifetime accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the incumbent portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but it also proves that there is still lots of merit in the old revue format. R. G. Brown is principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair, Fannie Flagg, and Kelly Wood. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Abbey Lincoln, that vivid troupial, will be chanting away, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 18-20, with the assistance of the Cedar Walton threesome, and a quartet headed by Wes Montgomery and Wynton Kelly will take turns with them. Monday, Feb. 21, will, like every Monday, be assigned to Thad Jones and his eighteen-strong band, in which Mel Lewis participates. On Friday, Feb. 25, the establishment will reopen to admit Thelonious Monk's quartet and Coleman Hawkins' foursome. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and below-decks grotto. The restaurant, where Jaki Byard executes piano, is open every night but Monday. The grotto operates like this: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, the Clara Ward Singers, taking the Gospel by storm, as well as Gloria Lynne, a bombastic soprano. Mondays, a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St. at West Broadway (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on the best level, such as, right now, Jake Holmes and the newcomer Tim Rose. Humor of a sort also raises its shaggy head with the Uncalled-For 3. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used

FROM EUROPE: SIX COLOR ORIGINALS BY ESTÉE LAUDER. The language of color needs no translation, just the quick eye of Estée Lauder, who is as sensitive to color as a barometer to weather. From her European Collection come six Color Originals rendered here in her brilliant Re-Nutriv Lipstick. The secret of its radiant color, its deep-velvet smoothness is Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's creme of creams. Try Pompeii Red, Swedish Blush, Lido Sand, Parisian Peach, French Coral or Mayfair Pink—and use the language of color to deliver your own brilliant beauty message.

Estée Lauder

©1966 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.

Saks Fifth Avenue

SHAFT OF GABARDINE FROM OUR EXCLUSIVE NEW CONNOISSEUR COLLECTION, $110

To satisfy the busy young woman's need for elegantly understated clothes—this funnel-collared easy cut of crisp wool gabardine in eye-shadow blue or iced green, 6 to 14 sizes. Sportsdress Collections.

to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, Roger Kellaway, and a Japanese pianist, Shoji Suzuki. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Good things in a small package: The quintet of Sonny Rollins at the moment, then (Tuesday, Feb. 22) the quartet of Lennie Tristano. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, Horace Silver's quintet will be added to the cast, but that is not of such importance. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The steadily varying personnel of the Jazz Workshop, the band in residence, is in the charge of Charles Mingus, bassist emeritus, rebel in search of a cause. Toshiko Mariano is the between-times pianist. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. Tuesdays through Thursdays, a bagpiper is included. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave., S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Albert Alcalay—Semi-abstract paintings; through March 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Will Barnet—Portraits; through March 12. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Biddle—Landscapes, animals, flowers, and paintings having to do with death; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, mobiles, and stabiles; through March 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mary Cassatt—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings and pastels; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Carmen Cicero—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

William Copley—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract paintings done in a mixture of sand and oil; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Forman—Figures and still-lifes; through March 5. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Hana Geber—Silver and bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings; through March 5. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—Abstract oils; through March 5. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Lester Johnson—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through March 5. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Henry Kallem—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Tanzer, 860 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Gaston Lachaise—Sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Dennis Leon—Metal sculptures and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

César Manrique—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Ezio Martinelli—Bronzes; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Felix Pasilis—Abstract oils; through March 5. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings; through March 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carlos Sansegundo—Paintings; through March 5. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

David Sawin—Still-lifes and landscapes; through March 5. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings of Yugoslavia, Paris, Puerto Rico, and New York; through March 12. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Hedda Sterne—Portraits, 1941-65; through March 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Raoul Ubac—Slates, oils, and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John von Wicht—Graphics; through March 5. (Grippi, 344 E. 59th St.)

Livingston Welch—Lead sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Arp, Calder, César, and other American and European artists; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Greek Art—Plates, vases, bronze animals, and other Greek antiquities; through March 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Masks, statues, and utensils (in wood, bronze, and ivory), from Mali, Liberia, Nigeria, and so on; through Feb. 28. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

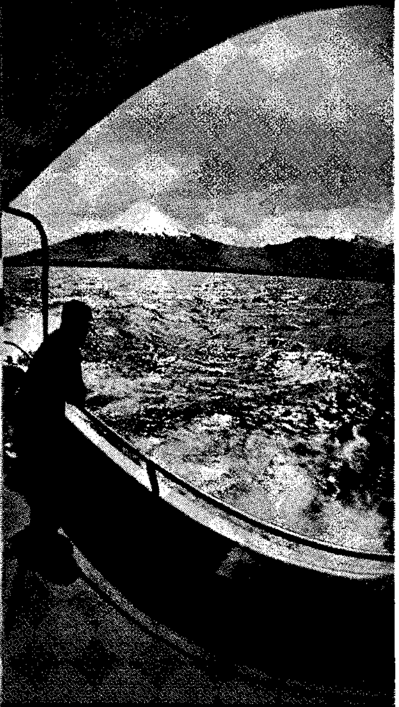
Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Robert Brackman, Frederick Frieseke, and Robert Philipp; through Friday, Feb. 25. (Closed Washington's Birthday.). . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Hassam, Twachtman, and Pleissner; through March 25. (Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.). . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints and watercolors by

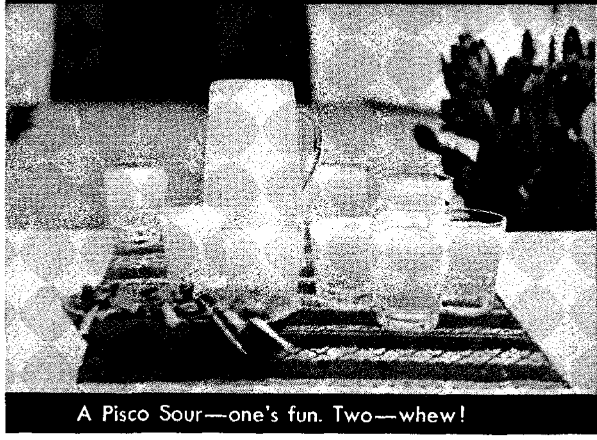
South America where you can still have an adventure...

Machu Picchu, the sacred Inca city in Peru.

Hideous beauty! A Colorado Indian from Ecuador.

She lives in Buenos Aires.


Scenic lake Llanquihue joins Argentina and Chile.


A Pisco Sour—one's fun. Two—whew!

Chile's cowboys are called Huasos.

Panagra goes there every day

South America. No place like it left. It's a place of excitement . . . of magic. A place with infinite possibilities . . . for adventure. A place we fly to every single night of the week. We? Panagra—the one U. S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Our *El InterAmericano* DC-8's fly you south from New York and Miami, with no change of plane, over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra. They're your most frequent jets to Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina . . . and Adventure! Only $550 round trip, Jet economy excursion fare. Join us today—start your adventure tomorrow!

FLY PANAGRA
TO SOUTH AMERICA

Haven't discovered Vat 69 Gold yet?

Pity!

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
VAT 69
Gold
CLASSIC LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

...you're missing a uniquely pleasant experience.

Vat 69 Gold is a "light" Scotch with a difference — and the difference is a subtle classic Scotch taste lacking in most "light" Scotches

Why this difference in taste? 100 years of Vat 69 experience and the world's largest reserves of Scotch whiskies combine to make Vat Gold very special — and very smooth.

In all the world, there isn't enough gold (or silver) to buy a smoother light Scotch than Vat 69 Gold.

VAT 69 GOLD

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. VAT 69 GOLD, 86.8 PROOF. SOLE DISTR. U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.

Misch Kohn, Bill Majors, and other members of the gallery, plus bronze nudes by Doris Caesar; through March 9. (Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **American Federation of Arts**, 41 E. 65th St.: Roy Lichtenstein, Josef Albers, and Victor Vasarely are three of the artists represented in a travelling show of graphics entitled "Pop and Op;" through March 2. (Closed Saturday mornings and Washington's Birthday.) . . . **Borgenicht**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Pastels by Milton Avery, Vuillard, Redon, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . **Cordier & Ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: An exhibition consisting of sculptures, paintings, drawings, and objects relating to the subject of chess, by such contributors as Helen Frankenthaler, René Magritte, and Jean Tinguely; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings by, among others, Eakins, Prendergast, and Corot; through Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . **Elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by Robert Motherwell, de Staël, Klee, and other twentieth-century artists; through March 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Sixteenth- to twentieth-century drawings by Boucher, Toulouse-Lautrec, Homer, and others; through March 19. (Closed Washington's Birthday.)

Europeans; Group Show—"Old Masters in Twentieth-Century European Art," including Picasso, Arp, and Mondrian; through March 5. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Metalwork," a new installation of small objects dating from 1500 B.C. to about 1250 A.D., including sculptures, religious images, and jewelry, in gold, silver, and gilt bronze. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ A display of architectural drawings of projects and buildings by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, in celebration of his eightieth birthday; through March 20. . . . ¶ Robert Rauschenberg's thirty-four abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Tuesdays, except Washington's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Oils, drawings, and small caseins by Niles Spencer, 1893-1952; through March 6. . . . ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. . . . ¶ "Greek Gold: Jewelry from the Age of Alexander," a loan exhibition of some two hundred items, the majority of them unearthed during the past fifteen years in Greece, Italy, Syria, and Turkey; through March 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Ancient Art from Afghanistan: Treasures of the Kabul Museum;" through March 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; through March 13. (Tuesdays, except Washington's Birth-

*you foot noters
will see it in black & white

I. Miller is often used as a standard reference. If the subject is quality shoemaking, you can look it up in I. Miller Shoes.

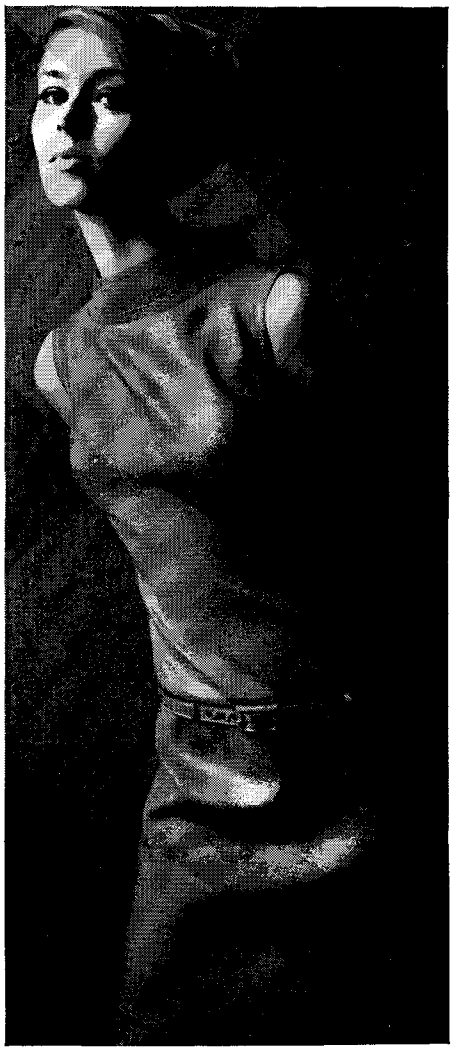
To you who also take note of great new fashions, our shoes present a constantly changing story.

Sometimes it's high-minded. Often a classic. On occasion, very colorful. We've been known to feature vamps and heels.

Our current story is down-to-earth about heels. It's rather pointless about toes. Its impact is felt when you see our black and white shoes.* Simply dramatic!

I. Miller
734 FIFTH AVENUE

Fortrel, the fiber that keeps a linen-like skimmer wrinkle-free



Skim through spring in the hipster
that's crisp and fresh with Fortrel.
Machine wash, touch-up iron.
E. T. of California styles it with
a pert stand-up collar. Crown's fabric of
Fortrel polyester, rayon and flax.
5-13, 6-14. Blue, brown, charcoal, yellow.
About $26. At The Village Store
of New York; Filene's, Boston;
Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.
Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.
CELANESE FORTREL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty-one paintings and drawings by Abstract Expressionist Philip Guston; through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," an exhibition of books and ephemera; through April 9.... ¶ Illuminated manuscript leaves; through April 23.... ¶ The Vinland Map and other early records of exploration; through April 2. (Weekdays, except Washington's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Tikal 1956-66: Excavations in Maya Guatemala;" through April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 17: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, Lili Chookasian, Judith Raskin, Geraint Evans, Frank Guarrera, and Luigi Alva. ... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Aïda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Nicola Ghiuselev, and Raymond Michalski.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 19: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Justino Diaz.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 21: "Don Giovanni," with Ingrid Bjoner, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Elfego Esparza, and Jan Peerce.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 22: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Ruza Pospinov, Cornell MacNeil, and Alfredo Kraus.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Lili Chookasian, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Geraint Evans, Frank Guarrera, and Luigi Alva.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, and Tito Gobbi.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Reri Grist, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Nicolae Herlea, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leontyne Price, Mignon Dunn, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, and Tito Gobbi. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the company's inaugural season in its new home. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:45: The première here of Alberto Ginastera's "Don Rodrigo." (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, at 8:15: "Street Scene." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Thomas Schippers directing performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with Jane Marsh, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; Donald McIntyre, bass; and the Camerata Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 28, at 7:30.)

New Orleans Philharmonic—Werner Torkanowsky conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8:30, with John Browning, piano; and Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting, with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing a performance of Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet," with Margaret Roggero, mezzo-soprano; David Bender, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass-baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Brian Priestman conducting two programs of baroque music, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2 and 8:30, a Bach-Handel program; and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5:30, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30, a varied program.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Walter Susskind conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Interlochen Arts Academy Orchestra—Thor Johnson and Joseph E. Maddy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the first in a series of three Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Lillian Fuchs, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting a program of Puerto Rican music, with Elias Lopez-Sobá, piano; Walter Trampler, viola; and Ralph Froelich, horn. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

United States Navy Band—Commander Anthony Mitchell conducting a benefit concert, with three accordion soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2. For tickets, call 243-6736.)

RECITALS

Julius Katchen—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete solo piano works of Johannes Brahms. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Charles Castleman—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Richard Syracuse—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The New York Camerata. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, in the last in a series of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Inger Wikstrom—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Childs, Berio, Stockhausen, Webern, Ginastera, and Feldman. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-66—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Teo Macero and Gordon Mumma. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Peter Paul & Mary—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Koeckert Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin, in a program of partitas and sonatas for unaccompanied violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR

9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

The Romeros—The guitarists Celedonio Romero and his three sons, with the Esterhazy Orchestra conducted by David Blum. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Note—The Koeckert Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 21, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the United States Army Band, conducted by Major Gilbert Mitchell and Colonel Samuel Laboda. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Jazz Concerts—John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, and Dave Lambert. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11:30.) . . . ¶ Bill Evans, solo and with accompaniment. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.). . . ¶ The Ramsey Lewis Trio and Mongo Santamaria and his band. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Art Farmer, Benny Golson, and the other members of the New York Jazz Sextet. (Bowman Room, Biltmore Hotel, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:40. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8444.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. Boston.

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, Feb. 18, at 9 and 8: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 9 and 8: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Track Meets—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 18, at 7:15.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 7:30.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Thursday, March 3. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concerts of the season, with the Philharmonic's three assistant conductors, and with four piano soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 19, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **amato opera company:** "Aïda." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . ¶ "The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Washington's Birthday at 11:30 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **b. gay puppets:** "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2 and 3:30.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second

ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR TROPICAL WORSTED JACKETS
in new designs, featuring adaptations
of our famous Brooks neckwear stripings

These handsome "346" Odd Jackets are ideal for cruise or resort wear, being lightweight, comfortable and finely tailored. In a blue-and-white bold Glen plaid with gold overplaid, brown and rust Glen plaid; putty with blue-and-white stripe; navy with blue-and-black stripe, or medium green with blue-and-gold; and blue-and-white miniature houndstooth. Also oxford weave Dacron® polyester and tropical worsted jackets in navy, medium blue, burgundy or dark green. $70

Complementary English tropical worsted Odd Trousers in charcoal or oxford grey, brown, light green, medium blue, olive-tan heather mix, navy-white houndstooth, and white with blue stripes, $30

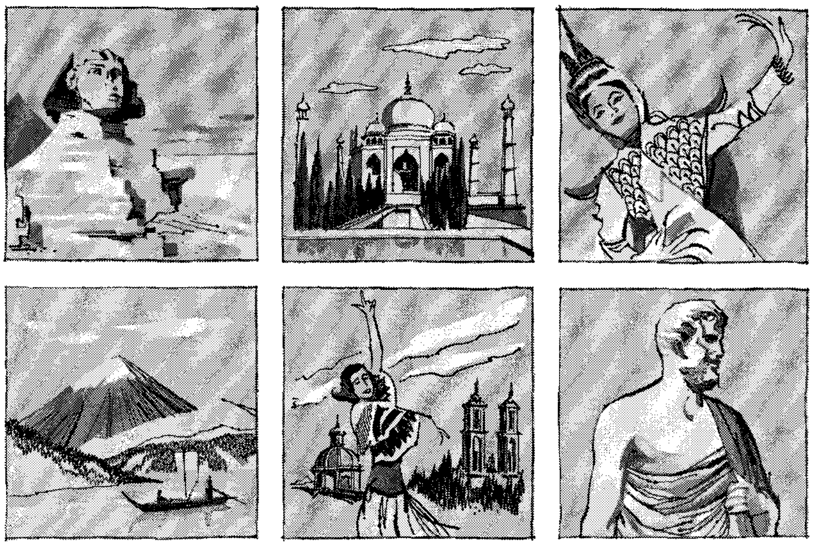
ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Announcing the 7th annual luxury cruise of the world's largest world cruise liner:

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS



Aboard the flagship s. s. Rotterdam, from New York City, January 24, 1967.

Once again, Holland-America Line's magnificently modern 38,645 ton flagship will take you around the world on the luxury cruise event of the year. The s.s. Rotterdam is fully air-conditioned, stabilizer-equipped, and wonderfully spacious—your floating luxury resort hotel throughout your cruise. On this adventure-cruise, you'll visit exotic, far-away ports of call, and have plenty of time ashore in each one to explore new worlds of beauty and fascination. You can also take an American Express overland tour and rejoin the ship at a later port-of-call.

The 1967 cruise is the most fascinating world cruise we've ever offered. You'll visit Cadiz, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Port Said, the Suez Canal, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Penang, Port Swettenham, Singapore, Bangkok, Jesselton, Hong Kong, Keelung, Kobe, Yokohama, Honolulu, San Francisco, Acapulco, Balboa and the Panama Canal, returning to New York on April 13th. Rates from $2,800.

For complete details of the 1967 Around the World in 80 Days Cruise, see your Travel Agent. Or write to Holland-America Line, Dept. 25, Pier 40, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Sail a Happy Ship

Holland-America Line

s. s. Rotterdam under Netherlands registry.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 2 and 3:30.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 988-7461.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3, and Washington's Birthday at 11 and 12:45.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)... **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Babu." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Brightest Moon of All;" through Feb. 28. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Washington's Birthday, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"A Dog of Flanders," with David Ladd and Donald Crisp. A benefit performance. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10. For tickets, call TR 7-9050.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Washington's Birthday from 10 to 12.

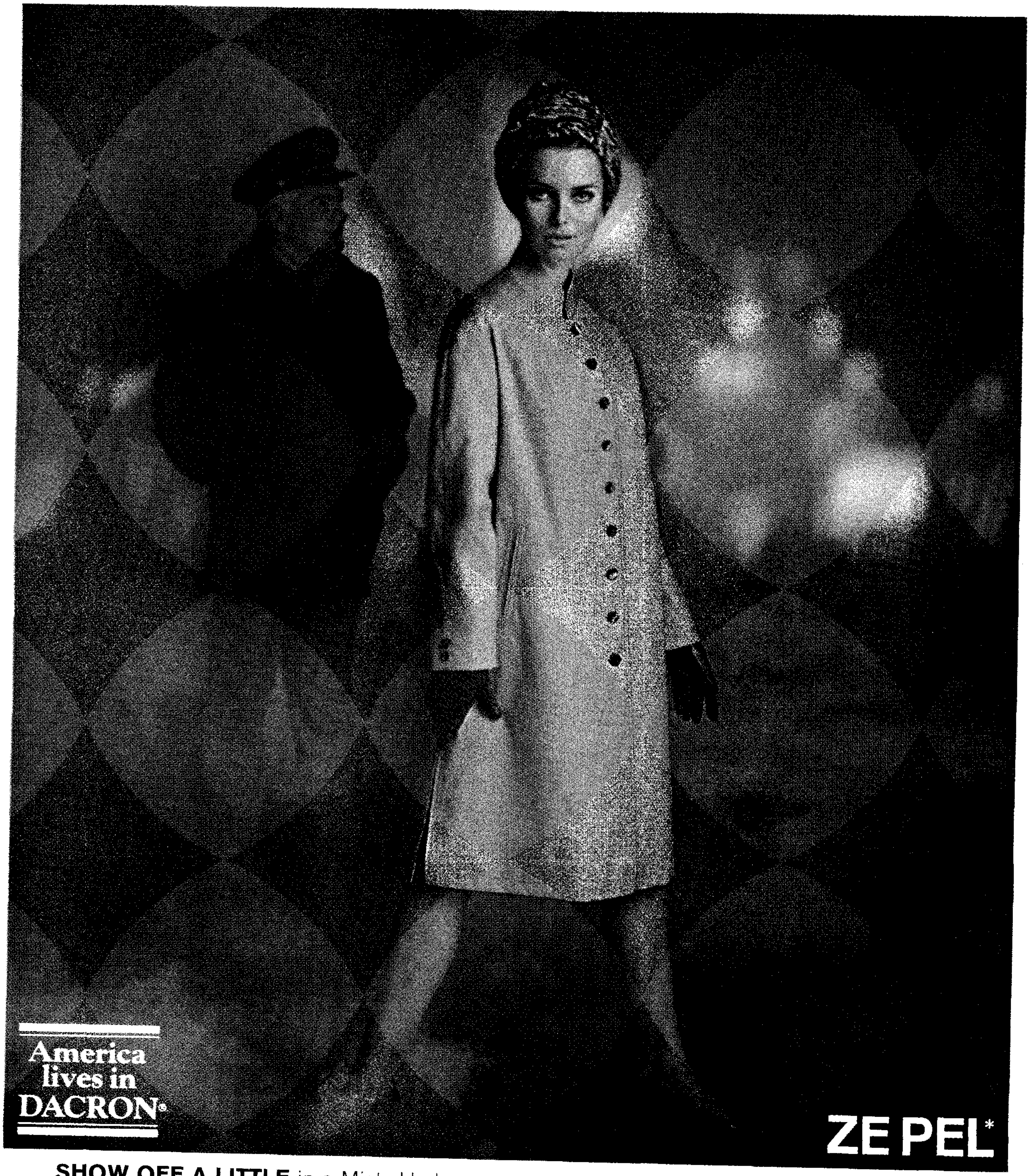
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Washington's Birthday. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—St.-John Perse's new poem, "Birds," will be read in the original French by Gérard de la Villesbrunne and in English by the translator Robert Fitzgerald. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Antiques Show—The twenty-second annual show of antiques, chiefly American, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Feb. 22, through Wednesday, March 2, from 1 to 11, and Thursday, March 3, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Feb. 19, at 1:45: English furniture, Fabergé *objets de vertu,* and rugs; from the estate of the Grand Duchess Olga Alexandrovna of Russia and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 1:45: English literature, sets of fine bindings, and art reference books; from various owners, including the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia.



SHOW OFF A LITTLE in a Misty Harbor any-weather coat! Out of the mist-erious East: the **"BURMA",** exciting new look in our posh poplin "Buoy Cloth" of 65% **Dacron® polyester**-35% cotton, protected against rain and oily stains with **ZE PEL** fabric fluoridizer. Far-East inheritance: exquisite mandarin collar and provocative side slits. Natural (as shown), ivory, maize, pink, ice blue, mint, navy, black. Sizes: regular 6-20; juniors 3-15; petites 2-16. About $35. Talls 10-20. About $36.

At **LORD & TAYLOR,** New York; **ABRAHAM & STRAUS,** Brooklyn; **BACK BAY,** New Canaan; **TOWN & COUNTRY,** Savannah; **STACY'S,** Trenton; **SAGE-ALLEN,** Hartford; **PEERLESS CO.,** Springfield, Troy, Providence & Pawtucket; **STEINBACH CO.,** Asbury Park; **HOCHSCHILD KOHN,** Baltimore; **HUDSON BELK CO.,** Raleigh; **L. S. AYRES,** Indianapolis; **JUNIOR DRESS SHOP,** Harrisburg; **J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS,** Omaha; **GROLLMANS,** Easton; **CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT,** Illinois, all stores; **BULLOCK'S,** California, all stores; **STEWART DRY GOODS,** Louisville; **WINKELMAN'S,** Detroit; and fine stores everywhere or write Misty Harbor Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

Misty Harbor® LTD.
A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN

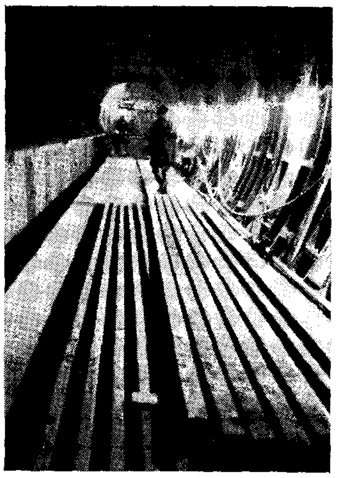
*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Smithy, Ontario Style

Americans who know Ontario expect big ideas in steel. Yesterday's blacksmith never guessed that our blast furnaces would be among the world's most productive.

If by chance, you consider Ontario, Canada, to be the last outpost of clanging anvils and quaint iron kettles, forget it. Ontario is a large body of progress bordering New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota. The wrought-iron relics of the smithy have long since been laid to rest in our antique shops and museums. We've switched to steel. The photo on the left hand page shows our present day smithies at work in an air-conditioned control room at one of our steel plants. This one, in Hamilton, was the first in the world to use open-coil annealing and the first in North America to speed steel making with oxygen furnaces. Another Ontario steel plant has the most productive open hearth furnace *in the world.* Below, we picture a few other items of interest which help make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity.

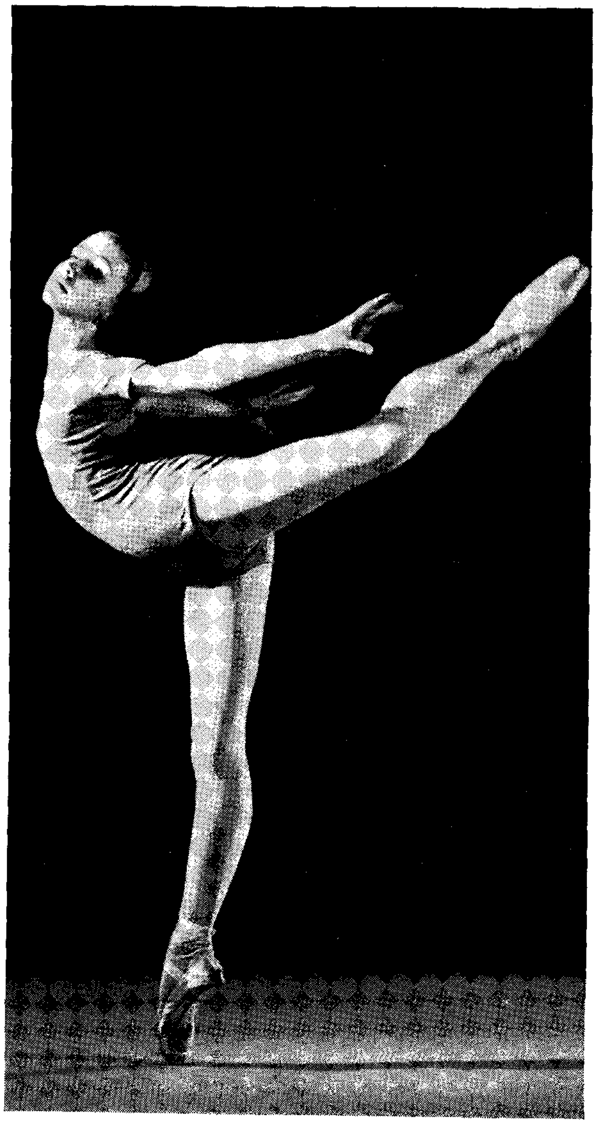


Toronto's subway system is now being extended by 14 miles at a cost of 237 million dollars. By early 1966 passengers will be riding the new line in gleaming aluminum cars—the longest and lightest in the world, designed and built in Fort William, Ontario.

Sophisticated guidance systems for the jet age take shape in the Super-Clean Room of an Ontario electronic production centre. Measurements in millionths of an inch demand rigid control of temperature, humidity and cleanliness.

Dozens of research projects are under way at the Ontario Research Foundation. Jet smelting, pictured here, is one of them. The Foundation is the founding agency of Sheridan Park, a hundred million dollar complex devoted solely to industrial research.

Members of Russia's famed Bolshoi have praised Toronto's National Ballet School as the finest in North America. It was also the first school on the continent to offer full-time academic and ballet training.



Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, 950 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Bunny Lake Is Missing—A thriller from the cunning hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier, and Noël Coward. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 22.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Feb. 23. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully filmed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Flight of the Phoenix—A superior tale about a group of men lost in the desert and fighting to survive. With James Stewart, Peter Finch, Richard Attenborough, and Hardy Krüger, and directed by Robert Aldrich. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Help!—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Feb. 22.)

Italiano Brava Gente—A Russian-Italian movie about the Second World War, in which everybody turns out to be nice except the Germans. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

King and Country—Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde are the stars of this sad and engrossing story of the First World War. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Life at the Top—Money isn't everything, at least not in Yorkshire. A stern, able English film, with Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Donald Wolfit, and Honor Blackman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 23.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, and Rod Steiger. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Male Companion—Jean-Pierre Cassel is, as usual, romantic and acrobatic in this latest Philippe de Broca comedy. The subject is love-in-idleness, which is a good subject. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Moment of Truth—The celebrated Spanish matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin plays the role of a celebrated Spanish matador in a shocking but beautiful picture. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 22, last showing that day at 4. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 22.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Othello—A preposterous but fascinating interpretation by Sir Laurence Olivier. He wrecks the play and has a fine time doing it. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Our Man Flint—An American version of James Bond's veddy British brand of international undercover work. Starring James Coburn, who is a funny fellow. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger makes this account of a corner of hell in Harlem one of the remarkable pictures of the year. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 23.)

The Shop on Main Street—An exceptionally fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. . . . ¶ DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Feb. 22.)

The 10th Victim—According to this Italian comedy, world peace can be achieved by encouraging bellicose individuals to kill each other off under government auspices. Wittily written and starring Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Thunderball—The best, as well as the most opulent, of the James Bond daydreams. Sean Connery again, and the director is again Terence Young. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Paramount, B'way at 43rd, 563-4350; through Feb. 21.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Where the Spies Are—David Niven plays a gentle doctor suddenly pitted against a passel of international secret agents. A witty movie, well written and well directed. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

REVIVALS

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Feb. 19.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 18-21.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 22.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 17.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 19-20.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Feb. 22.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 20-22.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Feb. 20-22.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 22.)

The Misfits (1961)—Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable in a Western parable written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Feb. 23.)

Not on Your Life (1965)—A Spanish comedy (yes) that concerns an executioner and an undertaker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 22.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 18.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. With Jean Marais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 17.)

Sayonara (1957)—The American-boy-meets-Japanese-girl theme. Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Feb. 23.)

The Sea Wolf (1941)—Jack London's story, revised once more. With Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 22.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Feb. 23.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 18-21.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Feb. 22.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 23.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in Crete. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 21. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 22.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Feb. 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Student Prince" (1927), with Norma Shearer and Ramon Novarro. . . . ¶ Feb. 19, continuous showings from noon, last showing at 5:30: "Animation—Films from Many Nations." . . . ¶ The first two programs in a series called "A Producer's Work: Sam Spiegel," showings at 2 and 5:30. Feb. 20-21: "Tales of Manhattan" (1942), with Charles Boyer and Ginger Rogers. Feb. 22-23: "The Stranger" (1946), with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Through Feb. 18: "Dames" (1934), with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. Feb. 19-20: "Wonder Bar" (1934), with Al Jolson. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 22: Excerpts from various W. C. Fields films. (Showings Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays and Washington's Birthday at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Feb. 21: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From Feb. 22: "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
OUR MAN FLINT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Inside Daisy Clover," Natalie Wood, Christopher Plummer.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
Through Feb. 21: **THUNDERBALL.**
From Feb. 22: Theatre closed.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Washington's Birthday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Feb. 17: "The Slender Thread," Sidney Poitier, Anne Bancroft.
From Feb. 18: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Washington's Birthday at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Feb. 22: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.
From Feb. 23: **DARLING.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 22: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "The Hill," Sean Connery.
From Feb. 23: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!," revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 21: **DARLING**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.
From Feb. 22: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Feb. 17: **THUNDERBALL.**
From Feb. 18: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
OTHELLO.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
From Feb. 17 at 8:30: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals). Opening night will be a benefit performance.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
MALE COMPANION.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 20: **THUNDERBALL.**
From Feb. 21: "Lord Love a Duck," Tuesday Weld, Roddy McDowall.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday," Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Feb. 23 (tentative): **DARLING**; and "Red Desert," revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Feb. 21: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From Feb. 22: "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
WHERE THE SPIES ARE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 22: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival.
From Feb. 23 (tentative): **DARLING.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
(Saturdays and Sundays, features are shown only after 4.)
Through Feb. 22 (last showing that day at 4): **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.**
Feb. 22 at 7:30 and 9:30: "The Singing Fool," revival, Al Jolson.
From Feb. 23: "The Hill," Sean Connery.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 21: "Ecco," a documentary film; and "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine," Vincent Price, Frankie Avalon.
From Feb. 22: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**; and "Kid Rodelo," Janet Leigh.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
OUR MAN FLINT.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 17: **ORPHEUS**, revival; and "Beauty and the Beast," revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From Feb. 18: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Feb. 19: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "The Young Lions," revival, Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.
Feb. 20-22: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**, revival.
From Feb. 23: **SAYONARA**, revival; and **THE MISFITS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 21: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival; and "Plisetskaya Dances," revival, a Russian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Feb. 22: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 22: "Kwaidan" (in Japanese); and "High Infidelity," Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.
From Feb. 23: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry; and "Bambole!," revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 22: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG**, revival.
From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 22: "That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones; and "Apache Gold," Lex Barker.
From Feb. 23: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 22: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH**; and **NOT ON YOUR LIFE**, revival.
From Feb. 23: **LIFE AT THE TOP.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
OTHELLO.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Second Spring" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
ITALIANO BRAVA GENTE.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
KING AND COUNTRY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE 10TH VICTIM.

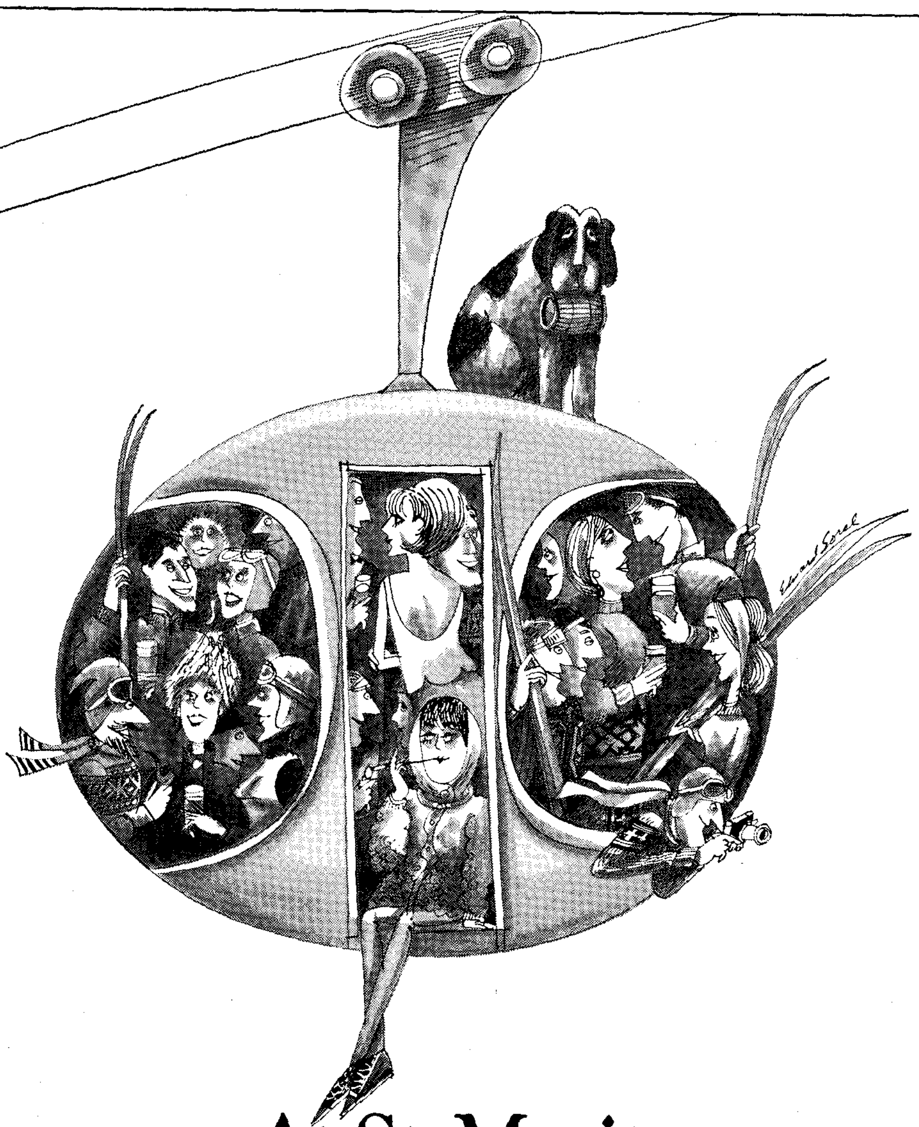
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 18: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK**, revival; and "Cangaceiro" (in Portuguese), revival, Alberto Ruschel.
Feb. 19-20: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and "Having a Wild Weekend," the Dave Clark Five.
Feb. 21: "The Mask of Dimitrios," revival, Peter Lorre, Faye Emerson; and "Little Caesar," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart.
Feb. 22: **THE SEA WOLF**, revival; and "The Beast with Five Fingers," revival, Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.
Feb. 23: **THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW**, revival, and "Background to Danger," revival, George Raft, Sydney Greenstreet.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 22: "The Hill," Sean Connery; and "The Young Lovers," revival, Peter Fonda, Sharon Hugueny.
From Feb. 23: "The Nanny," Bette Davis; and "Goodbye Charlie," revival, Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 17: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and **CITIZEN KANE**, revival.
Feb. 18-21: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE**, revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF**, revival.
From Feb. 22: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (*in German*), revival; and **MAYERLING**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 22: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.**
From Feb. 23: **LIFE AT THE TOP.**



At St. Moritz why are they swinging to Old Taylor Bourbon?

It's a swinging kind of place.

Along with mink-lined parkas, Kentucky Bourbon is in...après ski and après dinner.

You'll hear Old Taylor called for in Parisian French, Brazilian Portuguese and veddy British British.

But this shouldn't surprise you.

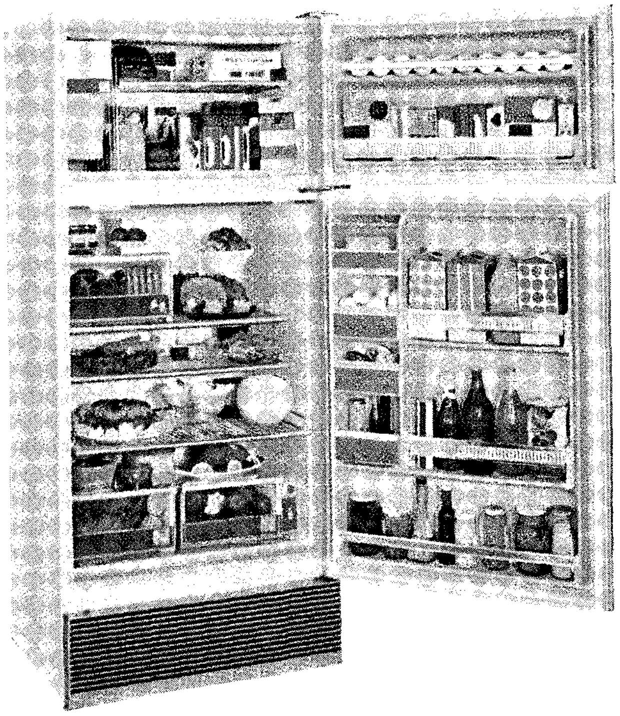
Old Taylor tastes good on every tongue.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor...except the people who drink it.

Ford

If you think we just build cars, how about this 2-door model?



It doesn't have a stickshift or bucket seats—but it's one of our coolest ideas, an "Instant Cold" refrigerator.

Built by our subsidiary, Philco, which also makes automatic washers, radios, color TV sets (and a thousand other products).

All members of the Ford Family of Fine Products. A growing family, too. Because Ford believes in new ideas... bold thinking ...from cars to space capsules.

We built the antenna for Mariner IV that sent back the first pictures from Mars—150 million miles from earth.

An electronic print reader that can read business forms and letters at the rate of 15,000 words a minute.

And all this far-out thinking is showing up in our '66 cars, too. Ideas like two-way tailgates, safety control panels, Stereo-Sonic Tape Systems.

You see, the real business of Ford today is *new ideas*—that's our driving ambition.

150 trains a day leave Paris for France.

North, East, South, West, for traveling in France *"the railway is the right way."*

You can go by train from Paris right to the Alps faster than you can say Aix-les-Bains. Right from morning croissants on the Champs-Elysées to an apéritif at Mont St. Michel. Right from dinner in the heights of Montmartre to breakfast on the waterfront at Cannes.

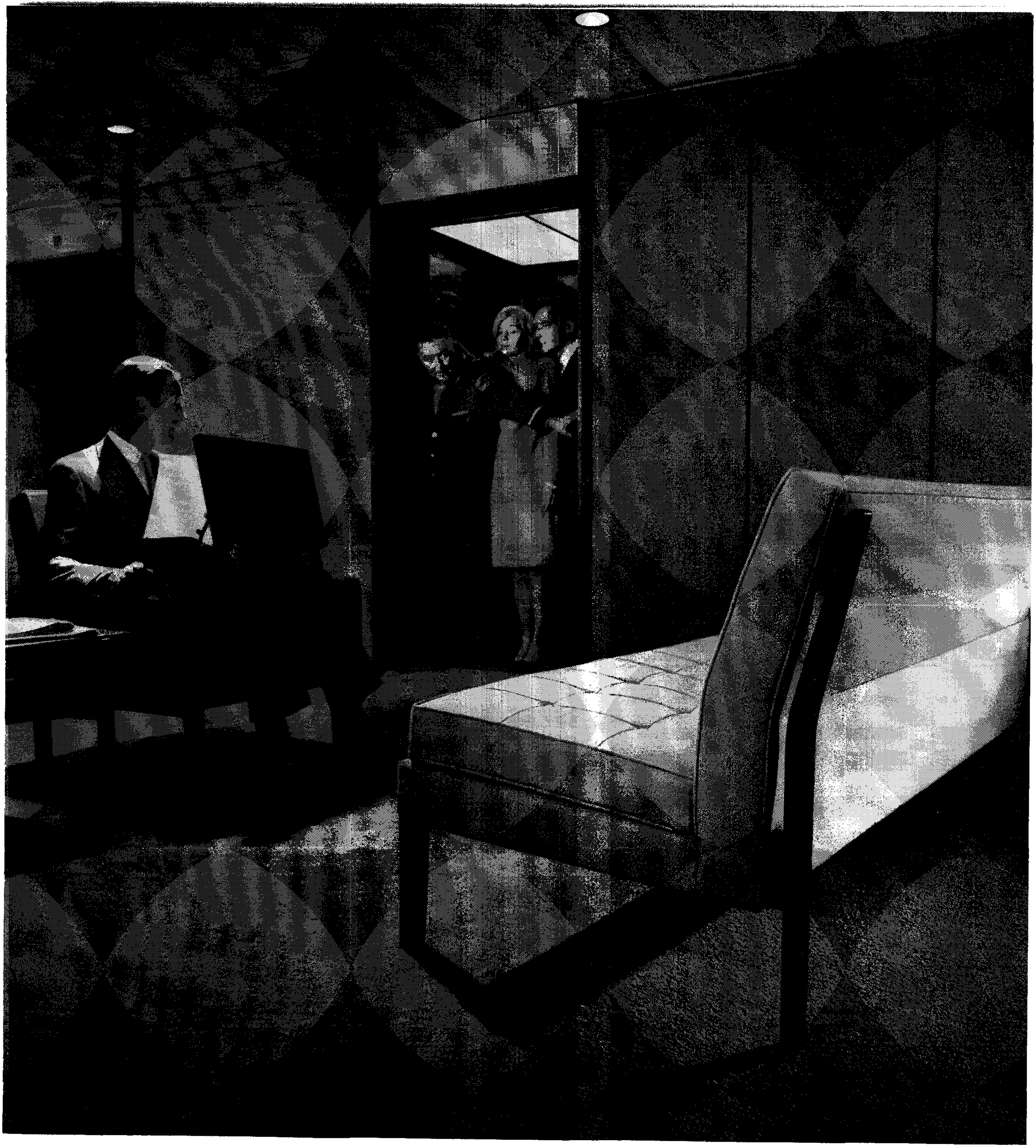
France is not a big country. Except in things to see. And French trains will take you to every single one. To more than 4,000 different stations. Over some 25,000 miles of specially-cushioned track. At speeds of up to 80 m. p. h. What's more, they'll get you where you want to go on time.

French trains are as famous for their service and food as they are for their spacious seats and vast picture windows. They're economical, too. Particularly when you take advantage of Eurailpass—the low-cost ticket that gives you unlimited first-class rail travel for 21 days, one month, two months, or three.

After you see Paris, take the train and see France. As you see from our handy time-table, none of it is more than a restful ride away. For free folder write French National Railroads, Dept. D1, Box 223, Madison Square Station, N.Y. 10010.

For tickets and reservations see your travel agent or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Ave., New York 20 / 11 E. Adams St., Chicago 3 / 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills / 323 Geary St.. San Francisco / Also available in our Canadian office.

From Paris to:	Sightseeing Time:
Abbeville	2hrs. 05mins.
Agen	8hrs. 15mins.
Aix-en-Provence	7hrs. 50mins.
Aix-les-Bains	8hrs. 45mins.
Albi	11hrs. 02mins.
Angers	2hrs. 55mins.
Angoulême	3hrs. 48mins.
Antibes	10hrs.
Annecy	7hrs.
Arles	7hrs.
Auray	4hrs. 56mins.
Avignon	6hrs.
Avranches	4hrs. 18mins
Bar-le-Duc	2hrs.
Basel	4hrs. 30mins.
Bayeux	4hrs 10mins.
Bayonne	6hrs. 27mins.
Beaulieu	10hrs. 45mins.
Beaune	2hrs. 49mins.
Belfort	4hrs. 09mins.
Besançon	4hrs. 35mins.
Bettembourg	5hrs. 06mins.
Beziers	10hrs. 25mins.
Biarritz	7hrs. 09mins.
Blois	1hr 40mins.
Bordeaux	4hrs. 43mins.
Boulogne	2hrs. 30mins.
Brest	6hrs.
Briançon	11hrs. 30mins.
Brive	4hrs. 25mins.
Caen	2hrs. 19mins.
Cahors	5hrs. 37mins.
Calais	3hrs. 10mins.
Cannes	9hrs. 45mins.
Carcassonne	9hrs. 24mins.
Chalons S/Marne	1hr. 35mins.
Chambèry	5hrs. 12mins.
Chamonix	9hrs. 30mins.
Chateauroux	2hrs. 19mins.
Chartres	55mins.
Cherbourg	4hrs. 08mins.
Chaumont	2hrs. 20mins.
Clermont Ferrand	4hrs.
Cognac	4hrs. 39mins.
Colmar	5hrs. 23mins.
Compiégne	43mins.
Dax	6hrs. 40mins.
Delle	6hrs. 35mins.
Deauville	2hrs. 07mins.
Dieppe	2hrs. 20mins.
Dijon	2hrs. 22mins.
Digne	9hrs. 15mins.
Dinard	7hrs. 50mins.
Dole	3hrs. 41mins.
Douai	1hr. 44mins.
Dunkerque	3hrs. 28mins.
Epernay	1hr. 19mins.
Epinal	3hrs. 50mins.
Evian	9hrs.
Evreux	1hr. 02mins.
Fontainebleau	33mins.
Forbach	4hrs.
Genève	7hrs.
Granville	4hrs. 10mins.
Grenoble	7hrs. 18mins.
Guingamp	4hrs. 39mins.
Hendaye	6hrs. 58mins.
Jeumont	2hrs. 13mins.
Juan-les-Pins	12hrs.
Kehl	4hrs. 42mins.
La Baule	7hrs. 28mins.
Lannion	8hrs. 30mins.
Laval	2hrs. 52mins.
Le Mans	2hrs.
Le Havre	2hrs. 26mins.
Lille	2hrs. 05mins.
Limoges	3hrs. 17mins.
Lisieux	1hr. 49mins.
Lorient	5hrs. 09mins.
Lourdes	8hrs.
Luchon	12hrs. 05mins.
Lyon	4hrs.
Marseille	7hrs. 10mins.
Menton	11hrs.
Metz	3hrs.
Modane	8hrs. 07mins.
Mont Dore	7hrs. 45mins.
Montauban	6hrs. 12mins.
Monte Carlo	10hrs. 50mins.
Montélimar	6hrs. 48mins.
Montluçon	4hrs.
Montpellier	9hrs. 20mins.
Morlaix	5hrs. 17mins.
Moulins	2hrs. 46mins.
Mulhouse	4hrs. 42mins.
Nancy	2hrs. 55mins.
Nantes	4hrs. 15min.
Narbonne	9hrs. 15mins.
Nevers	2hrs. 10mins.
Nice	10hrs. 20mins.
Nîmes	8hrs. 25mins.
Orléans	1hr. 12mins.
Orange	8hrs.
Paray le Monial	4hrs. 30mins.
Pau	7hrs. 09mins.
Perigueux	6hrs. 40mins.
Perpignan	11hrs. 22mins.
Poitiers	2hrs. 54mins.
Pontarlier	5hrs. 13mins.
Pontorson (Mt. St. Michel)	4hrs. 36mins.
Port-Bou	12hrs. 25mins.
Port-Vendres	12hrs.
Prades	12hrs. 30mins.
Le Puy	6hrs. 10mins.
Quimper	5hrs. 04mins.
Reims	1hr. 30mins.
Rennes	3hrs. 06mins.
Roanne	3hrs. 58mins.
Rocamadour	7hrs. 20mins.
La Rochelle	5hrs. 20mins.
Rochefort	5hrs. 45mins.
Roubaix	2hrs. 20mins.
Rouen	1hr. 25mins.
Royan	6hrs. 29mins.
Saint Brieuc	4hrs. 19mins.
Saintes	7hrs. 40mins.
Saumur	3hrs.
Sete	9hrs. 54mins.
Strasbourg	4hrs. 15mins.
St. Etienne	6hrs. 10mins.
St. Gervais	9hrs.
St. Jean de Luz	8hrs.
St. Malo	5hrs. 20mins.
St. Raphael	10hrs. 20mins.
St. Nazaire	6hrs. 40mins.
Tarascon	6hrs. 20mins.
Tarbes	9hrs. 21mins.
Toulon	8hrs. 12mins.
Toulouse	6hrs. 45mins.
Tourcoing	2hrs. 25mins.
Troyes	1hr. 27mins.
Valence	5hrs. 08mins.
Vallorbe	4hrs. 05mins.
Vannes	4hrs. 41mins.
Verdun	3hrs. 20mins.
Versailles	32mins.
Vichy	3hrs. 21mins.
Villefranche	19hrs. 33mins.
Vintimille	11hrs. 15mins.
Vittel	4hrs. 40mins.



The day the elevator operator stopped . . . and stared . . .

Here's a reception room no one can resist. A Risom Series "60" sofa made the difference. Seating that reflects a progressive attitude. Informal, but distinct. Bold, but dignified.

Notice the functional beauty of the clean-cut lines. Backs that are as handsome as the fronts. Never need a wall to cling to. Can be grouped to suit any taste, any space.

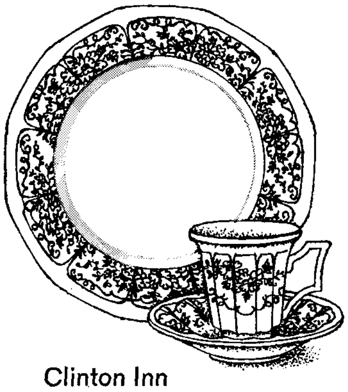
"Tight seating". . . cushions that belie their detached look. Characteristic Risom seating that's comfortable, but supports.

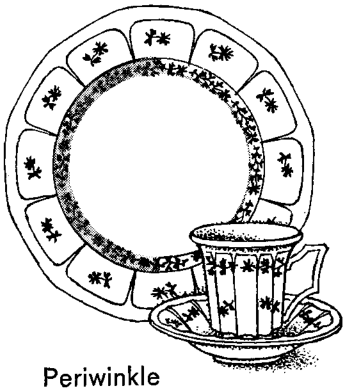
Series "60" includes low chairs, two-seater and three-seater sofas with upholstered arms, wood arms, single arm and armless. 30 variations in all.

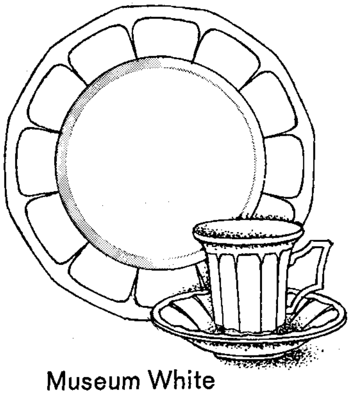
Be prepared to impress VIP's, clients and salesmen . . . even elevator operators. See the imaginative Series "60" at Risom showrooms nationally.

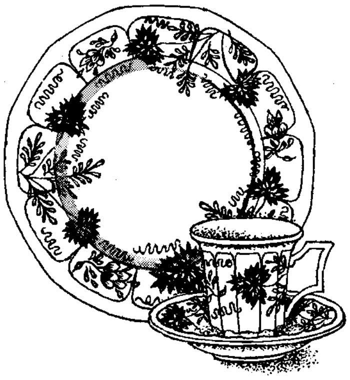
Sold through dealers, architects and designers. You'll see why the answer is Risom.

49 E. 53rd St., N.Y. Also: Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco **Jens Risom Design Inc.**


Clinton Inn


Periwinkle


Museum White


Greenfield Village

B Altman & Co

Presenting

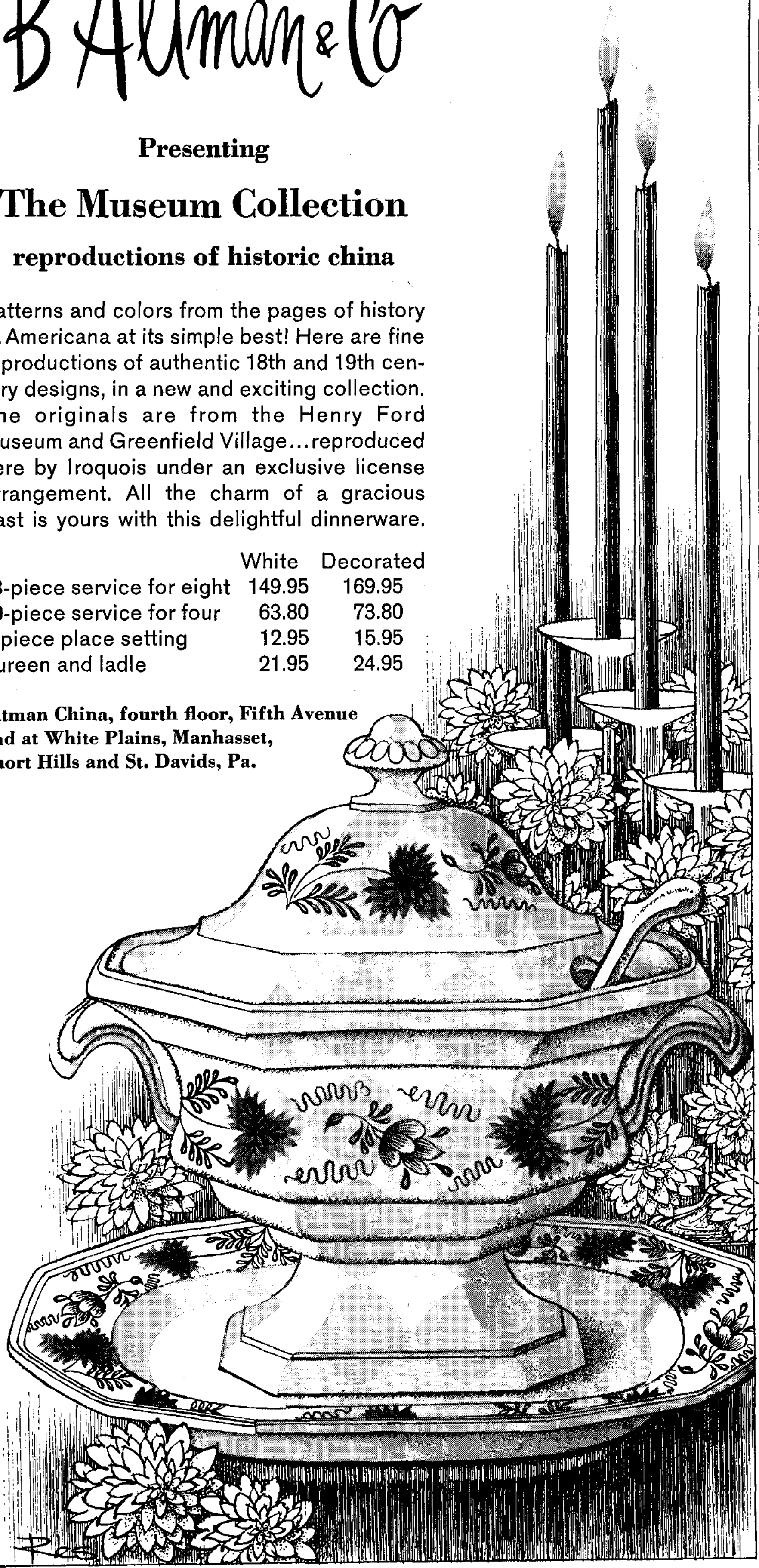
The Museum Collection

reproductions of historic china

Patterns and colors from the pages of history ...Americana at its simple best! Here are fine reproductions of authentic 18th and 19th century designs, in a new and exciting collection. The originals are from the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village...reproduced here by Iroquois under an exclusive license arrangement. All the charm of a gracious past is yours with this delightful dinnerware.

	White	Decorated
53-piece service for eight	149.95	169.95
20-piece service for four	63.80	73.80
5-piece place setting	12.95	15.95
Tureen and ladle	21.95	24.95

Altman China, fourth floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills and St. Davids, Pa.



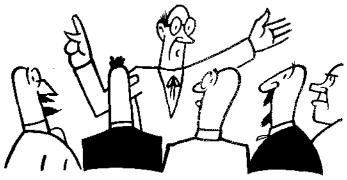
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PRECONCEIVED notions are dissolving fast these days, thanks in part to the impressive scientific *hubris* of the Soviet Union. The *Times* last week gave the discerning between-the-lines reader much to ponder in a report that sometime between Friday evening and Saturday morning the Russians' Luna 9 space vehicle had moved. There may have been a moonquake, the report suggested, or the vehicle may have been unsteadily round-bottomed—the Russians won't tell us—but nothing at all was said about the distressed band of rock-colored manlings who had been hammering at Luna 9 throughout the night with their tiny feet in an attempt to shove it into their underground space laboratory for closer inspection.

Another news account published on that unsettling day told of a meeting of the Soviet Academy of Sciences at which Dr. Vladimir Kotelnikov announced that the earth is speeding up slowing down. That is, it is rapidly revolving more and more slowly. In the past two and a half years, 1.6 milliseconds have been added to the old reliable twenty-four-hour day, Dr. Kotelnikov declared, whereas previous measurements had shown us taking all of one hundred and twenty years to gain a single millisecond. At this rate of progression, we will soon have more time on our hands than we know what to do with. Someone ought to get up a commission right away to decide whether we should add another hour to the day, when the appropriate number of milliseconds has been accumulated, or whether, in the interests of tranquillity, we should take advantage of nature's largesse and begin slowing down three-fifths of a millisecond per year ourselves, so that when the twenty-fifth hour arrives we will all be drifting about our daily tasks with a becoming stateliness.

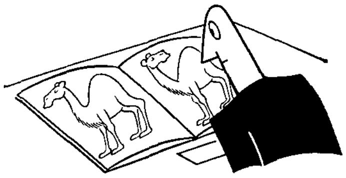


Good Show

WHEN it comes to laying on an exhibition of natural-history books and book illustrations, the Museum of Natural History has one advantage over the Grolier Club and the Morgan Library: it can supplement its woodcuts, engravings, paintings, lithographs, and field sketches with actual specimens. We've just spent a happy hour at such a show—sixty items from the Museum's library, now on display in the Corner Gallery, on the second floor of the Seventy-seventh Street building—in which an original Audubon watercolor of a Canada porcupine shares a case with a mounted porcupine; an engraved Alexander Wilson snow owl (from "American Ornithology," published in Philadelphia in the early eighteen-hundreds) appears directly under a Museum owl; a real chestnut-colored butterfly is pinned to a plate of three such butterflies in James Edward Smith's 1797 "Natural History of the Rarer Lepidopterous Insects of Georgia . . . Collected from the Observations of Mr. John Abbot, Many Years Resident in that Country;" and an illustration of a Brazilian snake done some hundred and forty years ago for Prince Maximilian Alexander Philipp von Wied-Neuwied's "Abbildungen zur Naturgeschichte Brasiliens" is accompanied by the very snake illustrated, which was pickled in alcohol by the Prince in the eighteen-twenties. How did the Museum acquire this historic ophidian? Well, in 1869 Mr. William T. Blodgett, one of its founders, presented it with the Prince's collection of sixty-six hundred zoological specimens, including the snake.

"Sir James Smith, the wealthy and rather eccentric founder of the Linnean Society of London, published Abbot's two-volume work as his own product," the label under "Rarer Lepidopterous Insects" informed us, and we found this so tantalizing that we later looked Sir James up in the Dictionary of National Biography; we gathered that his best claim to eccentricity rests on the fact that he signed thirty-three hundred and forty-eight botanical articles with the letter "S," "as he disliked anonymous writing."

Turning to Pierre Joseph Buc'hoz's "Première Centurie de Planches Enluminées et Non Enluminées Représentant au Naturel . . . les Animaux, les Végétaux, et les Minéraux" (Paris, c. 1775), which was open to two pages displaying a camel each, we noted with approbation the critical label "Buc'hoz, a physician and naturalist . . . was an industrious compiler of natural history works which, except for the illustrations, were of no great significance." Nicholas Henri Jacob's "Storia Naturale Delle Scimie" (Milan, 1812) was open to a delicate black-and-white engraving of the White-Throated Cebus, identified by the caption as "a South American monkey with a penchant for snails;" sure enough, there he was, sitting on a tree with a big snail cupped in his hands. "The back grinding tooth of the Mammoth or Mastodon of Ohio—weight 4 lb. 7 ounces" greeted us in the frontispiece to Volume III of "Organic Remains of a Former World, Examination of the Mineralized Remains of the Vegetables and Animals of the Antediluvian World; Generally Termed Extraneous Fossils" (London, 1804-11), by James Parkinson. An informative label read, in part:



> Parkinson was a noted physician and

radical political agitator as well as a paleontologist. He diagnosed shaking palsy, known also as Parkinson's disease, and was strongly suspected of having played a part in the "pop-gun plot," an alleged attempt to assassinate King George III with a poisoned dart.

A good many lions, wildcats, elephants, crocodiles, rhinoceroses, frogs, herons, squirrels, sphinx moths, Portuguese men-of-war, birds of paradise, spiders, and centaurs later, we called on Mr. George H. Goodwin, Jr., the Museum's librarian, to congratulate him on the show. "It was selected from our rare books, which we ordinarily think of as working tools," he said. "Many of them were given by Ogden Mills and J. P. Morgan. The oldest in this exhibit is 'Hortus Sanitatus,' a 1536 handbook of animals, plants, medicinal remedies, and health diets. I spent nearly a month working on the captions. The difference in quality between this sort of illustration and what you're getting now is pathetic."

•

OVERHEARD on a West Side I.R.T. express at the rush hour, bearded student to friend: "Middle-class isn't all she is. She's bourgeois!"

Big Plane

THE age of oared ships lasted three thousand years, and the largest of them were built closer to the beginning than to the end of that span of time. Ships with single banks of oars took the Greeks to Troy. Biremes transported the Phoenicians. Eventually, toward the end of the sixth century B.C., triremes developed. A hundred and twenty feet long and with a twenty-foot beam and three cöordinated banks of oars, the trireme was the most sensible expression that this form of naval architecture would ever be given. With the Battle of Salamis, the brief, extraordinary era of the super-galleys began: quadriremes, quinqueremes, decaremes, dodecaremes—even tredecaremes, with eighteen hundred men at the oars. Huge, high-sided, millipede ships, they rammed one another out of existence. The largest oared ships in history were two trigintaremes, constructed in the third century B.C. by King Ptolemy II of Egypt. Soon after that, according to the historian Callixenos, Ptolemy IV built a quadragintareme, but scholars consider Callixenos untrustworthy and doubt whether such a ship ever existed. The trigintaremes were awkward enough. With thirty banks of oars sticking into the water like roots into the earth, they had the over-all mobility of banyan trees. The trend reversed. Before long, most Mediterranean navies were back at least to quinqueremes. The Romans, for the most part, used biremes and triremes, and one of Marc Antony's many troubles at Actium may have been that he had with him a fleet of outmoded decaremes. A millennium passed. The nautical merchants of Venice were still using three-bank ships in the thirteenth century, and the Venetian vessels had almost exactly the same dimensions as the early Greek triremes.

We recalled this curious history when Secretary of Defense McNamara announced a while ago that the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation not only is going to build by far the biggest airplane ever designed but is going to deliver fifty-seven copies of it in quick succession. Wondering if the genus aircraft was about to reach a point analogous to the trigintareme, we arranged a visit to Lockheed's offices in the Chrysler Building, where we met T. R. May, the company's vice-president in charge of building the behemoth plane, and later we put in a call to Professor Dunstan Graham, who teaches aeronautical engineering at Princeton. Between them, they gave us some idea of the big machine.

The C-5A, as it is called, is by gross weight five times as big as a 707. If a C-5A were to land today at an airport like Orly, where four-lane highways go under the runways, it would crunch through the overpasses like a boot breaking through a crust of snow. It could sink whole airports built on filled marginal land. It weighs three hundred and fifty tons. In 1948, when the B-36 was introduced, newspapers printed scale drawings that showed Orville Wright's plane taking off from one wing of the B-36 and landing on the other, a hundred and twenty feet away—a hundred and twenty feet being the distance of the first controlled flight. A flight the length of Orville Wright's could occur *inside* the C-5A. The great nose of the plane swings up and open, on hinges, like the visor of a knight's helmet. It allows, among other things, more cargo room within the fuselage, which is two hundred and thirty-six feet long, and the plane can be taxied with its visor open. Greyhound buses could drive into the plane two at a time. Six of them could fit inside with space to spare. Mr. May showed us a picture of four two-and-a-half-ton Army trucks, six jeeps, and a tank rolling out of the mockup, which was built at Lockheed's plant in Georgia. The scene looked something like cars coming off a ferry, and, like a ferry, the C-5A has full openings at both ends. Its engines are so big that one of the pods they fit into could easily be converted into a garage. The plane itself is so big that when the pilot pulls on the control stick, there will be no immediate perceptible response. Many seconds later, the nose will start to rise.

The engines make this aircraft possible. Lack of adequate power has been the trouble with all huge planes of the past. The reason the B-19 never got past the experimental stage and the B-36 was never completely successful, for example, was that neither plane's engines were really strong enough. In the early forties, Howard Hughes spent five years building a giant flying boat, which was then the largest airplane in history. In fact, it compares with the largest airplanes today. Its gross weight was four hundred thousand pounds, it was two hundred and nineteen feet long (only seventeen feet less than the C-5A), and its wingspan was three hundred and twenty feet (much wider than the C-5A's). Mounted on top of the wings were eight engines, in a long, impressive row. In the end, however, Hughes' plane travelled farther on water than in the air. It got up only once, logging a lifetime air distance of slightly over one mile. Nothing of the kind is likely to happen with the C-5A. It will have four engines, to be built by General Electric, and each will provide forty thousand pounds of thrust—as much power as all four of a 707's fan jets put together. Although the plane looks incredibly ponderous and slow, it will land in a shorter distance than a 707 can, it will take off more quickly than a 707 does, and it will fly just as fast. When it touches down, twenty-eight tires will support it, and its over-all pressure will be diffused broadly enough to allow landings on crude grass fields, or even on sand, since the purpose of the plane is to carry heavy equipment to remote places in a hurry. It is being made to meet the special conditions of "brush-fire" wars.

"The development of engines has not been much publicized lately, but in the last few years it has been tremendous," Professor Graham told us. "A plane this big was not feasible ten years ago. The ratio of the thrust of an engine to its weight was about three to one then. Now we're talking about ten or twelve to one. There are new materials, new manufacturing processes; engines have higher turbine temperatures, higher bypass ratios—all adding up to more thrust per pound and lower fuel consumption. These forward moves in technology are interesting. There is very little new technology in ballistic missiles now, for example. They've hit a kind of plateau. And the horsepower per pound in your car hasn't gone up much in thirty years. If you want more power in an automobile, you have to put in a bigger engine. A friend of mine did a Master's thesis at M.I.T. in 1941 'proving' that there would never be a plane weighing more than a hundred thousand pounds. That theory, of course, was based on the piston-prop engine, which had almost hit its ultimate efficiency by then. How much does the C-5A weigh? Seven hundred thousand pounds! There is no real limit to the size of an airplane. With more engine development, you could fly something the size of the Verrazano Bridge. Of course, you don't always do everything that is technically feasible."

The Antonov-22, which the Russians displayed at the International Air Show at Le Bourget last spring, has a gross weight of five hundred thousand pounds and is the world's largest aircraft at the moment. The C-5A, which is considerably larger in every respect, will carry half again as much cargo. "I really don't visualize planes' getting very much larger than the C-5A," Mr. May said. "Some people have a subjective feel for the size of airplanes, and they think planes have got big enough. They say, 'Don't talk to me about a plane that's over eight hundred thousand pounds.' Larger planes are unlikely. We'll turn more to speed. The supersonic transport will come into existence. Then this plane—the big one—will become either a luxury liner or a kind of air bus, taking steerage-class passengers to Europe for less than a hundred dollars. That way, it would have three decks. The other way, it would carry only about fifty families, with luxurious accommodations and room for their cars. The first order of business is to develop a fine airplane for the Air Force, but one can't completely forget about the commercial potential. This plane could revolutionize the whole distribution system. It could replace regional warehouses. It can carry two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. If you let yourself dream a little, there are a lot of things you can see that it might do. All the more glamorous talk says it can carry a thousand people. I don't completely subscribe to that. I don't think it could accommodate many more than seven hundred."

•

IF you choose to look up Klark's Credit Klothes, Inc., in the Manhattan telephone book, you will find this notation:

See Klark's Kredit Klothes Inc.

Chocolates

IN a bright and cheerful two-room store at 2913 Broadway, near 114th Street, a genial, gentle, soft-spoken sixty-six-year-old man named Carl Mondel has been making candy (in the back room) and selling it (in the front) since 1944. We went up to see him one cold, windy morning—the blue awning over the door, which says, in white letters, "MONDEL Home Made Chocolates," was flapping in the chill breeze—and entered the small, warm store, which smelled splendidly of chocolate. Mr. Mondel, in a tan store coat, greeted us. "Have a rum ball," he said, plucking a candy from a tray on one of the shelves of a glass display case.

"Thank you," we said. (Delicious.)

"Have a chocolate coffee cup," he said, handing us a candy in a green wrapper.

"Thank you," we said. (Superb.)

"I've counted a hundred and fifty-one kinds of candy that we make," Mr. Mondel said, waving at the crowded shelves. "Or eighty-eight, if you don't count light and dark chocolate as two kinds."

A delivery man arrived, and Mr.

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD PARK
HELP US TO KEEP IT CLEAN
JOHN V.
Alan Dunn

Mondel excused himself briefly to inquire about some gold-trimmed cardboard dividers that he needed for his heart-shaped valentine boxes. We looked at the array of candy in the display case; each tray was labelled in neat capital letters, and we noted Butter Crunch, Pecan Rolls, Orange Peel, Fudge, French Gum Hearts, Finlandia Marmalade, Turtles, Ginger, Orange Jam, Ginger-Lemon Jam, Fruit Slices, Black Raspberry Jelly, Conversation Hearts, Tiny Gum Drops, Fruit Jells, Imported Chocolate Ovals, Tiny Jelly Hearts, Cherry Gum Hearts, Wintergreen & Mint, Cream Mints, Licorice (all sorts), Lentils, Canton Ginger, Rock Candy, Pecan Crunch, Cashew Clusters, Raisin Clusters, Peppermints, Peanut Clusters, Pectin Jelly Eggs, Butterscotch Chocolate, White Chocolate, Cinnamon Hearts, Nut Patties, Kisses, Coffee Delights, Fruit and Vegetable Marzipan, Dietetic Filled Chocolates, Molasses Chips, Caramels, Coffee Cups, Coffee Creams, Orange Truffle Cups, Vanilla Cream, Maple Cream, Cream Cream, Raspberry Cream, Cherry Nougat Hearts, Flower Mints, Mint Creams, Mint Cream Dragées, Strawberry Dragées, Rum Sticks, and a variety of hard candies and cookies.

"When I first started out, all I knew about candy was how to eat it," Mr. Mondel said after the delivery man had left. At that moment, Mrs. Mondel entered briskly, greeted us with a smile, took off her coat and hat, tied on a white apron over her dress, which was red, and went behind the glass case to get ready for the day's sales. "I've always loved candy," Mr. Mondel continued. "I always wished to have a candy shop. I came over from Hungary in 1923, and one of my first jobs was in Ohio; I worked as a packager for a company making prize packages that were sold in theatres and burlesque houses. Fifteen cents for a couple of Italian creams, and maybe a button—that was the surprise. It was too small value for the money—three or four cents' value. A gyp. Anyway, the boss had tried to make candy; he had dipped some dried fruits, like dates and prunes, in chocolate, but it hadn't worked. The more water he put in the chocolate, the harder it got. Well, there were these pots and pans lying around the loft where we worked, so, without telling the boss, I started to experiment at night, when nobody else was there, until I learned how to melt chocolate and cook candy. After four months, I finally made a candy bar that looked like the old Oh Henry! I showed it to my boss, and he was very happy. 'How many of these can you make in a minute?' he asked me. 'In a *minute*?' I said. 'It took me four months to make *this* one!' " Mr. Mondel beamed. "We made four different types of bars, and began to sell them around the Midwest." When the prize-package business collapsed, Mr. Mondel took other jobs—working in a foundry; selling novelties and, later, insurance—but making candy remained his hobby. "About twenty-five years ago," he told us, "I began selling some of my candy to friends and relatives, and then, in December, 1944, I opened this store here."

E PLURIBUS UNUM
BUTTER

Mr. Mondel pointed to a stack of brown cardboard cartons that were labelled, variously, "Van Leer Chocolate Co.," "Wilbur Chocolate Co.," and "Nestlé," and were piled against a display case near the front door. "These are fifty-pound blocks of chocolate," he said. "We take them in the back and melt the chocolate in a double boiler or an electric mixer." We followed him through a door that was heavily papered with children's crayon and pencil drawings ("My grandchildren did these," he said) into a small, high-ceilinged room jammed with shelves, on which were piled tins, cans, and boxes; near us were containers marked "Pecan Rolls," "Orange Peel," and "Coffee Balls," and higher up, above spools of bright satin ribbon, were cardboard boxes labelled "Halloween—Orange Pumpkins, Black Cats," "St. Patrick's Day Patties," and "Valentine 5 Lb. Hearts."

Turning a corner, we came upon a white-haired woman in a flowered apron and a green sweater who was seated at a small table, making candy. "This is Josephine," said Mr. Mondel. "She's dipping butter crunch." Josephine smiled and nodded. "The butter crunch I made yesterday," said Mr. Mondel. "Here's a tin full of it. After cooking, it is spread on marble. Then, before it's too dry, I mark it into squares with a roller cutter. That makes it easy to break." He broke off a piece and handed it to us. (Marvellous.) Josephine was also munching a little butter crunch. To her right, on the floor, was a large pot of melted chocolate. In front of her, on the table, was a piece of shiny brown paper with a puddle of the chocolate in the middle. Next to this was a pan full of ground-up nuts—a mixture of filberts, Brazil nuts, and almonds—and beyond the pan was a tray heaped with gleaming squares of butter crunch. Josephine picked up a square of the butter crunch, rolled it around in the puddle of chocolate, then plunged it into the bed of ground nuts, and laid it—now a chocolate-and-nut-covered butter-crunch candy—on a piece of paper to dry. Then she started all over again.

"We don't use any machines, except to melt the chocolate," said Mr. Mondel. "I've never even been inside a candy factory. It's all hand-done here. The chocolate has to be heated, cooled, and then heated again before it's ready for dipping. This is called 'tempering.' If I temper it twice, it's even *nicer*."

A trim blond woman entered the back room and hung up her coat. "This is my daughter Florence," said Mr. Mondel. "She works here with me, too."

Spirits
STEVENSON

"A bottle of rum suitable for yo-ho-hoing."

"Hi," said Florence. "My father's the best candymaker in the world."

"I don't say I'm the best in the world," Mr. Mondel said gently, "but I have a few specialties, like our rum balls, coffee balls—"

"Pecan rolls," Florence put in.

"Those *are* better than you can buy anywhere else," Mr. Mondel said quietly. He changed the subject. "Here, I'll show you some centers," he said, turning to a shelf and pulling out a tray of small squares of dark-red jelly. "These are raspberry centers. Sixty per cent jam and forty per cent sugar and syrup. I put twenty of them in a metal or plastic basket and dip the basket into melted chocolate. Then I shake them off, take them out with a fork, and put them on a dripping board. They dry in a few minutes." He pointed out the decorative curlicues of chocolate on the tops of some finished chocolates nearby. "We make the design on each one by dripping chocolate from a fork. It's a code. See that heart design? That means it's a raspberry cream. This 'M' here"—he called our attention to another tray—"means maple. Maple fudge, maple cream, maple anything. Orange has an 'O,' 'C' is coffee, 'V' is vanilla. These two little loops mean nougat centers."

We asked whether the Mondels themselves ate much candy.

"I'm continuously eating candy," Mr. Mondel replied. "When they"—he nodded toward his daughter and then in the direction of his wife, in the front room—"tell me to stop, I stop."

"Every day, I eat a quarter of a pound of nuts, a quarter of a pound of cookies, and a quarter of a pound of chocolates," said Florence, who is pleasantly slim. "No one's weight here has ever changed. In twenty years of selling candy, I have observed that the fat people stay fat and the thin people stay thin. Dieting has become a big fad—except for sick people, of course. For the average person, it takes away his joy. Most dietetic candy is so awful that it's a punishment to eat it. But my father's dietetic candy is good."

Mr. Mondel nodded modestly. "I make fourteen flavors," he said. He showed us a small card on which were listed, in code, about twenty ingredients that he uses in his dietetic chocolates.

"Everywhere I go, I buy different kinds of dietetic candy, to test it, and it's horrible," Florence said.

Mr. Mondel unwrapped a box of dietetic candy made by a large company. "Here's a new one," he said. "Let's see how it tastes." He took a large knife and tried to slice through one of the chocolates.

"See!" cried Florence. "He can't even cut it!"

Mr. Mondel finally cut up the chocolate, and each of us had a piece. No one spoke. Finally, Mr. Mondel shrugged.

"And that's one of the better ones," Florence said.

Mr. Mondel looked at the box. "'Thirty-nine per cent fat,'" he read aloud, and then he put the box down. "That's too much fat. I've got mine down to nine per cent."

Florence pulled some red valentine heart boxes from one of the shelves. "We'll be working on these now," she said. "The candy holidays are all crammed together: Halloween, Christmas, Valentine's Day, Easter. We don't get a breath. I'm worn out. But my daughter Lillian will come in from New Jersey to help decorate the valentine hearts. She's an artist. She hand-paints the colors on the chocolate bunnies at Easter, too."

Mr. Mondel led the way back into the front room. "We sell around a thousand hearts each year," he said. "I think we have the largest selection there is."

Mrs. Mondel, peering over the top of the display case, nodded.

"But we're not really enterprising," Mr. Mondel added. Then he brightened. "I'm working on my second million," he said. A pause. "I didn't make the first one," he said, smiling broadly.

"Very soon now, I'll clear all these shelves," Florence said, indicating a display case and some glass shelves along the walls where specialties of various kinds were arranged. "And then it's *all* going to be hearts!"

Mr. Mondel nodded affably.

MUDDLER ON THE ROOF

Editor, *Country Life*
Tavistock Street, Covent Garden
London, England

Dear Sir:

I ASSUME, never having seen anything to the contrary, that the correspondence columns of your tiptop periodical are open to all, and by "all" I mean "all" quite literally. In your many years of publication, you have doubtless attracted mail from every imaginable type of reader, but I daresay this is the first time you have received a communication from anyone like me. Nevertheless, I am impelled to write because I recently chanced to witness certain events touching upon some letters you published in the past, and if you will be good enough to bear with me for a moment, I shall endeavor to narrate them in their proper chronological sequence.

First, as to my identity. I am a member of the order *Marmota monax*, which is to say a groundhog—or woodchuck, if you prefer; the names are interchangeable here in North America—and I reside in rural Pennsylvania, approximately two miles west of the Delaware River. The hillside in which my burrow is located technically belongs to a party named S. G. Pebbleman, who also owns the surrounding ninety acres. (In actual fact, his bank owns them and my forebears lived here ten thousand years before Pebbleman ever set foot on it, but I shan't demean myself by harping on petty details.) As to the man's vocation, I am unable to pinpoint it; it is apparently of a sedentary nature, since he sits cooped up in an outbuilding for days on end crumpling sheets of paper. I guess there must be a demand for this type of handicraft, though I have yet to see him ship any of it off to market. At any rate, to get on with my account, I was sashaying around the woodshed one morning not long ago when I came across a stack of old magazines discarded by the household. Among them were several issues of *Country Life*, and in browsing through these I noticed a couple of letters from readers dealing with the behavior of hedgehogs. Now, I have never laid eyes on a hedgehog, to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I'm not sure we even belong to the same genus, but the surface similarity of our names intrigued me, so I read said epistles carefully. Here, under the heading "A Hedgehog on the Stairs," was the first:

> Sir—With reference to Brigadier Blest's letter of October 29, I can vouch that hedgehogs certainly climb stairs. During the last war my wife and children were living in Owestrey, in Shropshire, and one weekend when I was home on leave, my wife and I woke in the night to hear a scuffling noise with an occasional thud. We naturally thought someone was moving about in the house and I went out onto the landing but did not turn on the light so as not to attract attention. There was then another thud just at the top of the stairs, and when I turned on the light I found that a hedgehog had very nearly reached the top, but had just missed his hold, which accounted for the thud.—R. C. Yates, Viceroy Close, Bristol Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

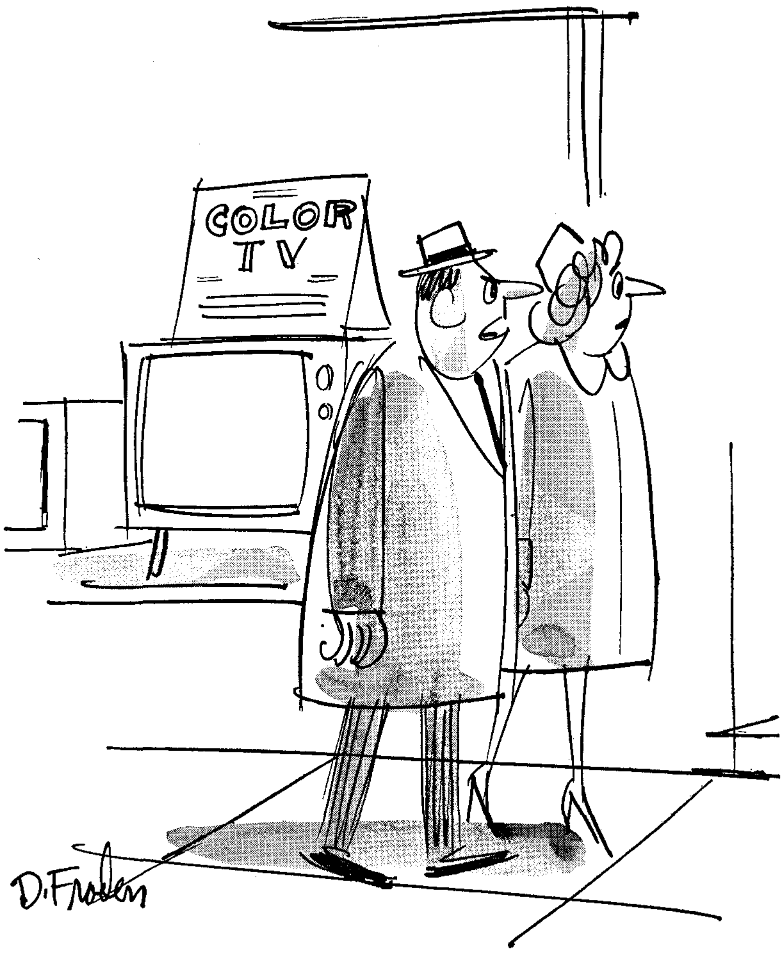
Well, thought I to myself, hedgehogs must be a pretty gifted lot if they can work their way up a staircase, and, what's more, in the dark. The second letter spoke of their agility with almost superstitious awe. Headed "Hedgehog up the Ivy?," it said:

> Sir—With reference to recent letters on climbing hedgehogs, my experience of hedgehogs is that they do climb far too well, and have escaped from any walled or wired enclosure that they have been put into by me. I think an enterprising hedgehog would have no difficulty in clinging to the ivy on a house wall sufficiently well to climb to an upstairs window.—V. M. Burn (Miss), Farnham, Surrey.

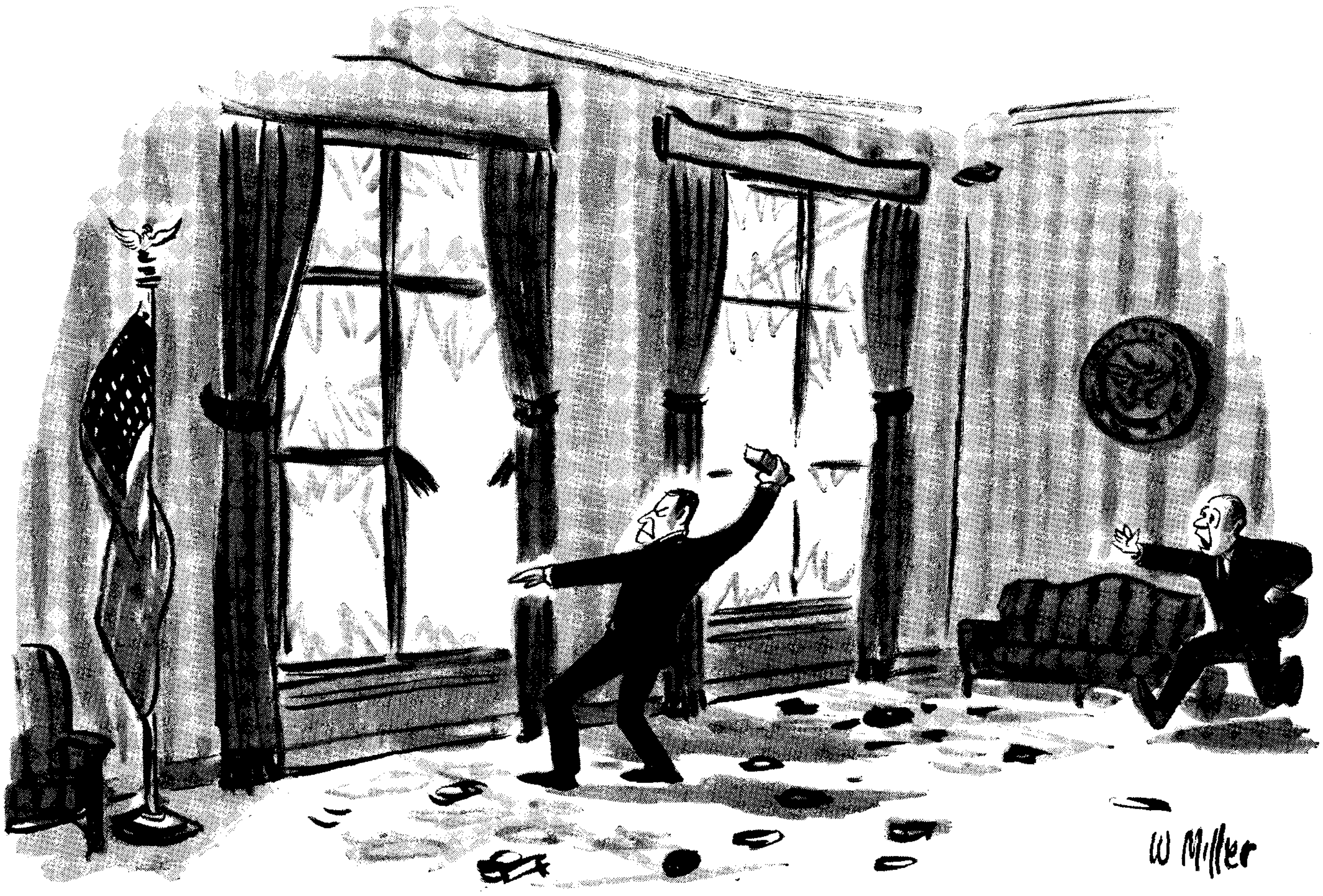
The idea of a hedgehog, whatever its conformation, behaving like a human fly was so preposterous that I nearly laughed out loud. I had a strong suspicion that the lady's plaudits were tinged with girlhood memories of Douglas Fairbanks or that immortal cracksman Raffles. Anyway, as I said above, I had occasion shortly thereafter to witness an episode somewhat akin to the experiences of your readers, except for one important difference. The dramatis personae were reversed; Pebbleman was the central figure, I merely a fascinated observer.

Let me confess at the outset that my own foolhardiness involved me in the affair. I never venture into the yard enclosing the house, but that particular day I happened to spot some succulent young herbs inside that sent me, and I figured I could pull off a fast foray. Halfway to my prize, I heard voices so close that I practically somersaulted getting behind a spirea bush. When I peered out, there they were on the back porch, Mrs. Pebbleman smartly turned out, as usual, and he—well, in those work pants of his.

"I may not be back until four," she was saying. "We'll probably lunch in Allen-



"I dread the day color TV gets so cheap we can afford it."



"No, no, Phipps! Diplomacy!"

• •

town, and then Shirley wants to look at some antiques over near Applebachsville. What were you planning to do today?"

"Oh, outdoor stuff mainly," he said in what immediately struck me as an evasive manner. "You know, trim around the roses, patch the screen door—that sort of thing."

"Right," she said. "You need a little exercise." She paused, as if weighing her words. "But look, dear, you *will* remember, won't you?"

"What?"

"To stay out of the cellar."

"For God's sake!" he exclaimed, bristling. "Are you starting that all over again? Just because four years ago I once got stuck in the crawl space under our bedroom—"

"I didn't mean that specifically," she said, stopping him. "It's the humiliation of calling the fire company to get you out of these jams. Promise you won't tackle anything that requires rescue work."

From the shade of pink he turned, I guess Pebbleman was about to make a pretty withering reply, but she was out of the gate before he could marshal the words.

He idled around, thoughtfully chewing a blade of grass, as her car cleared the lane and vanished up the county road. Then he procured an old kitchen chair, braced it against the porch, and, standing on tiptoe, tried to reach under the eave. The altitude, however, appeared to dizzy him, and he descended shakily. I had a moment of panic when he wheeled and advanced directly toward the bush where I was hiding, but he was just looking for a vantage point from which to inspect the roof. After contemplating it fixedly for a few moments, he came to some sort of decision and hurried indoors.

Well, you may ask, why did I linger now that the coast was clear? It was only a matter of twenty feet or so to the fence, and once there I could have slipped through the rails into the deep grass beyond. The answer is that I had a premonition, a hunch that something special was brewing. These portents of mine always work out, and this one was no exception. All of a sudden, the lower sash of a second-floor window overlooking the porch was raised, and through it I saw Pebbleman laboring to remove the screen. He won out after a smart tussle, and presently thrust a broom and a burlap sack onto the slate roof. Then, very gingerly, he projected himself forward and outward, finally ending in a simian crouch.

I was spellbound watching all this, of course, though I couldn't for the life of me imagine what his purpose was. He revealed it straightaway when, slowly creeping toward the gutter, he extended the broom and began poking out the winter's accumulation of leaves and twigs. Senseless though the whole procedure seemed, you had to admire the fellow's pluck. It was a feat a gymnast would have prided himself on, and while Pebbleman's strength was no doubt formidable from having crumpled so much paper, most of it was concentrated in his fingers. Yet it was these, sadly enough, that caused his debacle. In lunging at the farthermost end of the gutter, he lost his grip on the broom and it tumbled off the roof, rebounding from the flagstones below. With a sigh of impatience, he turned in the direction of the window through which he had come. Simultaneously, the sash dropped with a crack like a pistol shot, and Pebbleman was marooned.

And right then and there I beheld an extraordinary spectacle. Many in his predicament would have given way to hysteria. They would have broken down, sobbed, beaten their clenched fists on the slate in frustration. Not so Pebbleman. Coolly and methodically, he set to work to effect his escape. He first sought to raise the sash by an upward pressure of his palms against the windowpane, but to no avail. Next, he tried the adjacent windows, using the same technique and whimpering to maintain his courage. Then, clearly disheartened, he inched his way to the edge of the roof and craned over it. As far as I could deduce, he was estimating the probable damage to his ankles if he clung to the brink and dropped the intervening distance. Evidently the risk dismayed him, for he recoiled and mopped his brow. Was it the sight of the pocket handkerchief that suggested a possible means of succor? It must have generated some hope; as quickly as the precarious footing allowed, he tottered to the angle of the porch visible from the county road and waved frantically to the infrequent cars that passed. None even slowed down, but the majority of the drivers whipped out their handkerchiefs and waved a cordial response.

The sun was high in the heavens by now, and the slate so hot that Pebbleman was forced to take refuge in a wedge-shaped bit of shade hardly wider than a knife blade. At long last, he appeared to have evolved a solution. He removed his shirt, twisted it and the burlap bag into a rough semblance of a rope, and, tying one end to the gutter, prepared to lower himself. He would almost certainly have plummeted to destruction had Divine Providence not interceded. Around the corner of the house came a couple of twelve-year-old boys wheeling bikes. They froze when they saw the figure on the roof.

"Hey, Mister, what are you doing up there?" one of them called out.

"That's for me to know and you to find out," said Pebbleman tartly. "What are you doing down there?"

"Selling subscriptions. Would you be interested in our combination offer? The *Paris Review* plus *Crocheting World* and the *Canadian Mink Raiser*, two years for only nine ninety-five."

Pebbleman deliberated. "Well, I might spring for part of that," he said. "Tell you what. Fetch along the ladder you'll find in that toolhouse, and I'll try the *Paris Review* for three months."

"We can't sell less than a year."

"O.K., O.K.," said Pebbleman impatiently. "Get going on that ladder. . . . What are you two whispering about?"

"Maybe it's better if you sign up before we bring the ladder," the youth said. "We could pass the application up to you on a cleft stick."

"Why, you little measle," said Pebbleman. "Are you trying to blackmail me?"

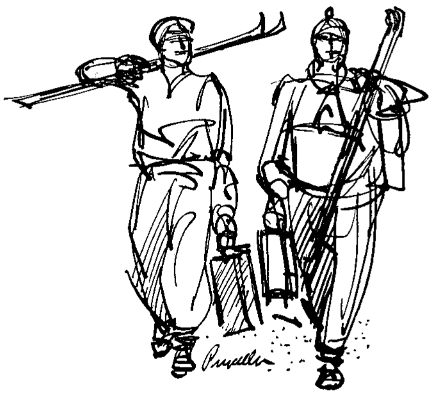
"That's such an ugly word, Mister. Call it rather a *quid pro quo*."

"You're pretty mature for your age, aren't you? You sound like the heavy in one of those old vaudeville sketches."

"Yup, we youngsters grow up real fast nowadays," said the lad. "So how's about it, Dad? It's just a simple horse trade."

Well, they argued back and forth for a while, but the boys had the whip hand and Pebbleman knew it. They finally reached a compromise whereby he was to sign the application when he got halfway down the ladder. I vamoosed right after they went to fetch it, not wishing to crowd my luck, so I can't say whether he kept his word. The last I saw, however, he was chasing the two off the place with his broom, the way the Inspector used to do with Hans and Fritz. All in all, it was an absorbing experience, and if any other groundhogs have encountered similar climbers, I sure would appreciate reading about them in your columns. With profound thanks for allowing me to use them, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
MORRIS J. MONAX
—S. J. PERELMAN



• •

A LETTER FROM THE CARIBBEAN

Breezeways in the tropics winnow the air,
Are ajar to its least breath
But hold back, in a feint of architecture,
The boisterous sun
Pouring down upon

The island like a cloudburst. They
Slant to loft air, they curve, they screen
The wind's wild gaiety
Which tosses palm
Branches about like a marshal's plumes.

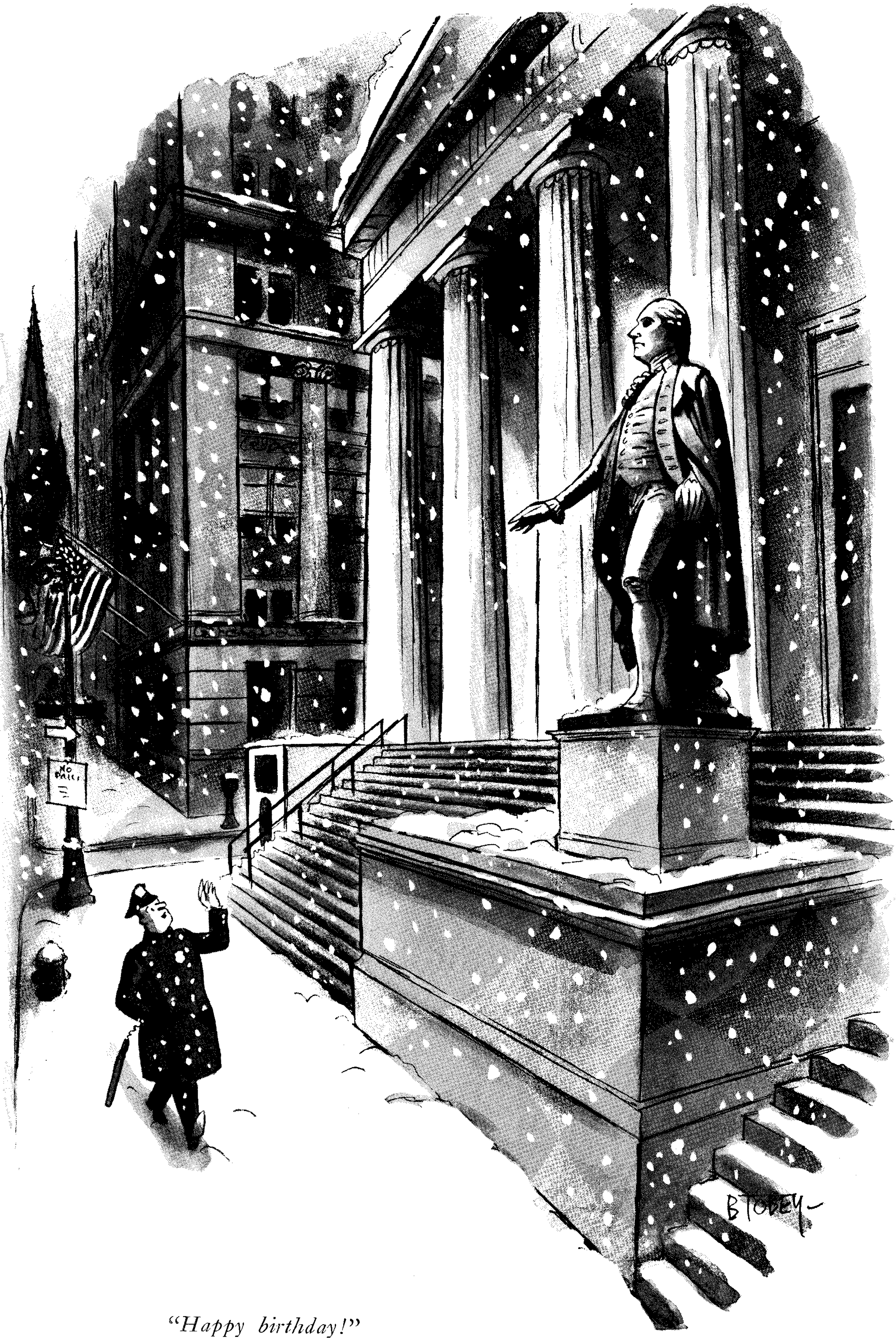
Within this filtered, latticed
World, where spools of shadow
Form, lift and change,
The triumph of incoming air
Is that it is there,

Cooling and salving us. Louvers,
Trellises, vines—music also—
Shape the arboreal wind, make skeins
Of it, and a maze
To catch shade. The days

Are all variety, blowing;
Aswirl in a perpetual current
Of wind, shadow, sun,
I marvel at the capacity
Of memory

Which, in some deep pocket
Of my mind, preserves you whole—
As wind is wind, as the lion-taming
Sun is sun, you are, you stay:
Nothing is lost, nothing has blown away.

—BARBARA HOWES



"Happy birthday!"

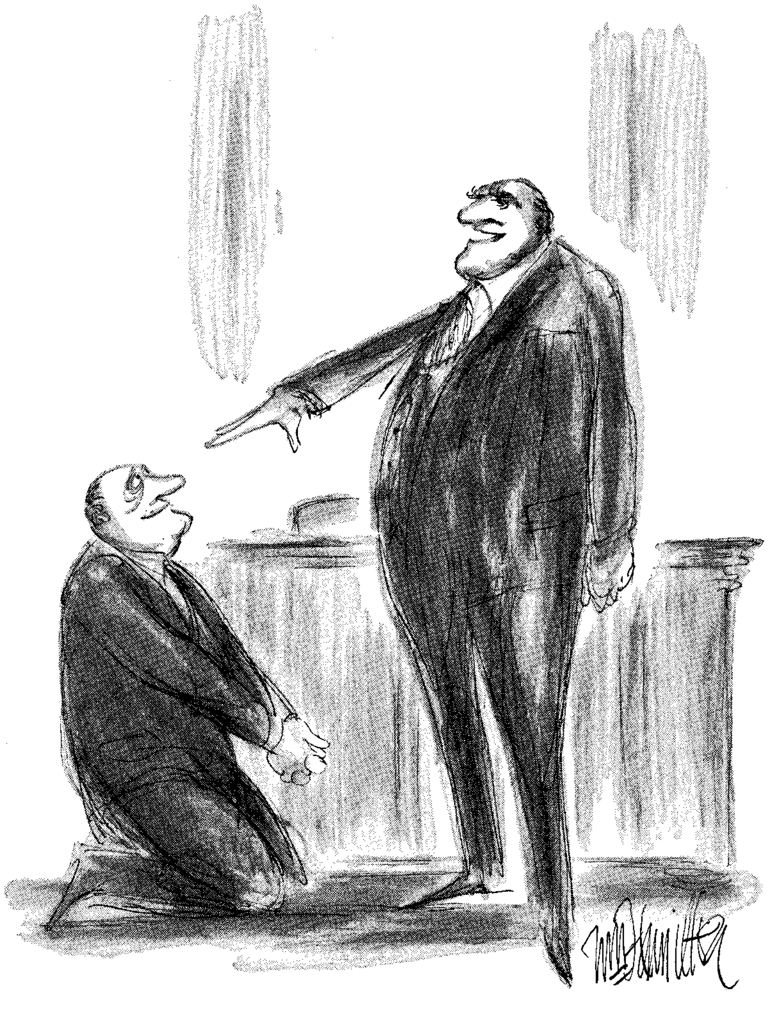
WE AND THEY IN RHODESIA

“AND how did you like it in Rhodesia?” people asked me when, in 1963, my husband and I returned from living there for three years. Usually they were just being polite and had almost no interest in how I had liked it in Rhodesia, or in anything else about that faraway country. Now that its name has been in the headlines, they are asking again, with more interest and more knowledge. “What was it like? Did you expect this would happen? What do you think of their breaking away from Britain?”

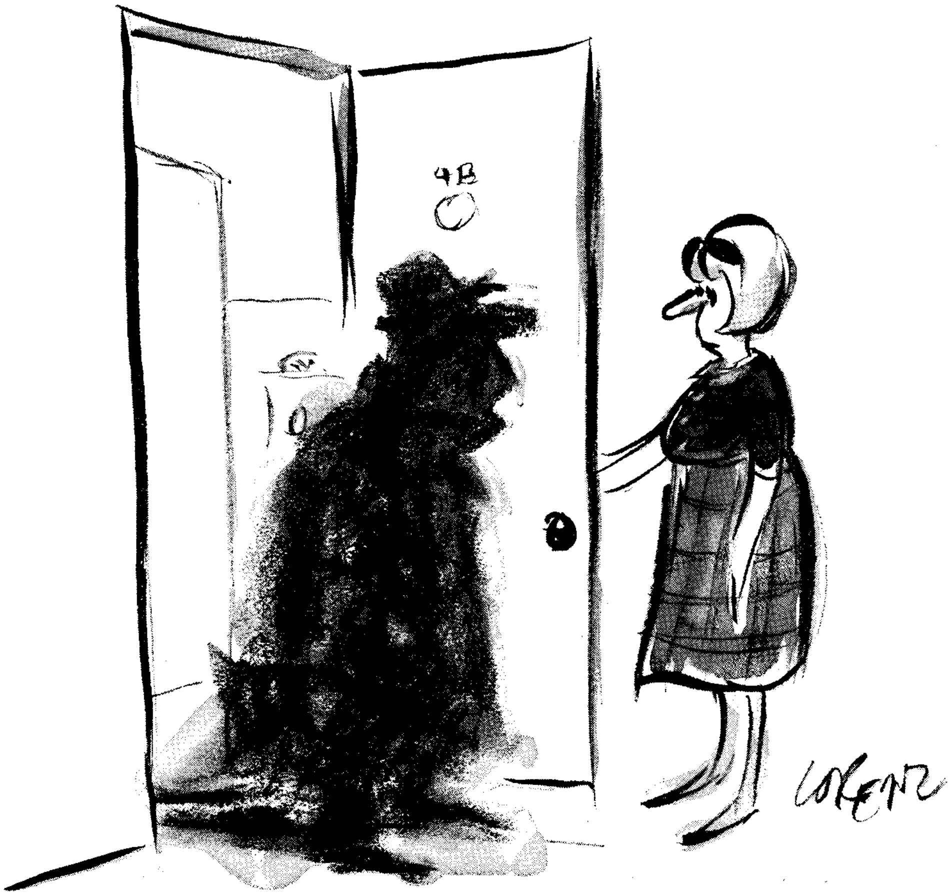
But now I can only talk about those years as a bit of rather picturesque history, for the country I knew is probably gone forever. Even while I was there, it had a strange, unlikely quality about it. It was so beautiful, so seemingly tranquil, and (for white people) so filled with amenities. The ante-bellum South must have been something like it. But most Rhodesians I knew, unlike old-fashioned Southerners, had no complacent convictions about their way of life. They discussed race and politics (inseparable in southern Africa) with twentieth-century uneasiness, frequently calling upon such phrases as “fair play,” “common sense,” and “keeping up standards.” Some of them believed, as the Rhodesian government apparently does today, that the Africans are hopelessly inferior and must be kept forever powerless; others—I think the majority—thought that they would someday be suited for Western civilization but “not yet . . . not in the foreseeable future . . . we must bring them up to our standards . . . they’re not ready.” There was wide disagreement as to how long it would take. Ten years? A hundred years? Even if negative, the phrase “not ready” had for some of us a hopeful sound, as when dinner is on the stove and, therefore, will be cooked sooner or later. One heard often of the concept of “partnership” between black and white, although no one seemed sure what it signified. Was it the partnership of horse and rider (as one Rhodesian Prime Minister had suggested)? Or of the Queen and the Prince? Or more like that of Fortnum & Mason? There was a great deal of talk and little progress, but at least it did seem possible—*just* possible—that black and white in Rhodesia would find a *modus vivendi* that would be agreeable to both. Perhaps that possibility was never more than a dream. But it was cheering to believe in it, for the alternative was bound to be what has happened now. As a Rhodesian friend wrote me at the time the country made a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, divorcing itself from the British Commonwealth in order to maintain white minority rule, “Now they’re setting fire to the place.”

MY husband’s job in Rhodesia was Cultural Affairs Officer for the United States Information Service, and during our three-year tour of duty we lived in the suburbs of Salisbury, the capital. I suppose Salisbury hasn’t changed much since 1963, as far as its looks are concerned. Approached from the air, it looms up out of what looks like absolutely nowhere, and an American traveller might wonder why he should suddenly be seeing a mirage of a small American city—perhaps Albuquerque, New Mexico. Clustered in Salisbury’s center are a number of infant skyscrapers, the tallest twenty stories high, and these jut up from among old two-story buildings with roofs that extend over the sidewalks, like the roofs on buildings of American pioneer towns. To the southeast of the center are the railroad tracks, a few factories, and, beyond, two very crowded African townships and a section for people of mixed race, known as “coloreds,” and East Indians. In every other direction lie spacious suburbs for the white population. The gardens and streets are rich in flowering trees—jacaranda, flame trees, and a species popularly named “yesterday-today-and-tomorrow.” None of these are indigenous, but thrive as if they were. Very few bright flowers are indigenous there, and just beyond the outer suburbs, ten miles or so from the center of town, the landscape falls into an infinity of gray-brown bush, which is known in southern Africa as the *bundu*. This country is open woodland and grassland about five thousand feet above sea level. Paradoxically, you must go down to get to mountains; the nearest are some two hundred miles distant, on the border of Mozambique.

When the first settlers arrived in 1890, no Africans lived where Salisbury is now, the climate being too cold in winter. (Between May and August, the night temperature sometimes gets as low as forty degrees; when the sun comes up, the temperature ascends to the low seventies.) Until the whites arrived, the *bundu* in this part of Rhodesia belonged to animals. The first settlers encountered lions, leopards, and elephants as often as, nowadays, their farmer descendants encounter rabbits. Today, rabbits of various types, along with aardvarks, baboons, mongooses, and sundry poisonous snakes, constitute most of the



“Rise, Ripley—Vice-President in Charge of Sales!”



“Atmospheric inversion.”

• •

wildlife. In 1962, a leopard made the rounds of chicken houses in a Salisbury suburb, but this was unusual enough to warrant headlines in the local papers.

When I first drove out from Salisbury through this wide-sweeping *bundu*, I thought it must be practically uninhabited. Then I gradually found out that every dozen miles or so, back somewhere on a dirt road, one will discover a country gentleman. One might find, for instance, a retired colonel of the Queen’s African Rifles who is engaged in raising Welsh corgis, and has a picture of the Queen and *her* corgis on the wall of his chintz-curtained sitting room; or a Second World War veteran who has invested his pension in a tobacco farm and enjoys a standard of living several cuts above the one he left behind in England; or a third-generation Rhodesian who owns a vast acreage and lives in a house filled with seventeenth-century Cape Dutch furniture that his grandfather brought up from South Africa in a covered wagon. The seventh Duke of Montrose is out there somewhere, living in a ducal style, and so are dozens of younger sons and remittance men who belong to notable British families. There are golf courses and country clubs and hunts; swimming pools, croquet grounds, cricket greens, and prize-winning rose gardens.

The only Africans in these regions work for the Europeans, for all land in the immediate vicinity of Salisbury (except the African townships and the section for coloreds and Indians) is reserved for Europeans only. For most Africans, however, this is an academic limitation, because they live at or below the poverty line and never have more than a few pounds at a time.

Most white people who went to Rhodesia in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties achieved an improvement in their accustomed standard of living. Among these were my husband and I. During our stay there we lived in a commodious house with a swimming pool and two acres of garden. Almost anywhere in the United States, this establishment—its name was April Folly—would have been considered opulent. In Rhodesia, it was just slightly upper middle-class.

“LOOK out for the British wives,” an elderly professor said to me, shortly after we arrived. “It was their hoity-toity ways that lost us India.”

At the time of the 1960 racial riots in South Africa, there was a joke going around the Salisbury tea tables about a houseboy and the white lady he worked for. Madam said to the houseboy, “Joseph, I suppose that if there were to be a Kaffir revolution here, you’d kill me.” “Oh, no, Madam,” said Joseph. “I’d go next door and kill Gilbert’s Madam. Then Gilbert would come over here and kill you.”

I wondered, at first, why the Rhodesian ladies seemed to enjoy this joke. Then, one day when I had heard it for the third time, a woman who noticed how faint my smile was kindly undertook to explain it to me. “It just shows, my dear, that you can’t trust any of them. It’s funny because it’s so *true*.”

Nevertheless, despite this utter lack of trust, most white households employed several of “them.” Even the simplest sort of house had its servants’ quarters at the back of the garden. In general, there was no hesitation in allowing these alleged potential murderers to take care of babies or prepare the food.

“You must treat them like children,” said a neighbor who had volunteered to help me interview servants. “That’s what they are, really.”

She spoke to them like a strict schoolmarm. “So you think you’re a garden boy, do you?” she said to an applicant who came to my back door. “Do you know what to do with seedlings?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“And can you cultivate? What proportion of fertilizer would you use for that flower bed over there?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“What’s the matter? Can’t you understand English?”

“Yes, Madam.”

My friend threw up her hands. “There, you see what they are,” she said. “Can you imagine one of *them* Prime Minister?”

I hired this applicant as our garden boy at three pounds a month, despite his two-word English vocabulary, and found that he did know what to do with seedlings, even though he called them something else. It is not hard to grow a garden in Rhodesia anyway. In the warm months, ours was always a pandemonium of roses, Michaelmas daisies, nasturtiums, day lilies, and other English garden flowers, all a little bigger than in England. And in the cooler months there were sweet peas, flowering aloes, mimosa, and two-story-high poinsettias. A morning-glory vine hung like a brilliant purple tapestry all over a row of tall native evergreens, screening off our laundry yard from the garden. The vine was choking the trees. “Symbolic,” commented an African visitor.

Most Africans who come in contact with Europeans acquire a second name, usually given them by a schoolteacher or by their first Madam. "What's your name, boy?" a lady might ask.

"Nyakanyanga."

"Good gracious, I can't call you that. I'll call you Teapot." Or Sixpence, or Busy, or Jack, depending on the lady's imagination or, sometimes, malicious sense of humor. Our garden boy was called Chapter, a name contributed to him by a missionary, and, of course, he had a little brother at home named Verse.

April Folly was designed to be staffed by five servants. Without suffering greatly, we made do with four. Chapter came from the eastern part of Rhodesia and belonged to the Mashona tribe. James, the cook, was a member of the Yao, a Nyasaland tribe noted for industry and cleverness. In the last century, the Yao were active slave traders, and were converted to Mohammedanism by their Arab customers. Batson, the houseboy, came from a more easygoing Nyasaland tribe, the Nyanja. Maggie, the "nanny" (as Rhodesians somewhat pretentiously call those servants who take care of children), was a Zulu. James, Maggie, and Batson understood English, although my American English was a trial to them. It always surprised me that the African population understood English as well as it did. Although eighty per cent of them start school, less than one per cent have a chance to continue past eighth grade. But since very few white Rhodesians deign to acquire a Bantu language, and since a dozen or more Bantu languages are spoken in southern Africa, each quite different from the next, English is the lingua franca and the key to getting ahead. Those without English are in the lowest-paid jobs, such as that of garden boy. As Shona is the prevailing native language in the vicinity of Salisbury, I made a stab at learning it, but my efforts caused so much hilarity in our kitchen that I gave up. (I wondered if they said to each other, "You see what she is. A full-grown woman and she can't get the simplest little Shona word right.")

All our servants, as well as James' wife and three small children, lived in a three-room hovel at the far extremity of our two acres, adjacent to a swamp and screened from Madam's and Master's view by a wall of banana trees. We liked all these people, and I was distressed when I was told that, in common with ninety per cent of the blacks and twenty-five per cent of the whites in Rhodesia, all of them had bilharzia. Bilharzia is a slow and, if untreated, a usually fatal disease, affecting one or more of the vital organs. It is acquired from contact with rivers or lakes in which a certain snail lives that is host to a bilharzia-carrying parasite. In its early stages, bilharzia makes its victims lazy and languid and subject to splitting headaches. Repeated injections of antimony can cure the disease in most cases, but the injections are expensive and disagreeable, and sometimes the patient dies of them. Any European who drinks from, swims in, or even dips his hand into a still or sluggishly flowing Rhodesian lake or stream is very foolish. The Africans, if they live in the *bundu*, have no choice. Unlike city people, they have no sanitary water supply. And if they are walking from one village to another, they often have to ford a stream. A cured patient, if he returns from the city to his village, almost inevitably becomes reinfected. I took James, Maggie, Batson, and Chapter regularly to a doctor—one of the few who were willing to treat Africans. (The African hospital doesn't, as a rule, bother with bilharzia cures, because if it did it would have time for little else.) After a couple of months, they were all pronounced cured. But my local friends told me that I was wasting time and money, and this was no doubt true—except that, for a while, they felt better.

"You could have got the same results

WINTER POND

(LAKE PARAN)

For J.V.F.

Lest the ripple deceive us
with its midsummer dazzle, a cat's-paw
of lustre on the shimmering weight of the water,
and the Heraclitean swimmer
dissolve into light, scarring the pond
with his passing—arm over arm in the herringbone ringed with a gas—
and no one believe us,

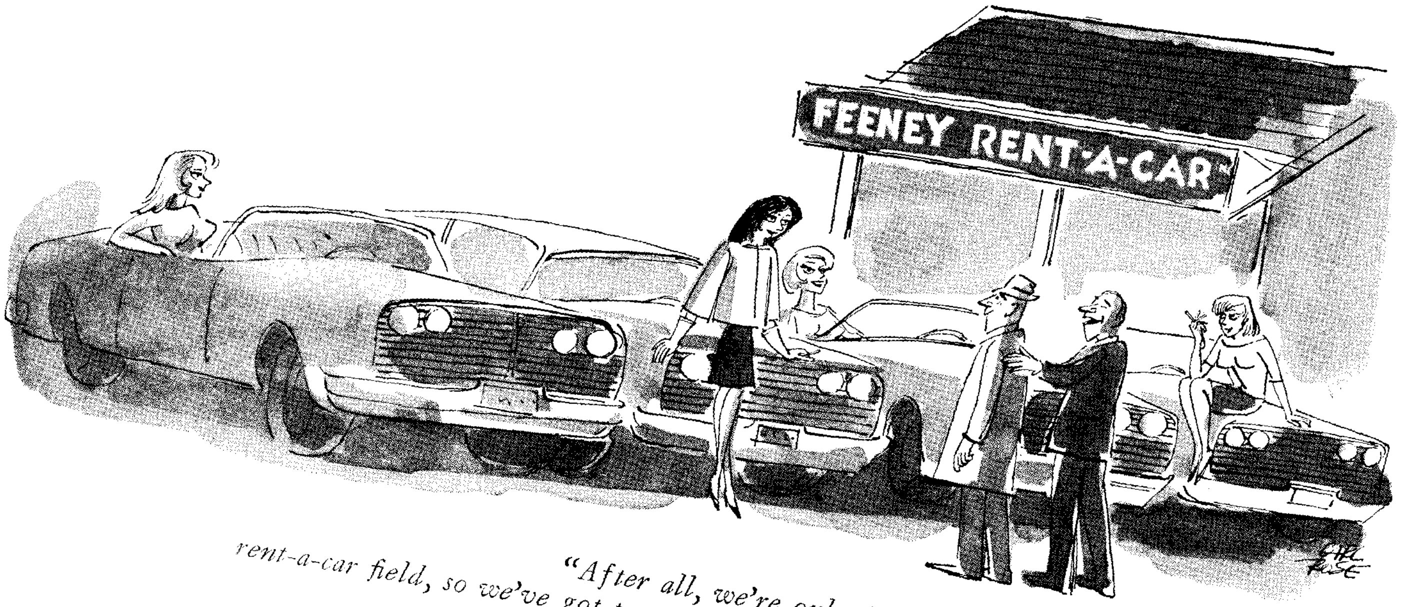
I stand in the March
of my mind in a winter perspective:
suds, scurf, and cobble—a sherbet of blackening ice
with a pylon inset on a lunar enormity, and beyond
it a tractor in characterless orange;
the lake like an adamant
drawing into the flint and the salt
all a planet's mobility—algae and perch,
the gelatinous hives of the frog, night crawlers,
the semen and freeze of a winter—until
all locks like a cluster of crystal,
lifts up in its basin in its perfect containment,
a monolith crowding the shale,
a troglodyte's hammer
pounding the weathers and pressing on obdurate matter
like the light on the pomegranate's rind
or the bones on the scales of a carp.

The seasons disclaim us. But a shock lives on in the air—
a pulse, like a forge in a cloud
that beats on the latent and makes the ambiguous bearable.
Facet by facet, we assemble a vanished relation—
the swimmer under the ice and the skater on water—
harden the edge of our world till our images name us,
and the possible touches the heart and declares what it saw:
an ice-floe that burned in the thaw,
the hailstone's precipitation
that opened a well for the noon of the fish and the flycaster,
set a bow on the ripple, recovered the spinner's vibration,
till all was motion and passion and presence, flashing as never before,

and the swimmer arose in his nakedness and called from the opposite shore.

—Ben Belitt

• •



"After all, we're only fourteenth in the rent-a-car field, so we've got *to pay attention to the little extras."*

with aspirin," said one of the local ladies.

"But it seems the least one can do," I said. "They're so helpless. What will become of them when they're too sick or too old to work?"

"Oh, they take care of each other," the lady said. "And, anyway," she added, to comfort me, "they die before they're old."

ON our little plantation of April Folly, life went on pleasantly and with great sameness. There was not even much variety in the weather, which was nearly always beautiful. The summer months, from November to March, were warm and showery; the autumn and spring were warm and bright, and the winter cool and bright. I often set a tea table on the wide green lawn (or, rather, Batson did) and invited ladies to morning or afternoon tea. The scene always reminded me of a certain picture in Kate Greenaway's "Marigold Garden," showing five unbelievably dainty creatures sipping tea round a table on a lawn. The rhyme beneath the picture read:

In the pleasant green garden
  We sat down to tea.
"Do you take sugar?"
  And "Do you take milk?"
She'd got a new gown on—
  A smart one of silk.
We all were as happy
  As happy could be
On that bright summer's day
  When she asked us to tea.

My guests and I were somewhat less dainty than the Greenaway girls, because of the sedentary life and daily encounters with scones and tarts. Unlike the Greenaway tea table, mine was in the shade of a spreading msasa tree. Overhead, yellow weaverbirds flew in and out of their fantastic hanging nests of woven grass. It was very quiet in my garden. The only startling noise came from a large, crested, and elegant bird, something like a parrot, that used sometimes to pause in the msasa tree. He had a discordant, critical-sounding voice.

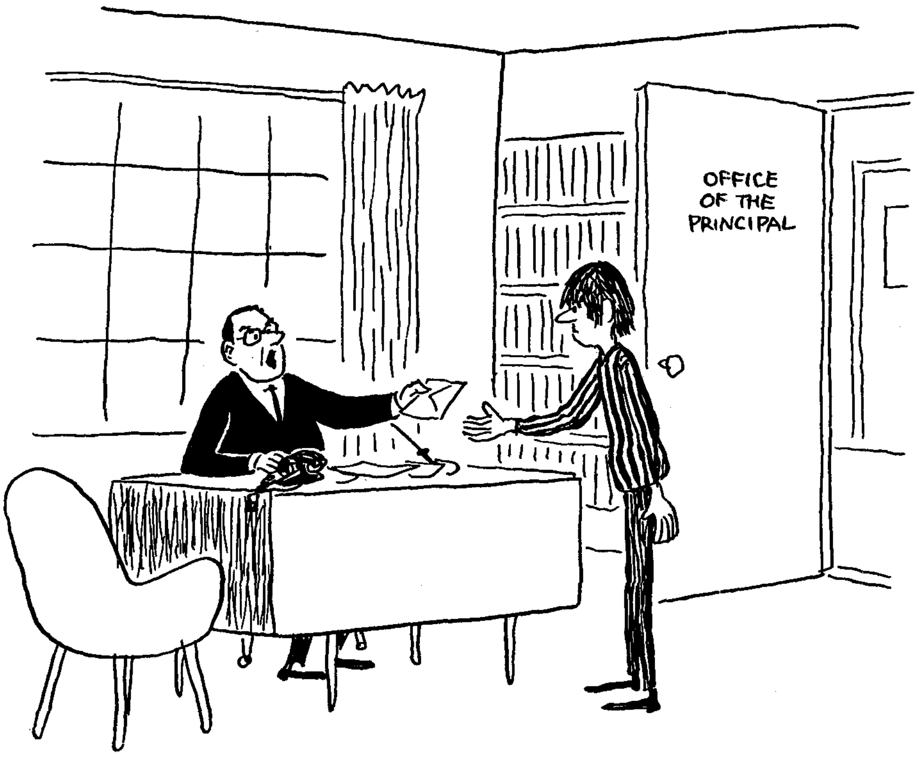
After the racial clashes in the Congo, people at home, and especially our mothers, used to write worried letters. Weren't my husband and I in danger? Hadn't we better arm ourselves? Reclining in the sun beside the swimming pool, I would answer these letters. No, we were perfectly fine, and the Congo was as far away from Salisbury as New York from Chicago. My little daughter would be playing on the lawn, watched by Maggie, who sat on the grass with her legs straight out in front of her, making Zulu bead jewelry.

BUT our life away from April Folly was not so tranquil. Anti-Americanism was a parlor game in Rhodesia, and we were always It. The chief reason for the general dislike of Americans was America's official African policy, which was regarded by whites as favorable to Africans. Africans, on the other hand, felt that America favored the whites, and pointed to this country's refusal to denounce or oppose in the United Nations the racial policies of Portugal, and to its permitting millions of dollars to flow into South Africa. So we were caught in a cross fire. Nobody marched on the United States Consulate or on the U.S.I.S. library in Salisbury, but if editorials and letters to the editor could burn, these establishments would have been in ashes. For us, parties became increasingly an ordeal, especially since it was not fitting for my husband or me to express any adverse opinions of our host country.

"Of course, we don't mean *you*," people would say, having paused for breath in the middle of an anti-American diatribe. Most people were at least polite enough to say that. But one Englishwoman to whom I was introduced stared coldly and said, "American? I've met Americans before. I couldn't cope." Then she walked away.

Variety in our social life was brought about by visits from Americans, whom it was our job to show around and entertain, or help entertain. Among these were Louis Armstrong and his entire band; the Hungarian String Quartet; Saunders Redding, the Negro writer and educator; twenty Smith College girls; Senator Allen J. Ellender, of Louisiana; Senator Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania; Senator Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts; a party of forty-two schoolteachers; a party of half a dozen congressmen; the Golden Gate Quartet; and G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams, with his wife and considerable entourage.

Williams, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was regarded in Rhodesia (wrongly) as responsible for American policy in Africa, and the white press and public loathed him. They particularly loathed his nickname,



"Give this note to your father. I've made it clear that you are not to return to school until you've had your hair cut."

• •

which they regarded as clear proof that the man was an idiot. However, British decorum prevailed for the most part, and he was attacked physically only once, by a white settler in Lusaka, who hit him in the jaw. Many Rhodesians who went so far as to meet the Williamses said afterward that they found them surprisingly attractive. At the consul-general's reception for them, I overheard a militant lady farm owner say to Mrs. Williams, "I've driven ninety-six miles to come here, just to tell you to leave us alone. But now that I've met you, I can't be nearly so blunt as I'd planned. But, really, my dear! Can't you get your husband to go home? Isn't there something *else* he can do?"

"But we want to help you," Mrs. Williams said.

"Oh dear, what a pity! Please try not to."

Americans were not the only unpopular visitors. One evening, we went to a party given by the (then) middle-of-the-road Rhodesian government for a visiting delegation of about half a dozen Nigerians. For many of the Rhodesians present it was their first multi-racial party, and they were cautious and aloof, waiting to be shown. The Nigerians, as it happened, were in no mood to show anybody. They were at the end of several days of tiring rounds. Some of them had caught cold, since it was winter and even heavy sweaters under their bright cotton robes did not help enough. Furthermore, they had received nasty messages from the Rhodesian African Nationalists for having had anything to do with white Rhodesia; the few Rhodesian Africans who were at the party were considered in some quarters as "stooges." The Nigerians arrived late, left early, gave curt answers to the wary conversational gambits of the other guests, and sat together in a corner, silently polishing off heaping plates of buffet dinner.

My husband's work mostly concerned scholarships in America for Rhodesian students, white and black, and this gradually led him into contact with educated Africans. One whom we came to know and admire and who was our house guest several times was the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole. He is now the leader of one of Rhodesia's two banned nationalist parties, and has been in jail for over a year, charged with inciting to violence. Daba, as he invited us to call him, is a stocky, mild-mannered man in his forties, who, before 1960, was headmaster of a primary school and a Congregational clergyman, having studied for the ministry in Massachusetts. When we met him, he had just given up both his desk and his pulpit, and thought of nothing but achieving African rule in Rhodesia. A book he wrote on the subject, "African Nationalism," was published in 1959 by the Oxford University Press. He despised middle-of-the-road Europeans and their patronizing pronouncements about Africans' not being ready, and he used to tell us that he would welcome a white extremist government because it might lead the British to intervene, or arouse the Africans to action. "And after all," he would say in his mild way, "there *are* eighteen of us to one of them."

Daba was born in a remote corner of Rhodesia, and never saw an automobile, a train, or a white man until he was ten. Then he went to live with relatives near a white settlement, and got a job caddying at the local golf course. His first impression of white people—men who spent their time hitting a little ball with a big stick and then walking after it, frequently in a bad temper—was unfavorable, and he still retains a cool view of the white race in general. He often told us, however, that he tries hard to avoid race prejudice. In our copy of his book, he wrote, "Human friendship keeps us going in this life."

The great majority of white Rhodesians know Africans only as servants, although they are quick to say, "I've been here so-and-so number of years, and I *know* the native." But in Salisbury there was a small circle in which one met Africans socially. They were generally gay and friendly and hospitable. Nevertheless, we remained outside their lives. It always seemed to me that they were adjusting to us and our ways, never demanding anything of us but also never showing us their real selves. Their experiences and the points of view that they had been exposed to as children were further from ours than we could comprehend. They knew this better than we.

I got an inkling of it one evening at a dinner party, not from Africans but from two Danish anthropologists, husband and wife. It was a large party, and after dinner I found myself sitting with the two anthropologists, an English-born tobacco farmer whom I'll call Taylor-Phipps (hyphenated names being very much the thing in Rhodesia), and an elderly aunt of his who came from Victoria Falls. The anthropologists were stopping in Salisbury for a few days, on their way back to Europe from two years of living in the bush south of Rhodesia near the Limpopo River. Madame, who was a relaxed, motherly-looking woman, was obviously thoroughly accustomed to making cultural adjustments. Asked what she'd have to drink, she replied serenely, "If there is cognac, I will have that. But not if it is the custom here to take something else."

• •

"So you've been down on the Limpopo," Taylor-Phipps said. "Frightfully bleak down there, isn't it? I mean, not much to see?"

"That depends on what you would like to see," the Professor said. "We were studying the Rozwi-Venda."

"Were they any help to you?"

"Help to us?" the Professor said, looking puzzled. "But we got nothing but help from them. We saw no one else."

"What did you do, go about in a camper? Jolly good campers they have nowadays, air-conditioned, and what-not."

"No, we had no camper. We lived in the villages. In each village, the chief was always so kind as to offer the use of a hut."

"A *native* hut?"

"Yes, we had great good luck. We got always the big hello, as the Americans say."

"*We* don't," put in Taylor-Phipps's aunt.

"Naturally, we needed to be right in the center of the village," the Professor continued, "so that we could take part in all phases of community life." He went on to relate, with enormous enthusiasm, how they had gone out plowing with the villagers, had cooked flying ants ("Delicious—most sweet and fat," said Madame), and had participated in dances and all other group activities, including going into the bush for calls of nature—always a social occasion, since the bush can be hazardous for a person alone.

The aunt, looking tight-lipped, now inquired, "And what did you do for supplies?"

"Supplies!" Madame said. "Supplies of what? We ate what the people were eating. I learned cooking from the women, and then we would exchange recipes. They are most generous."

"Now, you take chaps like that," Taylor-Phipps said. "Do you think they will ever be able to understand democracy?"

"Well, you see, they have a system that quite satisfies them," Madame said. "It is very complex—too difficult for the casual visitor to comprehend. Only after we had lived among them for months did we begin to understand it." The chief, she explained, has, within prescribed regulations, almost absolute power, but he is not put into office until after much discussion and argument, during which time anyone can air his views and be listened to. And if the chief doesn't stick to the regulations, he can be removed from office. Everyone has his role to play in the community, and each role has status. Small children, when weaned (at the age of nearly two), immediately join their age group and have the job of watching chickens and of setting up an alarm when strangers appear. Children from six to twelve are goatherds, and the older children look after the cows. Even madmen have a role; the chief, like medieval kings of Europe, has a fool.

The two scientists had noted great good nature and a general lack of tension, and they attributed this to the baby Rozwi-Vendas' long, intimate contact with their mothers and to everyone's having a clearly defined role at all times. Ambition is foreign to them. The Professor said that while harvesting pumpkins with the villagers, he had tried to pick more and better than his neighbor, and had found people staring at him curiously. Madame said that one day when she had forgotten something in her hut, she *ran* to get it. "What's the matter?" people had asked her. "Is something wrong?"

"But, coming back to politics," persisted Taylor-Phipps. "Did you find any political consciousness among the ordinary, simple chaps out there?"

"But we did not meet any simple people," the Professor said. "The fact is, they were all quite complicated."

"Well!" said the aunt. "I'll have to take a second look at my cook when I get back to Victoria Falls. He's a Venda. Never seemed complicated to *me*."

"Do that, Madame," said the Professor, ignoring the sarcastic tone.

"One group with whom we stayed did a particularly subtle thing," his wife said. "To propitiate the goddess of chaos, they planted each year a chaos field. All sorts of seeds thrown in together."

"Subtle?" Taylor-Phipps said.

"Subtle and sophisticated," Madame said. "Chaos is a part of human life, no? Then why not recognize this, instead of trying to pretend it isn't there."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," Taylor-Phipps said, "seems damn silly to me."

"Chaos has no place in *civilized* life," the aunt added severely.

"No? Still, we have wars, riots, plane crashes, do we not?" Madame said.

"But *they*," the aunt said, "they like chaos. It's their nature."

"Someday we must make a study of Rhodesian attitudes," the Professor said cheerily. "Your totems, your taboos, your patterns of thought—"

"Do you get *paid* for this sort of thing?" inquired the aunt.

"We are on a fellowship. From an American foundation."

"Ah, really," the aunt said.

"That explains it," Taylor-Phipps said.

Both looked reproachfully at me, and the U.S.I.S. library went up in flames again. —MARY CABLE

•

It is a violet story of a young man who turns to crime at the tender age of 13. . . .
—*Atlantic City Press*.

Written in purple prose, of course?

PROFILES

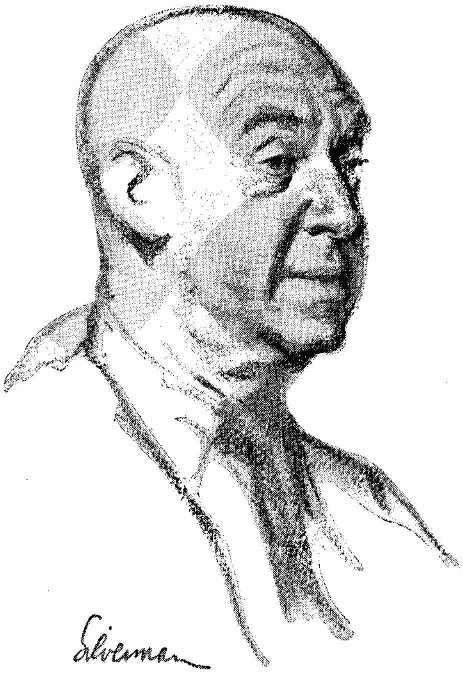
ANATOMY OF A COMMERCIAL INTERRUPTION

ANATOMY
OF A COMMERCIAL INTERRUPTION
A Film
70 mm. Ultra Panavision
Technicolor
FILMED ENTIRELY ON LOCATION

Starring Otto Preminger, producer and director of twenty-eight films, including "Laura" (1944), "Fallen Angel" (1945), "Daisy Kenyon" (1948), "Whirlpool" (1949), "Angel Face" (1952), "The Moon Is Blue" (1953), "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955), "Saint Joan" (1957), "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958), "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959), "Exodus" (1960), "Advise and Consent" (1962), "The Cardinal" (1963), "In Harm's Way" (1964), and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965); director of seven films, including "A Royal Scandal" (1944), "Forever Amber" (1947), and "Porgy and Bess" (1959); and actor—always playing the part of a Nazi—in the four films "The Pied Piper" (1942), "Margin for Error" (1943), "They Got Me Covered" (1943), and "Stalag 17" (1953).

With Hope Bryce Preminger, Mark Preminger, Victoria (Missie) Preminger, Bill Barnes, Bob Romaner, Marvin Schwartz, Lester L. Cooper, Jr., Myles J. Lane, Justice Arthur G. Klein, Joseph Villante, Archer Winsten, Elia Kazan, Gilbert Lloyd, and others.

EXTERIOR. New York City. Early on a cold, sunny morning around Thanksgiving, 1965. Manhattan's upper East Side. A Panavision view of East Sixty-fourth Street from a helicopter, taking in, roughly, thirty blocks to the north of Sixty-fourth, thirty blocks to the south, between the East River and Central Park. While the camera pans slowly across this section of Manhattan, sound of traffic is heard. No music. Then, as the camera zooms in on Otto Preminger's town house, between Park and Lexington Avenues, there is a surge of city music—brassy and percussive, and with a few references to "Take the 'A' Train." A skinny, urban tree, now bare and limp, stands at the curb in front of the town house, which is a remodelled brownstone. The house, standing among clean-looking and sleek-looking town houses and apartment buildings, is the cleanest-looking and sleekest-looking house on the block. It has been painted light gray, and two and a half stories have been built on at the top, making it five and a half stories high. The new top floors contain, in addition to a nursery and servant quarters, a gymnasium—complete with sun lamp, motorized bicycle exercise machine, and sauna—and a film-projection room. The projection room has a tremendous picture window, facing the street, and during film-viewing hours this is covered with a Panavision-size screen. The front of the first floor of the house has three large, long French doors. Between them and the picture window at the top there are two windows to a floor, all of them just as large as the French doors. Most of the windows have vertical white Venetian blinds. The door of the house, like the doors leading to all Preminger domiciles and all Preminger offices, is painted black, and there is a legend on it, in glinting brushed-aluminum Saul Bass modern type, reading, "129 East 64." The door is opened from the inside. Holding it is a white-jacketed butler. The Premingers' nanny, a gaunt, wispy-haired, friendly-looking woman, emerges, looks up and down the street, and turns to look inside the house. She watches as Preminger's two children march outside. They are five-year-old twins, Mark and Victoria, wearing matching brother-sister outfits of navy-blue raincoats, leggings, navy wool caps, and matching gloves. Victoria's hair falls loosely from under the cap to her shoulders. The children look very wide awake and watchful. Preminger comes out of the house, a somewhat puzzled but benign expression on his face, and the butler closes the door behind him. Preminger, a well-built man six feet tall and with sad eyes and a pink, clean-shaven head, looks fit; his complexion is a deeper pink, attesting to use of the gymnasium's sun lamp. He wears a navy-blue wool topcoat, a gray worsted suit, black, shapely London-made loafers, and no hat. His head gleams in the sunlight. He glances at the house directly across the street, and the camera pans to it. It is the town house of the architect Edward Durell Stone, and the façade is masked by one of the concrete grilles that are Stone's trademark. The camera pans back to Preminger, who is grimacing in disapproval at the other house. He looks at his wristwatch, which is platinum, square, and very thin; the time, in closeup, is eight-forty. His face assumes its former expression of puzzlement as he looks at his children, and he stretches out his hands to them. Holding their hands, Preminger paces back and forth in front of his house, looking toward Park Avenue. The children, imitating him, peer up the street impatiently. Then a blue-and-white taxi with obtrusively large dents in its front and sides is seen turning onto the street from Park Avenue. Preminger has been looking at his wristwatch, and now he gives the taxi a reluctant, tight smile. The driver of the taxi is a young man in his late twenties, a part-time actor named Bob Romaner, who is wearing a shapeless red wool sweater torn and unravelling at both elbows. He has long, shaggy hair and a three-day growth of beard. On his face is an adamant look of high expectation.



Otto Preminger

MARK (*holding his mouth in precisely the same manner as his father holds his, and then opening it slightly to speak*): Here is Mr. Romaner!

VICTORIA: Here is Mr. Romaner!

PREMINGER (*who has a Viennese accent and speaks with dry emphasis and resigned indulgence*): Here is Mr. Romaner!

(*He opens the door of the taxi. The children jump in. Preminger heaves himself in after them. He puts his head out for a last glance at his house, and, with a sigh, closes the taxi door. The taxi lurches toward Lexington Avenue.*)

INTERIOR. Taxi. Mark and Victoria are sitting back properly in their seats, both giggling and swinging their legs rhythmically up and down. Victoria has her hands folded in her lap. Preminger, sitting at their left, is smiling at them, but his expression as he regards them is still one of bewilderment, mixed with a touch of amazement. Bob Romaner turns his head at intervals to look at the three of them. Attached to the top of his dashboard is a small color snapshot of his own two children—a boy and a girl, both under five.

Mark and Victoria (*chanting in unison*): Late for school! Late for school! Late for school!

Preminger: I do not *like* to be late. I believe in being on time. It is very important not to be late. I believe very strongly in this.

Romaner (*jauntily*): This traffic! It was murder this morning getting to your house, Mr. Preminger! Your case starts today, huh? (*He turns around and gives Preminger a knowing look.*)

Preminger (*good-naturedly*): I am not supposed to discuss my case before the judge gives his decision. So I obey the rules. I do not talk.

Romaner (*looking back at Preminger again, with an even more knowing look*): Keeps you out of the office, huh? Keeps you from getting your work done?

Mark: Daddy works all the time.

Victoria: Daddy is always working.

Preminger (*to Romaner, with dry interest*): How is your career? (*He goes on without waiting for an answer.*) I saw your film about the bum on the Bowery. You were very good. You were very convincing.

Mark and Victoria (*chanting*): Working, working, always working, always working! (*They giggle.*)

Romaner (*as camera picks up his face, wearing an expression of pleasure, in closeup, in his rearview mirror*): Then you've got a part for me in your next picture—right? (*He turns and winks at the children.*) Right, Mr. Preminger?

Preminger: I will do my best to find a part for you. If I can, I will.

Romaner: I hope you win your case with Columbia Pictures, Mr. Preminger. I'd like to see you casting your next picture. (*He laughs.*)

Preminger (*with a wry smile*): I told Columbia I will fight this case as long as I have to, to keep them from mutilating my picture on television with cuts and commercial interruptions. I told them it is nothing personal. It is the principle of the thing. But right now they are mad at me. They refuse even to give me prints of their pictures, which they always did, so that I could show them at home. But the trial will not interfere with my work. I am preparing my next picture now. For you, I will do my best. Because I *like* you, Mr. Romaner.

Romaner (*with great confidence*): You won't be sorry, Mr. Preminger, I promise you.

Preminger: I do not intend to be sorry, Mr. Romaner. And all I will ask of you is that perhaps you may want to get a shave soon.

Romaner: Tomorrow. Yesterday I worked two shifts. I didn't even have time to see my kids.

Mark (*imitating his father's tone*): You may want to get a shave, Mr. Romaner. (*Preminger is regarding his son with admiration and near-astonishment as the taxi draws up in front of Lycée Français, a private school on East Seventy-second Street, near Fifth Avenue.*)

Preminger (*with satisfaction*): We are not late.

EXTERIOR. Street. The children hop out of the taxi, and Preminger follows, taking each by the hand.

Mark (*calling back*): I hope you have a nice day, Mr. Romaner.

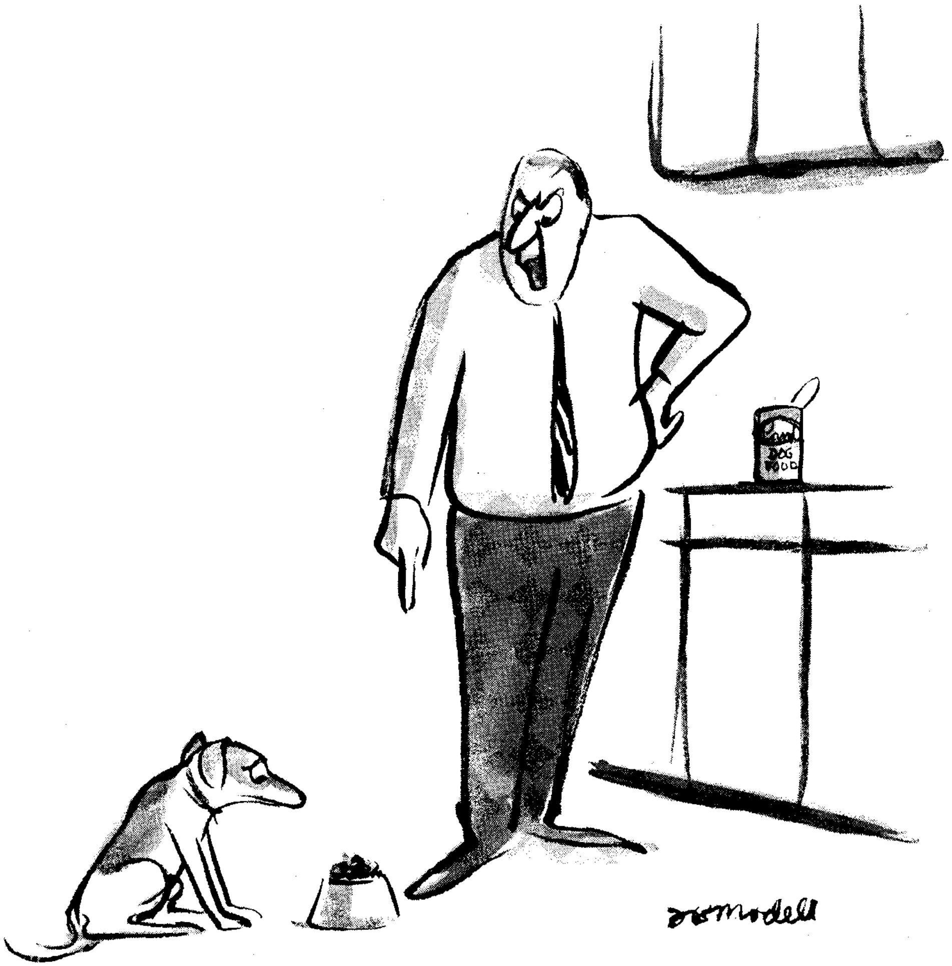
Victoria (*very politely*): *I* hope you have a nice day, Mr. Romaner, and I hope you get a shave tomorrow.

Mark: And *I* hope you get a shave tomorrow.

(*Preminger quickly escorts the children into the school, their figures merging with those of several other children and their mothers or nannies, all intent upon being on time. The taxi, by prearrangement, waits for him. He returns in a few minutes and reënters the taxi.*)

INTERIOR. Taxi. Preminger is now sitting in the middle of the rear seat.

Preminger: We go now to



"*Eat!*"

court—60 Centre Street. I am not to be called immediately. However, it would be more polite if I am there.

ROMANER (*nodding joyously and heading for the East River Drive*): I wish I could attend the trial. But I'm not exactly dressed for the occasion. Anyway, I've got to keep working. Until I get that part, Mr. Preminger—right? (*He turns around and winks.*) But can you at least give me an explanation of the trial? What it's all about? A brief summary? I'm really very interested, Mr. Preminger. Especially since it concerns the business I hope to be in full time. (*He grins.*)

PREMINGER: It is all very simple. (*He sighs wearily and looks out the window blankly, not seeming to respond to any one particular sight.*) I am trying to get an injunction against Columbia Pictures and their subsidiary, Screen Gems, to restrain them from showing my picture "Anatomy of a Murder" on the hundred and one television stations to which they sold the picture. We have a temporary injunction now to keep them from cutting the picture on television until the case is decided. They have the right to release the picture, in theatres and on television. But my contract with them gives me the right to determine the final form and content of my film. So I am charging violation of my contract. Also, they sold my film in a bunch, with fifty-nine other films, to all these television stations for ten million dollars. It is known as block booking, which I do not think is permitted by the law. There were two other good films in the bunch—"Picnic" and "Pal Joey"—but most of the others were tenth-rate. It is to me an unbelievable thing. All they care about is the money. I believe it is bad business to worry about the immediate buck. I am not like that myself. I do not want a fortune. I do not want to leave a fortune to my children, because I do not think it is good for children to inherit a lot of money.

ROMANER: That's my own attitude exactly! I can afford to have that attitude! (*He laughs.*) So about the trial. Anything else?

PREMINGER: In New York, over Channel 7, "Anatomy of a Murder"—the film is a hundred and sixty-one minutes long—was shown and it was interrupted for commercials thirteen times, and in Los Angeles the showing was interrupted twelve times. Each interruption had at least two commercials, sometimes three or four commercials. On Channel 7, there were thirty-six commercials during the showing of the picture.

ROMANER: Thirty-*six!*

PREMINGER: I believe the commercial interruptions destroy the value of the picture. Why should the picture be shown in mutilated form just because it is shown at home? It is to me an intolerable thing. (*Preminger sounds very calm and very sure of his ground. He maintains the tone of a completely reasonable man.*) It is grotesque. I really think it is uncivilized.

ROMANER (*agreeably, while appearing to have more important worries on his own mind*): That's the whole thing? (*They are now driving quite fast down the East River Drive, and Romaner keeps his eyes on the heavy traffic.*) So how old is that picture? When was it made?

PREMINGER: I cannot remember dates and years. About 1959, I think. There are only three dates I am sure of. On the twenty-first of October, 1935, I arrived in this country from Vienna. On the third of October, 1960, my children were born. And on the fifth of December, 1906, *I* was born.

(*They draw up in front of the New York County courthouse. Preminger pays Romaner and gives him a tip in bills. Then he opens the door and steps out.*)

EXTERIOR. Taxi. Near long, broad expanse of steps leading up to entrance of the pillared New York County courthouse.

ROMANER (*rolling down his far window and leaning out*): Thanks, Mr. Preminger! Good luck! Maybe I'll come back for you later!

(*The camera pans from the taxi, as it speeds away, to Preminger's back. He holds his hands, one in the other, behind his back as he hurries up the steps. Then we see Preminger from the front. He takes the steps easily, without puffing, but his movements are those of a child—disjointed and overactive. The stairway is shown as gray, stony, formal, legalistic. Some legal music is heard—mostly oboes and bassoons, playing staccato in a sardonically strict rhythm, with references to "Who's Sorry Now?" Then we have a closeup of Preminger entering the building. His head now looks pinker than his face. There is a puffiness under his eyes, which continue to show sadness.*)

INTERIOR. Corridor leading to the courtroom where Preminger's case is being tried. The camera dollies along beside Preminger as he walks toward the courtroom, revealing faces of typi-

cal court-corridor loungers: a surly, hostile young man being harangued by a surly, hostile older man; worried-looking litigants from nearby courtrooms; a tall, thin, white-haired court buff of about seventy-five wearing a pince-nez and a checked suit, wing collar, and flowing purple necktie; a lot of bustling attorneys. They all seem to come to attention and watch Preminger advance toward the courtroom.

INTERIOR. Swinging double doors. There is a little rectangle of glass near the top of each door. A closeup of the doors and a black-and-white rectangular sign beside them. The sign reads, "TRIAL TERM. PART II. MR. JUSTICE KLEIN." A view from the rear as Preminger pushes the doors open and enters the courtroom. The legal music comes up strong, with a vague but good-natured reference to the signature theme of the "Perry Mason" show.

INTERIOR. Courtroom. The words "IN GOD WE TRUST" appear in raised brass letters on panelling behind judge's bench. The judge has not come in, and the attorneys for both sides are conferring informally at a large table in the area between the judge's bench and the spectators' benches. An American flag stands on the floor to the right of the judge's bench, and a witness chair and an empty jury box to the left. A court officer, with a brush mustache, sits, frowning, at a table to the right of the judge's bench. He wears a dark-blue uniform, with brass buttons and a gilt badge. There are large windows on either side of the room, and on the wall behind the spectators' benches there is a large clock. The attorneys are sorting papers, then taking more papers out of briefcases and suitcases.

Marvin Schwartz, of the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, is Preminger's trial counsel. A stocky, rather heavy-breathing man wearing charcoal-rimmed glasses, he is assisted by Lester L. Cooper, Jr., who looks very young and unmarked, with a round, small face, reddish hair, a Southern accent, and predictable yes-sir-and-yes-ma'am manners. Myles J. Lane, of the firm of Schwartz & Frohlich (a different Schwartz), is trial counsel for the defendant, the Columbia Pictures Corporation and Screen Gems, Inc., and he is assisted by Irving Moross, a man in his fifties, and Stuart Schwartz (also unrelated to Marvin Schwartz). Mr. Lane is sturdy-looking but pale. He is wearing a light-brown suit, with a tan-and-brown figured necktie and a matching pocket handkerchief. Stuart Schwartz looks a little more experienced, a little older, and a little less eager to please than young Lester Cooper, Jr. Several other assistants are puttering around with papers, all of them looking serious, even gloomy. The camera picks up Preminger as he walks into the courtroom, taking off his topcoat as he walks. He folds his coat and lays it on a rear bench. Then he takes a seat in the front row of the spectators' section. He looks relaxed and expectant. The puzzled expression has vanished. Marvin Schwartz comes over and shakes Preminger's hand, and Cooper does the same. Then Preminger is joined by Bill Barnes, his assistant-of-all-trades, who is an even-featured, good-looking young man, shining and clean, and who has a mild Southern accent, like Cooper's, and London-made shoes, like Preminger's. Barnes looks faintly harassed. After speaking to Preminger, he takes off his coat, folds it, and lays it next to Preminger's.

Preminger (*counting the defendants' lawyers and apparently enjoying himself*): One, two, three, four. They have four lawyers. I have only two on my side. But I need only two lawyers. I have *good* lawyers.

Schwartz (*with a short, uneasy laugh*): Wait until we get the decision.

Preminger (*immediately*): My esteem for you will not be determined by whether you win or lose. I judge only effort, not results.

Schwartz: I admire your objectivity.

Cooper (*looking admiring*): *That's* sure kind of you, sir.

Barnes (*to Preminger*): We discovered (*he indicates Cooper*) that we went to school together. Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia.

Preminger: I am impressed. Did you men know that I am a lawyer myself?

Cooper: Is that a fact, sir? My, I'd never have guessed you were a lawyer!

Preminger: Why not? I am a passable lawyer. When they were trying to censor "The Moon Is Blue," I was able to use what I knew to fight the censorship. The present fight is like the fight I put up to keep "The Moon Is Blue" exactly the way I made it, without censorship, without cuts. It is not that a few cuts here and there in the picture would have changed that picture. In themselves, they wouldn't have mattered. But the right of free expression is important to me. My luxury is to have certain principles, and this is one of them.

(*Closeup of court officer's mouth. Wide mouth, red lips, big teeth under the brush mustache.*)

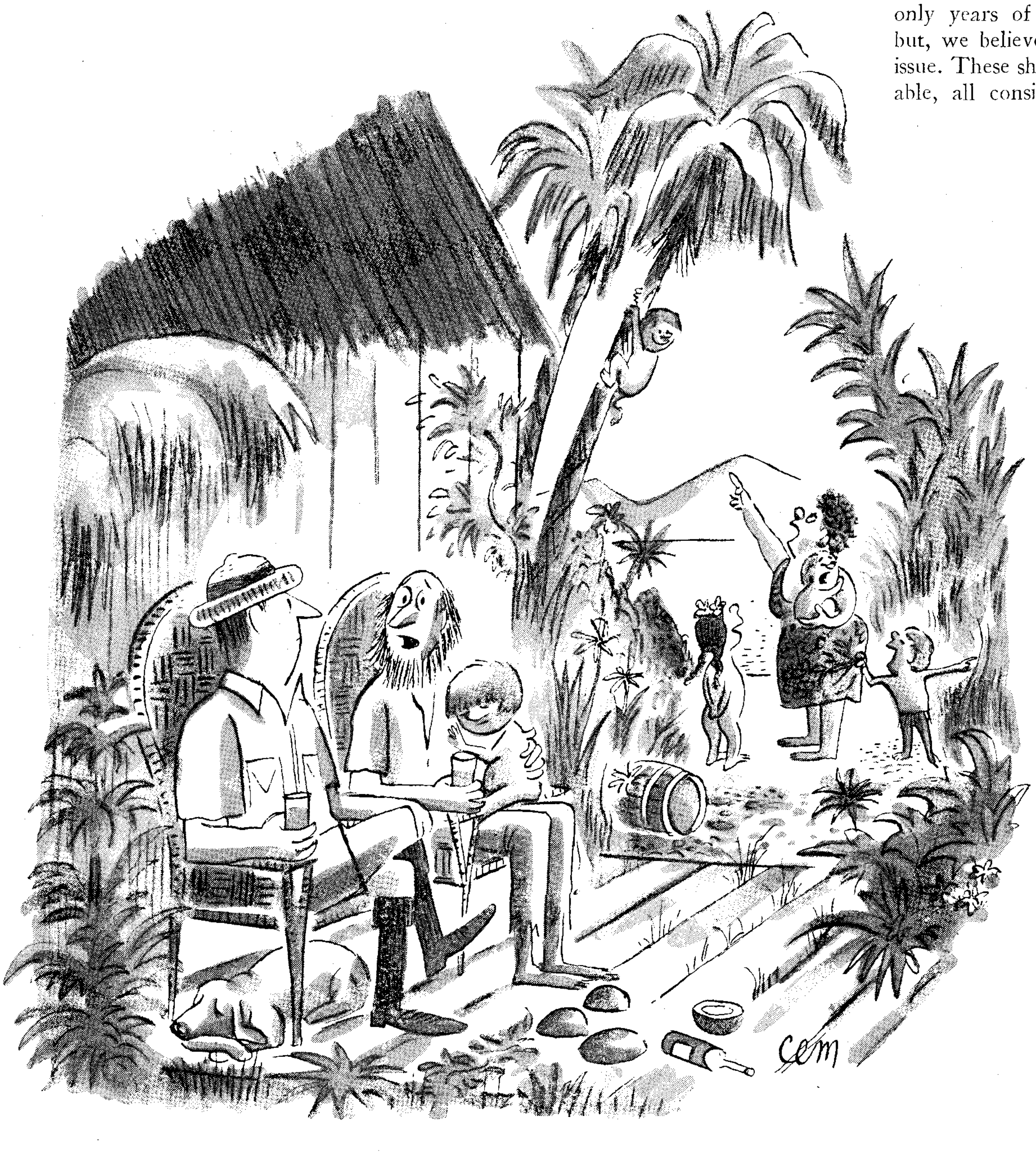
Court Officer: All rise! (*A long shot. Everybody stands. Judge Arthur G. Klein enters, wearing a black robe, with a white shirt and a black tie. He has a gray brush mustache and is rather bald, and he has on horn-rimmed glasses. He and the court officer look like brothers.*)

Court Officer (*closeup of mouth again*): Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having business at this Trial Term, Supreme Court, Part II, held in and for the County of New York, will draw near, give your attendance, and ye shall be heard!

(*A closeup of Judge Klein looking around the courtroom, noticing the presence of Preminger. Cut to Preminger, in closeup, looking back at the judge, and smiling, with mouth closed. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. A sombre-faced, slightly built gentleman enters the room carrying a portable stenotype machine and takes a seat at right angles to the witness box. Marvin Schwartz is about to make his opening statement. The camera starts with him, then pans slowly, as he speaks, to the faces of the key figures—Lane, Preminger, Barnes, the judge—and back to Schwartz. From time to time, the camera cuts to the court reporter tapping on his machine.

Marvin Schwartz (*swaying back and forth as he speaks, and projecting a deep, resonant voice, which immediately makes him sound authoritative*): May it please the Court, the complainants in this action [Preminger and Carlyle Productions, Inc.] seek an injunction as well as an accounting for damages. But, as I am sure Mr. Lane has advised the Court, in his preliminary memorandum on their motion for severance, Judge Murphy severed all issues relating to damages, and so the only issue which is involved in the trial which begins this morning is the plaintiffs' demand for an injunction—an injunction to compel the withdrawal by the defendants from television exhibition of the motion picture "Anatomy of a Murder." The grounds upon which we rely for an injunction are essentially four, and I will come to those in a moment. (*As Marvin Schwartz speaks, cut to the clock on the rear wall. The time shown is 10:08. The large black minute hand is seen ticking off a minute, to 10:09.*) At the heart of the matter—at the heart of the matter—it is our position, Your Honor, as a matter of contract and as a matter of common law, that the creator of a work of entertainment, whether or not it be a work of art, but the creator of a work of entertainment, has in this case by contract and has in general at common law the right to an injunction to prevent the mutilation, if not the destruction, of his work. Now, the work here is a motion picture, as Your Honor knows, entitled "Anatomy of a Murder." Apart from the fact that it was widely acclaimed as a serious dramatic study of the administration of justice—in addition to that, it met *instant commercial success.* The evidence will show that, by and large, a picture which has grossed, domestically, in excess of four million dollars acquired a listing in *Variety* as an all-time grosser. This picture grossed five million. (*Cut to Preminger. His face is motionless. Barnes turns to him and whispers in his ear. Preminger nods, his face still motionless. Cut back to Schwartz.*) We are here not only because the plaintiffs seek to prevent the mutilation of something which is theirs, which they did; we are here as well because there is a lot—a very lot—of money involved here. Under the contract under which this picture was made by the plaintiffs and sold for theatre distribution by the defendants, the plaintiffs are entitled to forty-five per cent of the net proceeds—as we shall see, this is a far different thing from net profits—but forty-five per cent of the net proceeds. Whereas the defendant, Columbia, is entitled to thirty per cent of the net proceeds. (*Cut to court reporter tapping on his machine as Schwartz speaks. He lifts his eyebrows at the words "million," "proceeds," and "profits."*) Since this has been a successful picture, first released in 1959, it has ahead of it not only years of exhibition on television but, we believe, years of theatrical reissue. These should, we hope, be profitable, all considered. So we are concerned with protecting a commercial value as well as the integrity of a work created by these plaintiffs. Now, I think it appropriate, in view of the issue of cutting and editing, to note at the outset what kind of a picture this is. I do not mean to deprecate comedy. I do not mean by *any* means to deprecate musical comedy. (*Cut to the key faces, all serious, except that of Judge Klein, who looks entertained.*) But this is a serious dramatic study of the trial of a criminal case. Much of the picture takes place in a courtroom, in a real courtroom in the peninsula country of Michigan. The author of the book was Judge John Voelker of the Michigan Supreme Court. The picture has been acclaimed as a faithful depiction of the way a criminal case is tried, and, if I may add at this point, the trial justice was played by a lawyer who in his lifetime was almost as beloved here by his fellows at the bar as he was in his native Bos-



". . . and so I've come to the conclusion that there's no such thing as getting away from it all."

Three out of four women need

SUPER-MOIST MASK

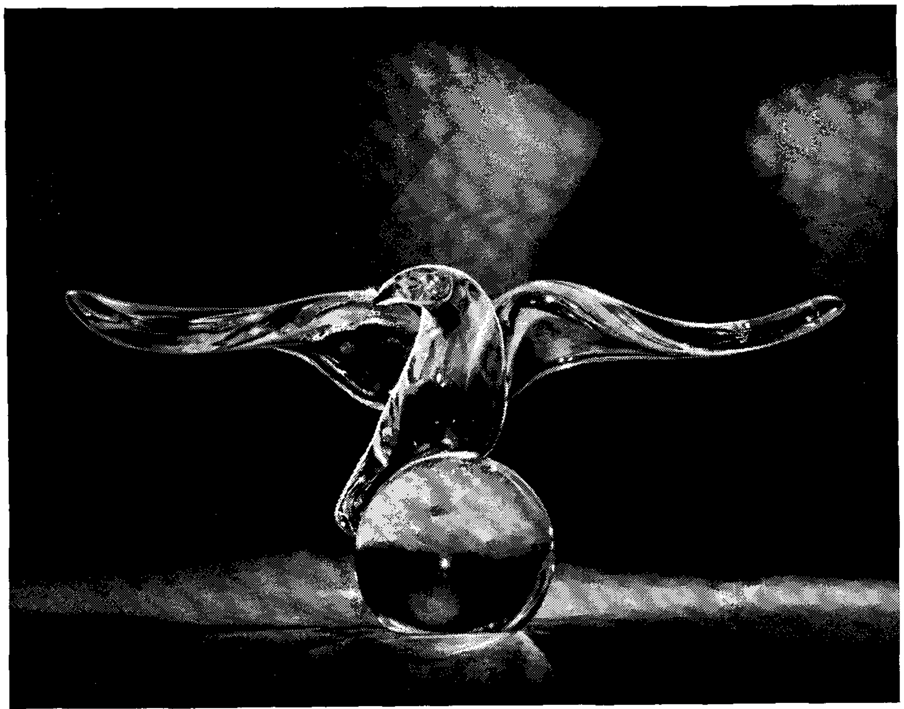
And the fourth one needs it too! Because all skins need moisture, plus the discipline of a mask. New "Beauty Bristles", Monteil's exciting mask brush, strokes it on evenly, expertly, in every pore. It works within eight minutes; then rinse. Your skin feels smooth, moist, firm . . . and marvelous! Even your make-up has a new splendor, but it is your improved skin that really makes the difference.

Germaine Monteil

Bittersweet red and burnished gold on purest bone-china white. The pattern? A century-old English classic—Royal Crown Derby's graceful Red Avesbury—reminiscent of an era when estates were county-size, and one entertained in one's ancestral castle. Five-piece place setting, 32.50. After-dinner cup and saucer, 8.50. Red Avesbury and other Royal Crown Derby patterns may be seen in both place and accessory pieces at finer stores throughout the United States. For names and addresses, write Royal Crown Derby, 280 Summer Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Royal Crown Derby

SUPPLIERS OF CHINA TO EVERY BRITISH MONARCH SINCE GEORGE III



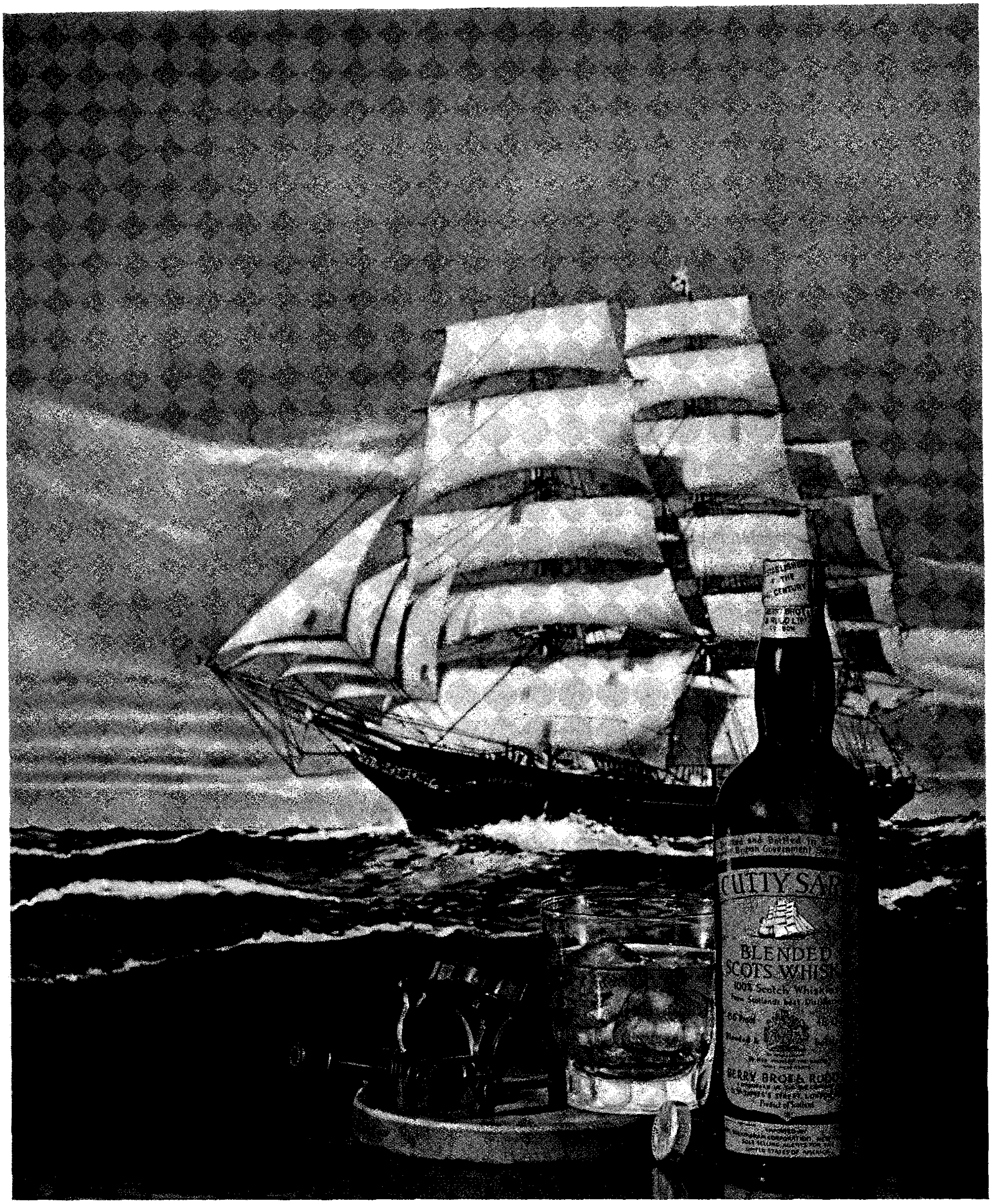
Wingspan 12 inches • Height 6¼ inches • $140

Crystal Eagle: fierce,
proud, and properly majestic

STEUBEN GLASS

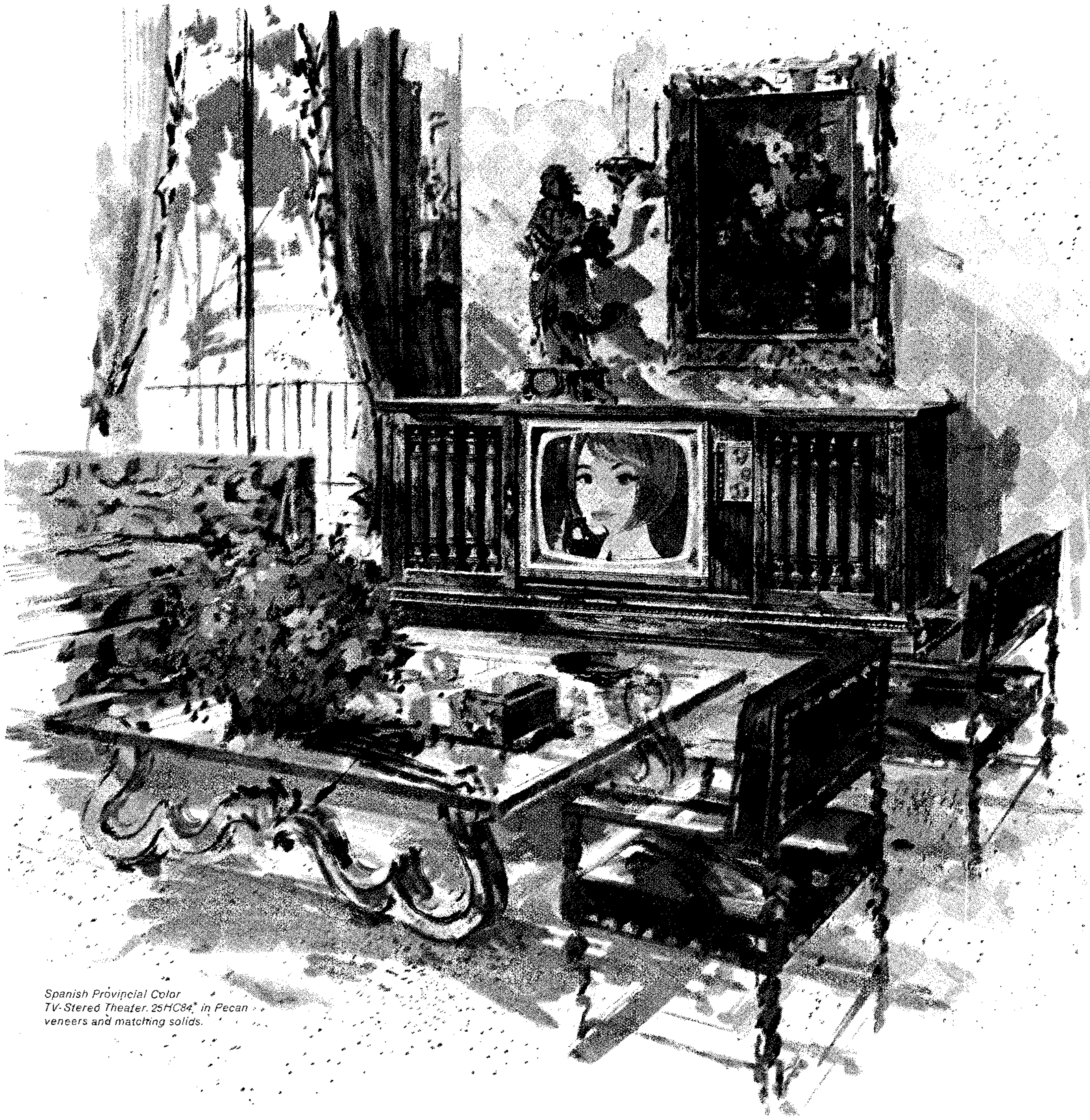
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

ton, Joseph N. Welch. Now, this case, I think, is governed by a contract, and I think Your Honor will conclude when the evidence is in that it will be the contract which will govern and determine this issue here. Now, that contract, I think the evidence will show, also is a most unusual, if not unique, contract in the motion-picture industry. It is unique, Your Honor, in the sense that in order to induce Mr. Preminger (*cut to closeup of the faces of Preminger and Barnes, both listening grimly*), a widely known and successful producer of motion pictures, to make a series of motion pictures for Columbia, these defendants, by contract, gave to him what I think the evidence will show is almost unparalleled control of the pictures he was to make. (*Barnes glances sidewise, significantly, at Preminger, but Preminger does not acknowledge the look.*) His control extended from the selection of the script, in which these defendants had no voice (*cut to Lane and his assistants, all looking grimmer than Preminger and his group*); the selection of the cast, in which they had no voice; the selection of the cameramen, the electricians—indeed, of anyone who had any role in the production of the pictures—and extended, finally, to the right by contract to determine the final form (*cut back to Marvin Schwartz, whose voice has now taken on a tone of legal righteousness*), the one form in which this (*brief pause*) picture (*brief pause*) could be exhibited, and we say that that right (*brief pause*) to determine the form of the picture, given by contract, extends not only to theatres in the United States but to theatres throughout the world, in every language (*brief pause*), on ships at sea (*another*), in airplanes (*again*), and *even* (*word emphasized before brief pause*), we say, on *television!* (*Cut to Preminger, who appears to be on the verge of a smile.*) On the cutting-and-editing clause, which is at the heart of this controversy, we think the evidence will show, and the evidence including the defendants' own contract file (*cut back to Marvin Schwartz*), that the words "final cutting and editing" are words of everyday parlance in the motion-picture industry. They mean that the person who has the right to make the final cutting and editing has the right to determine, at least for purposes of theatrical exhibition, the final form, the final content of the picture, and that once the person who has the right to make the final cutting and editing has delivered that picture to the distributor, not a scene may be cut, not a word may


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
BERRY BROS & RUDD

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N. Y. Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof



Spanish Provincial Color TV-Stereo Theater. 25HC84 in Pecan veneers and matching solids.*

The inspiration is Spanish

The color is pure Sylvania

Elegance. Sylvania creates a 17th century Spanish Provincial credenza. And you don't need to guess if the corners are solidly blocked and braced. Or how many hand applications produced that silk-like finish.

The craftsmanship speaks for itself. The name Sylvania is today's bench mark of quality in fine furniture for home entertainment.

Excellence. It is also today's newest standard for engineering achievement. The same unwavering dedication to excellence that produced the world's brightest color picture tube has created a calibre of stereophonic high fidelity unsurpassed in a console instrument.

You'll find today's most important television and stereo advances housed in elegant traditional, provincial and contemporary furniture. In handsomely styled table models. And in distinctively instrumented portables. With an exciting selection of features, styles and finishes. Just look for the mark of uncompromising quality. Sylvania.

For a colorful guide to Sylvania furniture models, send 50¢ to: Sylvania, Dept. T25, Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, New York 14209.

*25" diag. meas.; 295 sq. in. overall viewing area.

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

be cut. Now, before turning specifically to the contract and the provisions which we say were breached . . . (*Schwartz's voice gradually fades out. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Closeup of Judge Klein, who seems to be enjoying himself very much.

Judge Klein (*nodding to Myles Lane*): All right, Mr. Lane.

(*Pan to Lane as he rises and starts to speak. He does not sway, like Marvin Schwartz, but hunches forward, looking a bit fierce.*)

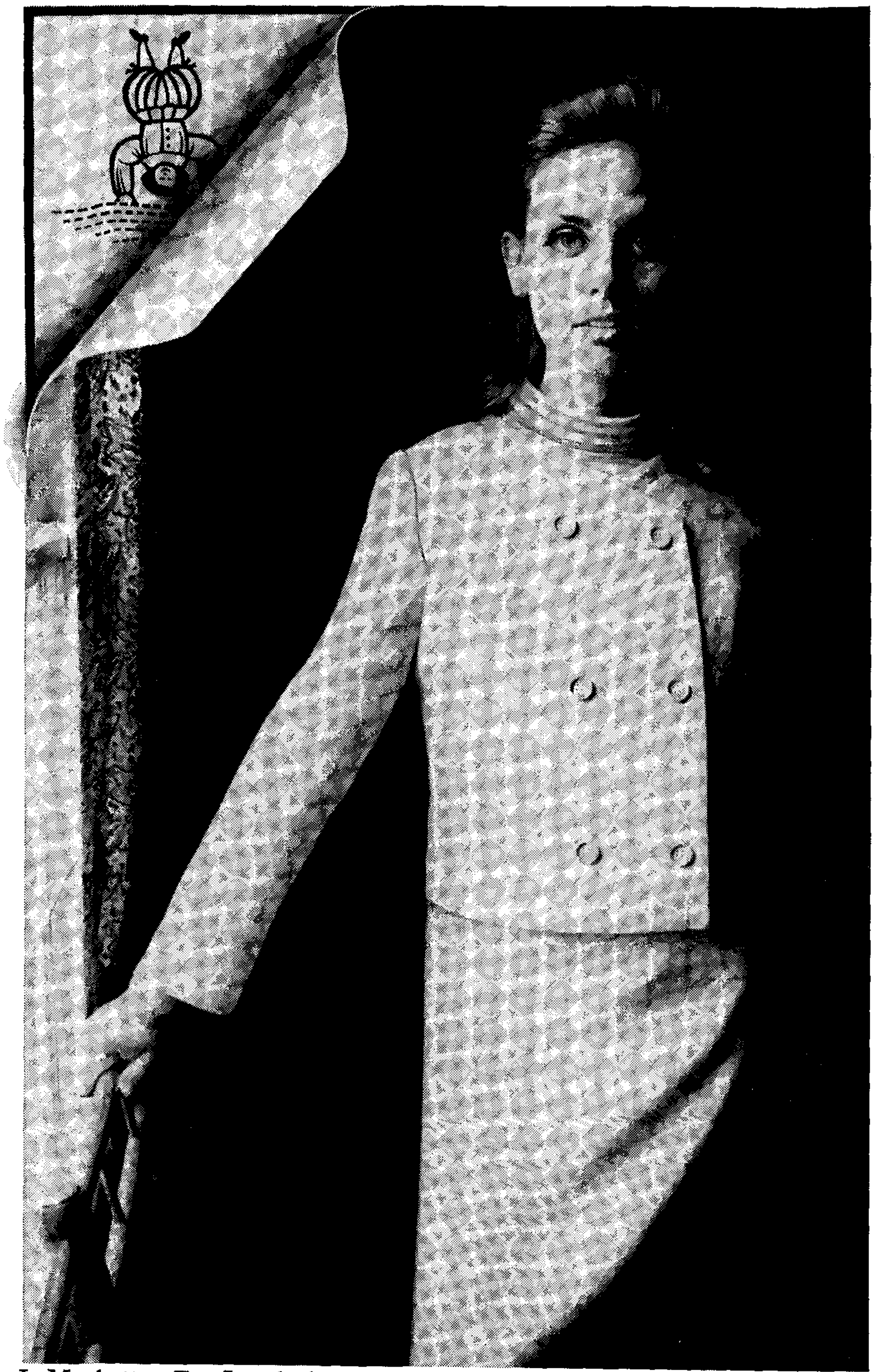
Lane: Your Honor, my opening remarks will be brief, because I think we have set forth in our brief to Your Honor our position fairly clearly. However, I want to emphasize the fact now that we are—when I say "we," Columbia Pictures and Screen Gems—have licensed this picture in about a hundred different situations for television exhibition on the basis of the contract right which was included in the original contract which was entered into between Carlyle Productions, Incorporated, and Columbia Pictures. So we claim that we do this, as we have had the right to do this ever since that contract was signed. We have the right to distribute this picture, both for theatrical exhibition and also for television exhibition. Mr. Preminger, who is a plaintiff in this case, we take the position he has no standing at all in this case, because the contract that was made with Columbia Pictures—

Judge Klein: Excuse me. (*Lane looks a little cross.*) Mr. Schwartz, I was going to suggest that you might go into that, so will you just make a note, and then I will hear you on these affirmative defenses.

(*Schwartz looks pleased and nods, and then makes a note.*)

Lane: In 1958, the contract that was entered into between Carlyle Productions and Columbia was, as I say, just between those two corporations. As I understand it, Mr. Preminger was an employee of Carlyle Productions, Incorporated, at that time, and therefore, because he has, in effect, no contractual right insofar as this picture is concerned, we maintain that he has no standing in an action for an injunction. This is *not* his picture, although he did direct it. (*Cut to Barnes, who is giving Preminger a look of exaggerated amused indignation. Preminger's noncommittal expression remains fixed.*) This was the picture of Carlyle Productions, Incorporated. It is true that Mr. Preminger was the major stockholder of Carlyle Productions, Incorporated, but by the same token, irrespective of that, he was only an employee at the

There's a great deal behind Boe Jests.

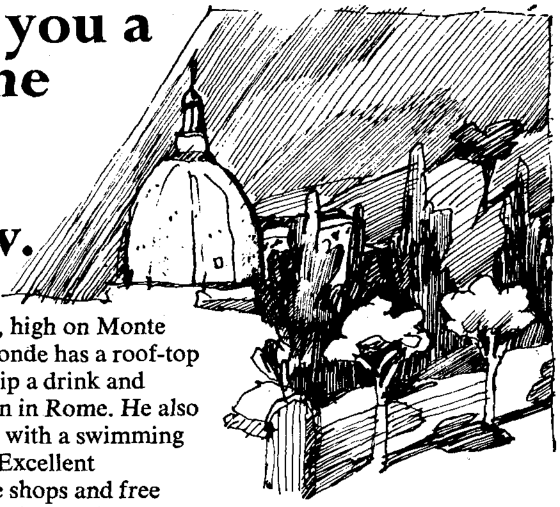


In Manhattan, Boe Jests look great, brunching at the Palm Court, going over to the park to see the Delacorte clock, feeding the squirrels crackerjacks or just for the every day joy of wearing Boe Jests.

The double breasted jacket over the six gore A line skirt of Vycron® and cotton hopsacking completed by a cotton long sleeved striped turtle neck. In pebble pink, beach beige, heather green, yellow or bright blue. Suit 6-18. About $30. Turtle neck S,M,L. About $7. At "the" stores in Manhattan and everywhere.

Boe Jests Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



In Rome, the Cavalieri Hilton will give you a view of the city that Caesar never saw.

At the Cavalieri Hilton, high on Monte Mario, manager Olaf Bonde has a roof-top terrace where you can sip a drink and watch the lights come on in Rome. He also has landscaped gardens with a swimming pool and tennis courts. Excellent restaurants, fashionable shops and free private bus service to the heart of Rome, minutes away. For reservations, call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

CAVALIERI HILTON

**Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton**

T IS FOR TIPICO

...the typically Italian dash of Miss Bonwit Jr.'s cotton knit T-shirt, jewel necked, zippered in back, beautifully detailed. Marvelously snappy with pants, swingy skirts, suits. Imported from Italy just for us by Excellence in white, black, beige, gold, cranberry or navy, 32 to 36 sizes, 10.00 Mail and phone.

MISS BONWIT JR. SPORTSWEAR
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER

time. (*Cut back to Lane.*) He was working for Carlyle, and he was not a party to the contract, as such. (*Cut to court reporter, who is frowning at his machine.*) Now, in listening to Mr. Schwartz, and what he says he intends to prove (*cut to Schwartz, whose mouth is pursed*), there is no issue in this case of mutilation of film *at all!* It is not a question of mutilation. (*Cut to Preminger, who at last reacts with amused derision, expressed in a glance at Bill Barnes, and who then, at a movement behind him, looks over his shoulder at the elderly court buff with the pince-nez and the flowing purple tie, who has just come in. The buff is very attentive. Preminger gives him a double take, and then turns around again.*) The only issue in this case (*cut back to Lane, who is raising his voice*), as I see it, and I think as Judge Murphy decided when he severed the action, is whether or not we have a right to distribute this picture on TV with minor cuts, and with the insertion of commercials. There is nothing in the case about a mutilation. (*Lane is looking belligerent, and he pauses rather lengthily to consult some papers on the table before him. As he starts talking again, we cut to the clock and watch it advance another minute, then back to Lane again.*) What the plaintiff is contending, that if we show this picture on TV with cuts, minor cuts—and I might say that the paragraph in the various contracts with the various stations modifies this to a situation where the minor cut will not interfere with the artistic or dramatic presentation of the picture—but what they are contending is that if we do permit stations to exhibit this picture with minor cuts, and with commercials, that it will result in a condition that cannot be compensated by money. In other words, the damage is irreparable, so they say, if we use these cuts and commercials. (*Cut to Preminger in closeup, leaning toward Barnes.*)

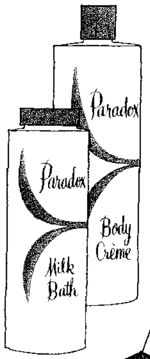
PREMINGER (*whispering in Barnes' ear*): Go outside and call up the agent and find out if they want to sell that book at the price I offered. (*Barnes nods, and tiptoes out through the swinging doors.*)

LANE: There is a clause in the contract which gives us the exclusive right to show this picture on television. If what the plaintiff contends were true, that the plaintiff has the right to determine whether or not we can market this picture for television without minor cuts and without the right of the television stations to insert commercials, that would, in effect, give the plaintiff

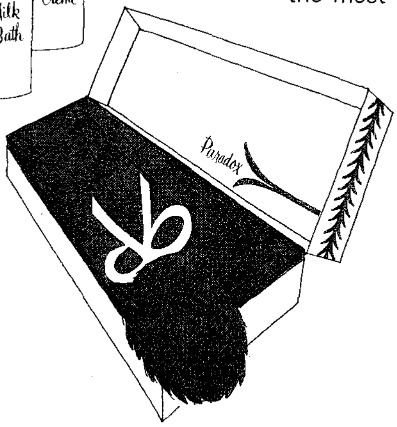
But darling... nobody takes just a bath anymore!

With Paradox, a bath is a delicious, psyche-soothing ritual. First, you loll in mounds of lacy blue Paradox Milk Bath bubbles. Then smooth in, all over, Paradox Body Crème. Mediterranean blue. Marvelously moisturizing...way deep down. Now...with the lavish, long-stemmed blue puff, pat yourself on the back (and then some) with azure clouds of Paradox After Bath Dusting Powder. From the toes on up, you'll feel so silky-smooth, so all-over pampered. It's such elegant fun (and so good for your skin), why in the world should you settle for just a bath?

Paradox preparations are hypo-allergenic. Available at fine drug and department stores everywhere.



Paradox by Du Barry®
the most elegant name in cosmetics



© DU BARRY 1966

**Go to the sun
with our thick and thin
pullover from France**

Leisure sweaters take on a new look with the smart texture of our exclusive thick and thin pullover. Linen and cotton in traditional natural; crew neck and turtleneck. S, M, L, XL sizes. $10

*Men's Store, Street Floor
59th Street at 3rd Avenue
New York store only*

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

English Leather®

English Leather
ALL PURPOSE LOTION
English Leather
DEODORANT STICK
English Leather
AEROSOL DEODORANT
English Leather
ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
English Leather
English Leather
English Leather

...the ALL-PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, $2.00, $3.50, $6.50...the BATH SOAP, $3.00
...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, $1.50...the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, $1.50
...the SHAVING CREAM, $2.00...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, $2.00
...the DEODORANT STICK, $1.00...the HAIR DRESSING, $1.50
...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, $1.50...the gift set of ALL-PURPOSE LOTION
and DEODORANT STICK, $3.00...other GIFT SETS from $3.00 to $10.00

©MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

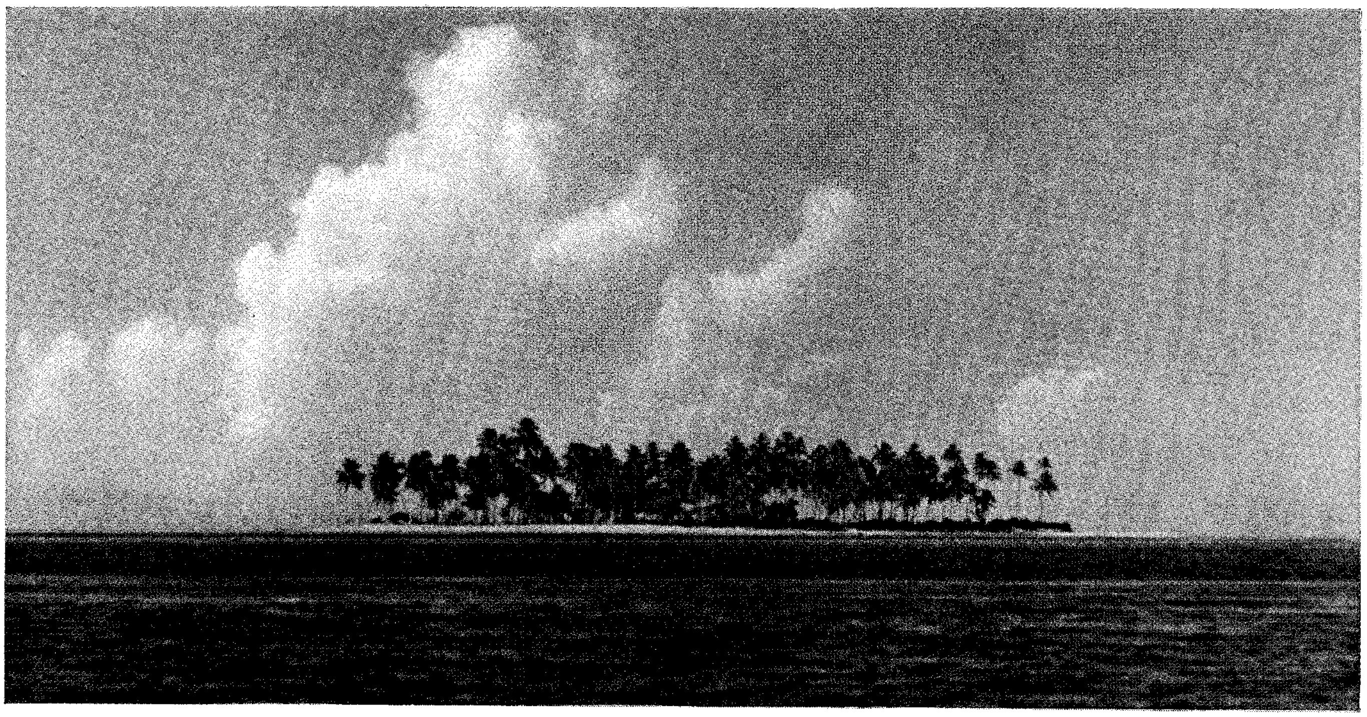
the veto power over this particular exclusive right to television exhibition. In other words, the television clause would be meaningless. . . . We will also show that, at the time that Mr. Preminger, or his company that he was working for at the time, which he had a stock interest in, we will show at that time that he was well aware of what transpires in the motion-picture industry, and well aware of the custom in the trade both in the motion-picture industry and in the television industry, and that he knew, as a matter of fact, that the only way you could market a picture for television was by giving the television stations these rights that I have referred to already. And as a matter of fact, we will show Your Honor that there are other pictures that he had something to do with the production and direction of, that he himself had an interest in those pictures, and yet they were sold for television, and in those very pictures they had cuts and commercials. . . . Cutting and editing is what is done just before the picture is released for the motion-picture exhibition in theatres. We maintain that that is a great deal different from cutting and editing as it pertains to television!

Judge Klein: In other words, your position is that the cutting and editing referred to in this contract applies only to the production of the picture itself, and has nothing to do with the television showing?

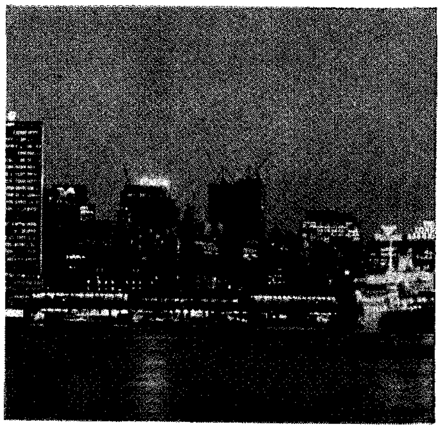
Lane: That is right. Because if it had something to do with television, they would have that clause in the television clause in the contract.

Judge Klein: We can go into that during the course of the trial. (*He addresses himself to Marvin Schwartz.*) Do you want to comment just briefly on these other points? I don't know whether defendants' counsel is seriously pressing the three points that he made: One, that Mr. Preminger is merely an employee of Carlyle, and therefore has no place in this suit. That becomes serious, if he is sustained on that. And then, if he is sustained on the other one with regard to Carlyle, that will leave you without a plaintiff at all. So I want you to just comment briefly.

Schwartz (*rises to his feet and starts swaying*): Surely, Your Honor. In the first place, this contract provides that this picture may not be exhibited anywhere without carrying with it a credit, a credit to Mr. Preminger. The picture is produced by him and directed by him. Wholly apart from the contract, and even if there were no contract here at all, it seems to me clear,



Lose yourself on an island in the South Pacific



or in a bustling city.

As you head from Hawaii to Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa and New Caledonia, you relax into the delicious languor of the tropical islands. But the pace quickens as you reach New Zealand and Australia. You feel the vigorous growth of young continents. Spectacular scenery, exciting sports, native cultures, modern conveniences: the South Pacific has everything.

One of the nicest surprises is to discover that it costs so much less than you'd think to get there. For example, if you leave from the West Coast of the U.S. or Vancouver, just a bit over $1,000 will take you all the way out and back. For slightly more than $200 extra, you can see the entire Orient as well. And you can make the circuit in two or three weeks, even returning via Alaska, if it catches your fancy.

Now, about what to see, do and wear, where. A man who can tell you is your travel agent. But we have the answers, too—in our Pacific Explorer's Kit. Table of contents: a marvelous Rand McNally map; a currency converter; a general booklet on the entire Pacific and individual brochures on each country. There are books on shops and marketplaces, food and drink, and what to take along. There's even a trip planner! It's yours for $1.00 with the coupon below. It's the greatest travel bargain going. And you are going, aren't you?

Alaska, Australia, Burma, Canada, Cambodia, Ceylon, Fiji, Guam, Hawaii, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Macau, Malaysia, Nepal, New Caledonia, New Zealand, Philippines, Samoa, Singapore, Tahiti, Taiwan, Thailand, United States, Vietnam.

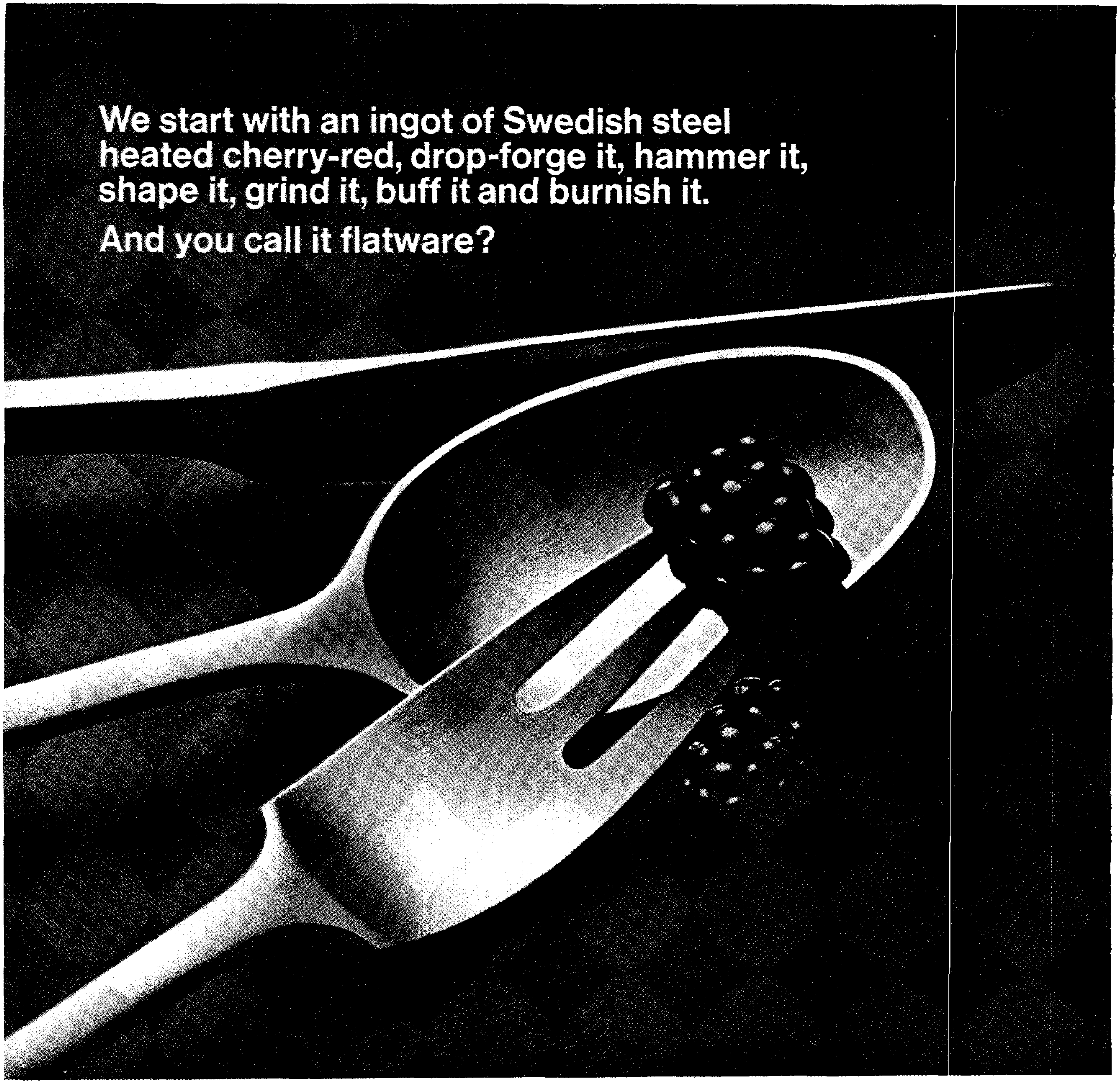
I enclose one U.S. dollar. Please send me the Pacific (your Pacific Explorer's Kit) by return mail.

Name ______________________________

Address ____________________________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ________

PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
442 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102
Dept. NY-2


We start with an ingot of Swedish steel heated cherry-red, drop-forge it, hammer it, shape it, grind it, buff it and burnish it.
And you call it flatware?

Flatware is what some people make. They start with a pre-finished sheet of stainless steel and stamp place-settings out of it. Like cookies.

Not Dansk.®

Because Dansk steel starts with wood, carved and curved by the knowing hands of Jens Quistgaard, it can't be reproduced in metal by mass production methods. No stamping-press can make such subtle curves and hollows, such sure transitions from thick to thin and back, each in its proper place and proportion. Look closely at a Dansk spoon. Turn it over. View it from the side. Sight down the stem. You'll see how, like all good sculpture, it is always in visual balance from any viewpoint. As it is in physical balance in your hand.

And your hand, as well as your eye, must judge these pieces. Not for balance alone, but for finish. Each Dansk piece is hand-ground. Hand-rubbed. In more than 100 small, sure operations. This is the only way to achieve the famed Dansk low-lustre patina. Time and use can only improve it.

For other timeless tabletop fashions (493 of them) see our current catalog. Get your copy by sending 25¢ to Dansk Designs Ltd., Department V, Mount Kisco, New York.

DANSK DESIGNS LTD

on the cases we have cited in our brief, that if they threaten to show a different version of the picture from the one which he produced and directed, that he not only has standing to bring suit but he is entitled to an injunction. Secondly, this contract very specifically contemplates that the picture will be produced, will be directed by Preminger . . . (*Voice fades out. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Phone booth in the corridor. Barnes, within, is seen through the glass door. He is looking very much in charge. He talks with great animation, studying a pencil in his hand as though it were extremely important. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Barnes is back in his seat next to Preminger.

JUDGE KLEIN: The Court cannot close its eyes to the fact that there are television showings such as the "Schaefer Award Theatre" that shows a movie with only four cuts in it, I think. And this, in my opinion, makes it more attractive. (*The judge suddenly looks a little bit like Bosley Crowther.*) I might say that this has no legal force and effect, but I think you are before the right judge in one sense. (*Quick cut to Preminger, looking wise.*) That is, I am a great moviegoer; I love the movies. And I find, also, that almost the only thing that is any good on television today is the showing of some of these movies, and I have seen some horrible examples of what television stations, if they do it, or whoever does it, do in cutting these pictures. How they can destroy not only the artistic value but the entire story value. You can't even follow the story (*the judge looks pained*), for the number of cuts and the way they are made. So that I am sure we can all agree here that while some cuts should have been made to permit this advertising, certainly it can't be too many, nor can it have the effect, as Mr. Schwartz puts it, of mutilating the picture. (*Dissolve.*)

EXTERIOR. Centre Street, outside the courthouse. A long shot of Preminger coming down the steps of the courthouse, holding his hands behind his back and taking the steps down in the same childlike manner he took them going up. Following him in single file are Bill Barnes, Marvin Schwartz, and Lester Cooper, Jr. They are shown walking quickly, dodging traffic as they cross Centre Street, and talking and gesticulating. Then a camera in a helicopter picks them up and trails them for three blocks, until they

Why do elegant women all over the world choose this face cream above all others?

It works wonders. That's why.

Herbessence®
Skin Life Cream
Helena Rubinstein

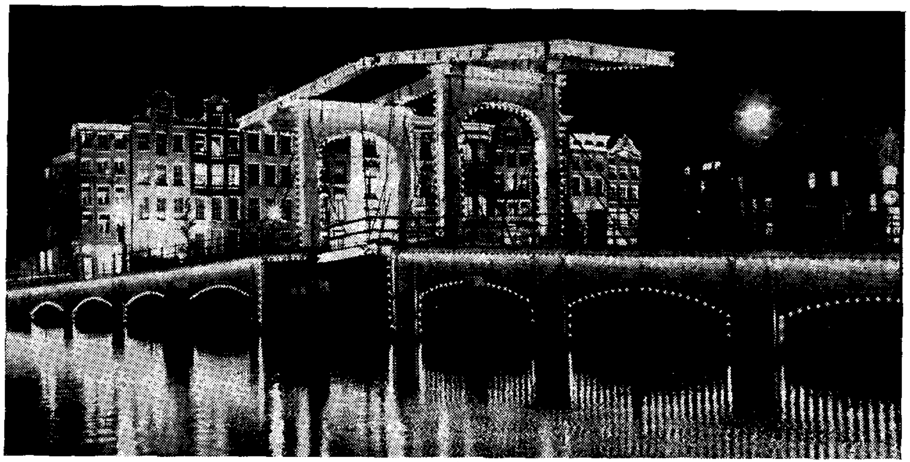
Herbessence
Skin Life
by Helena Rubinstein®

Now made in this country with precious new bio-natural extracts from France. 10.00, 17.50

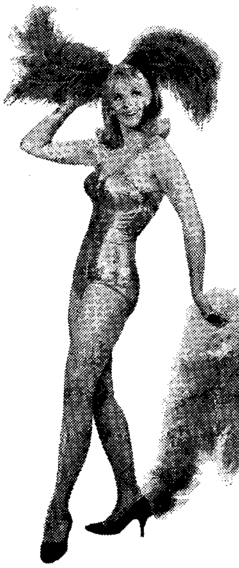
© 1966, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

"By George– 22 surprises and all in Amsterdam"

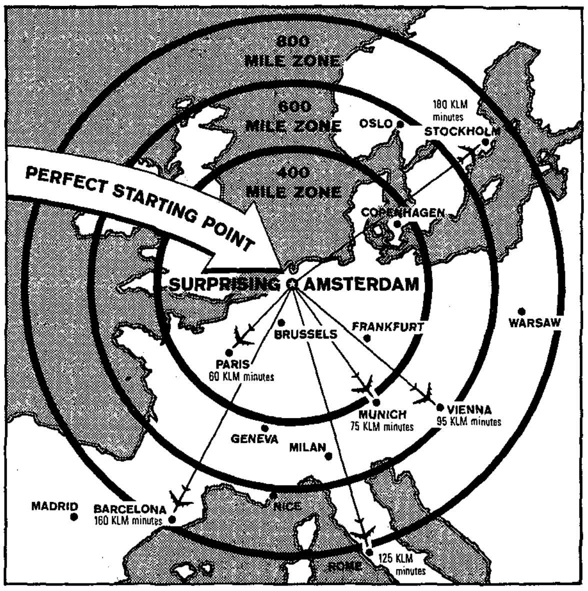
KLM's hometown is one of Europe's 4 most popular cities. Scan these reasons why. Then clip coupon for 208-page guidebook–plus details of new KLM "touring fares" that give you *2 weeks* in Europe for $371.



Surprising Sights. Amsterdam's wooden Magere (pronounce it Mock-huh-ra) Brug is the most famous of the city's 636 bridges. It's 300 years old–and still going strong.



Surprising nightlife. Amsterdam *swings*. After-dark entertainment ranges from ecdysiasts (above) to avant-garde poetry readings.



800 MILE ZONE
600 MILE ZONE
400 MILE ZONE
PERFECT STARTING POINT
SURPRISING AMSTERDAM
OSLO
180 KLM minutes
STOCKHOLM
COPENHAGEN
WARSAW
BRUSSELS
FRANKFURT
PARIS
60 KLM minutes
MUNICH
75 KLM minutes
VIENNA
95 KLM minutes
GENEVA
MILAN
MADRID
BARCELONA
160 KLM minutes
NICE
ROME
125 KLM minutes

Surprising gateway. Amsterdam is the ideal place to *start* your tour. Right on the edge of the Continent–yet smack in the *middle* of Europe's other lively cities.

KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch can fly you to 40 cities of Europe. Each has its own personality.

> *But we're willing to bet that you'll find Amsterdam the most surprising city of all.*

For example:

1. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice. There are 636 bridges *over* the canals for you to wish on–including the spectacular Magere Brug at left.

2. You can see Amsterdam's Royal Palace–once called the "8th wonder of the world." This massive building sits on 13,659 wooden *"stilts."*

3. Hertz and Avis rates are near rock bottom in Amsterdam. Example: a VW rents for $3.75 a day, 6½¢ a mile. *On a 30-day auto tour, you could save up to $100 by starting in Amsterdam.*

4. You can dine in the world's skinniest restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green Lantern* is 3 stories high–and only 6 feet wide.

5. Amsterdam is the hub of Europe (see map). It's the perfect place to *start* your tour. Fourteen of Europe's brightest cities are within that 800-mile KLM circle. (Note KLM flying times.)

6. You can have a "night on the town" in Amsterdam for well under $5. There's usually no cover, no minimum in Amsterdam's 45 nightclubs. A glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 25¢. Watch an ecdysiast (far left) while you sip it!

7. Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum has the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's giant "Night Watch." Museum admission: 15 cents.

(Amsterdam continued)

Surprising castles. You can see 12 near Amsterdam. Romantic idea: stay overnight in one for about $4.

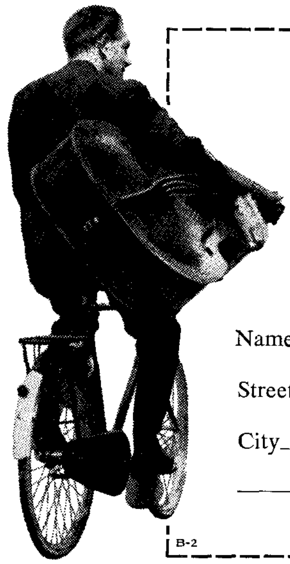
8. You can join the world's most fantastic bicycle brigade for 85¢ a day. Amsterdam has more bikes than any other city. Also, the most astounding variety of *riders*. (See cyclist below.)

9. You can undergo Europe's only official test for witchcraft. Step on the Witch Scale at Oudewater, 35 miles from Amsterdam. If you're too heavy to ride safely on a broom, you'll get a diploma. (Under 99 pounds, happy Halloween.)

10. You can see a UN emblem set with 5,180 diamonds. Admission to the diamond-cutting center is free. The world's *smallest* diamond is displayed, too. It's no bigger than this period.

11. You can zoom around one of Europe's finest speedways in your own car. Track fee at Zandvoort (just 15 miles from Amsterdam) is 56¢—*per day*.

12. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved city in Europe. Not one brick may be moved without official permission. *Result: you can photograph the 17th century.* (This is why many people say Surprising Amsterdam is the most satisfying place to get your *first glimpse* of the old world.)



Surprising sounds. Amsterdam is a city of musicians. It has one of the world's great symphony orchestras—and more barrel organs than *any* other city.

13. You can visit the Anne Frank House. The attic rooms at 263 Prinsengracht are just as the Franks left them. Open daily.

14. Amsterdam has more barrel organs than any other city. They serenade you with Strauss, Puccini—Cole Porter. Carillons chime in every half hour.

15. You can have a 21-dish feast for about $3—per couple. It's an Indonesian delight called "Rijsttafel." Included: curried meat, sprouted beans, stuffed omelet. You can dine in 12 languages in Amsterdam—at *half* New York prices.

16. You can hear one of the world's best orchestras for $2. That's the price of a good seat for a performance of Amsterdam's Concertgebouw Orchestra.

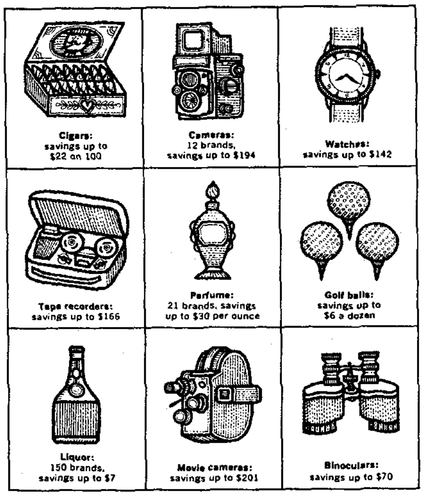
17. You can visit Aalsmeer and see 320 acres of greenhouse blossoms. Aalsmeer—next door to Amsterdam Airport—is the center of European flower growing. Flowers are cut at dawn, sold by 11:00 a.m., and rushed to KLM planes for delivery.

18. You can rent a boat (with skipper) and tour Holland by water—$4.75 a day. The rate is per person, in a party of six. This adventure is popular, so book your boat early. Your travel agent can help.

19. Near Amsterdam, you can see the world's most spectacular miniature town. It's called Madurodam. All the famous landmarks of Holland, past and present, are reproduced in exact 1/25th scale—on *five acres*. Admission: 35¢.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. Most speak *English*—a blessing when you need directions. *Note:* you have a standing invitation to visit any of 245 Dutch families *at home*.

21. You can storm a dozen ancient castles on the outskirts of Amsterdam. There's a cozy coffee shop in the old wine cellar of the one at Muiden. Some castles even have guest rooms where you can stay the night for as little as $4.


Cigars: savings up to $22 on 100
Cameras: 12 brands, savings up to $194
Watches: savings up to $142
Tape recorders: savings up to $166
Perfume: 21 brands, savings up to $30 per ounce
Golf balls: savings up to $6 a dozen
Liquor: 150 brands, savings up to $7
Movie cameras: savings up to $201
Binoculars: savings up to $70

Surprising bargains. Sample savings you can make at Amsterdam's *tax-free* center—*largest in Europe.*

22. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam. Delft china, cheese and diamonds, of course. *Antiques*—for as much as *80 percent* less than in the U.S. Note *tax-free* bargains above, too.

2 weeks in Europe—$371

Clip coupon for KLM's 208-page *book* with more Amsterdam surprises. (Or get a free copy from your travel agent.)

Important: you can also use the coupon to get details of KLM's new "touring fares" that give you 2 weeks in Europe, including round trip economy jet fare from New York—for just $371.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, G.P.O. Box 1869, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

☐ **Please rush me KLM's 208-page book, "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ to cover mailing costs. (Or get one free from your travel agent).**

☐ **Please send free brochure on KLM's exclusive "Europe on $5 a Day" plan/"touring fare"* offer—15 days, 5 cities, air fare, hotels, breakfasts and sightseeing, only $371 complete.**

*Effective April 1, subject to gov't. approval.

Name____________________Phone________

Street______________________________

City________State________Zip Code________

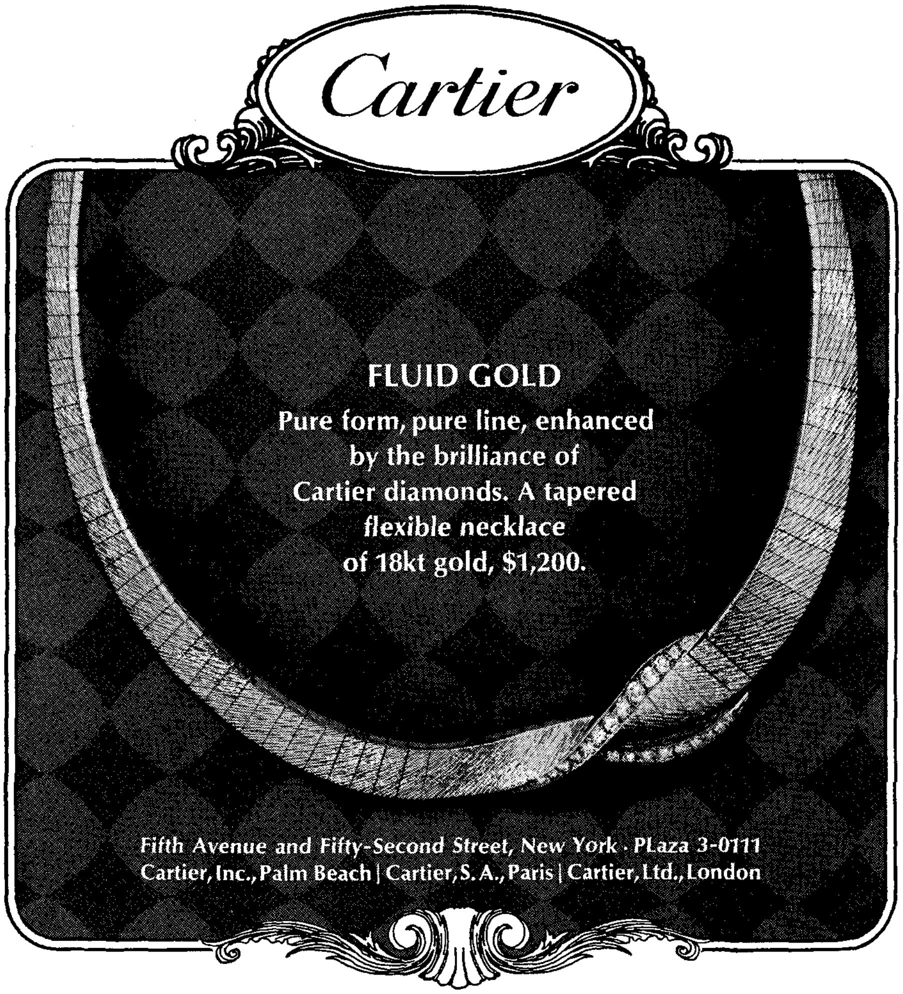
____

(Name of travel agent)

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

B-2

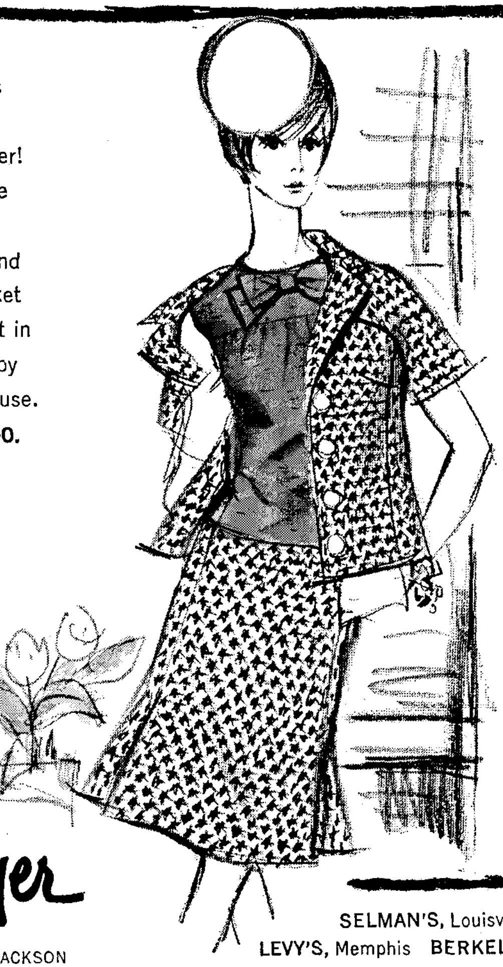


Cartier

FLUID GOLD

Pure form, pure line, enhanced by the brilliance of Cartier diamonds. A tapered flexible necklace of 18kt gold, $1,200.

Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111
Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach | Cartier, S.A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London



Bank on star checks to take you crisply into an early Summer! Three piece costume by Kasper for Joan Leslie... red and white checked jacket and camisoled skirt in cotton punctuated by a navy silk overblouse. Sizes 6 to 14. **90.00.** Mail orders to Gus Mayer, 800 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

Gus Mayer
NEW ORLEANS
NASHVILLE BATON ROUGE JACKSON
BEAUMONT

SELMAN'S, Louisville
LEVY'S, Memphis BERKELEYS, Fresno
AL ROSENTHAL'S, Okla. City

reach Gasner's Restaurant, a hangout of lawyers, judges, etc. It has a glass front and an old, established, solid, homey appearance. Preminger leads the way inside.

EXTERIOR. Side exit from the courthouse. The camera picks up Judge Klein coming out, his judicial robe off, his topcoat on, accompanied by a man who looks like still another version of the judge. The legal music starts up again, very softly and controversially; the oboes are arguing with the bassoons. The two men are shown from the rear as they walk, nodding judiciously at each other. The camera follows them as they make their way to and into Gasner's. Next, the camera picks up the court buff with the wing collar, and shows him going to the same restaurant. Last, the camera picks up a familiar-looking figure, who turns out to be (in a cameo part) Roy Cohn playing himself. He happens, on this occasion, to look very angry. He is alone, and is also on his way to Gasner's. Then the camera picks up Myles Lane, with his entourage—first from the rear, then from the front—coming down the courthouse steps, and follows them to a nearby Schrafft's.

INTERIOR. Gasner's Restaurant. A large place, with a checkroom at the entrance, which is a bottleneck. We have a shot from overhead, of a crowd of customers, all men, bunched up and trying to check their coats. Preminger hands his coat to an attendant, a young woman, who does a quick double take at seeing him.

Preminger (*addressing the young woman*): They told me when I'd come here you would play for me the theme song from "Exodus." So. I do not hear it.

Young Woman: Today our machine is broken.

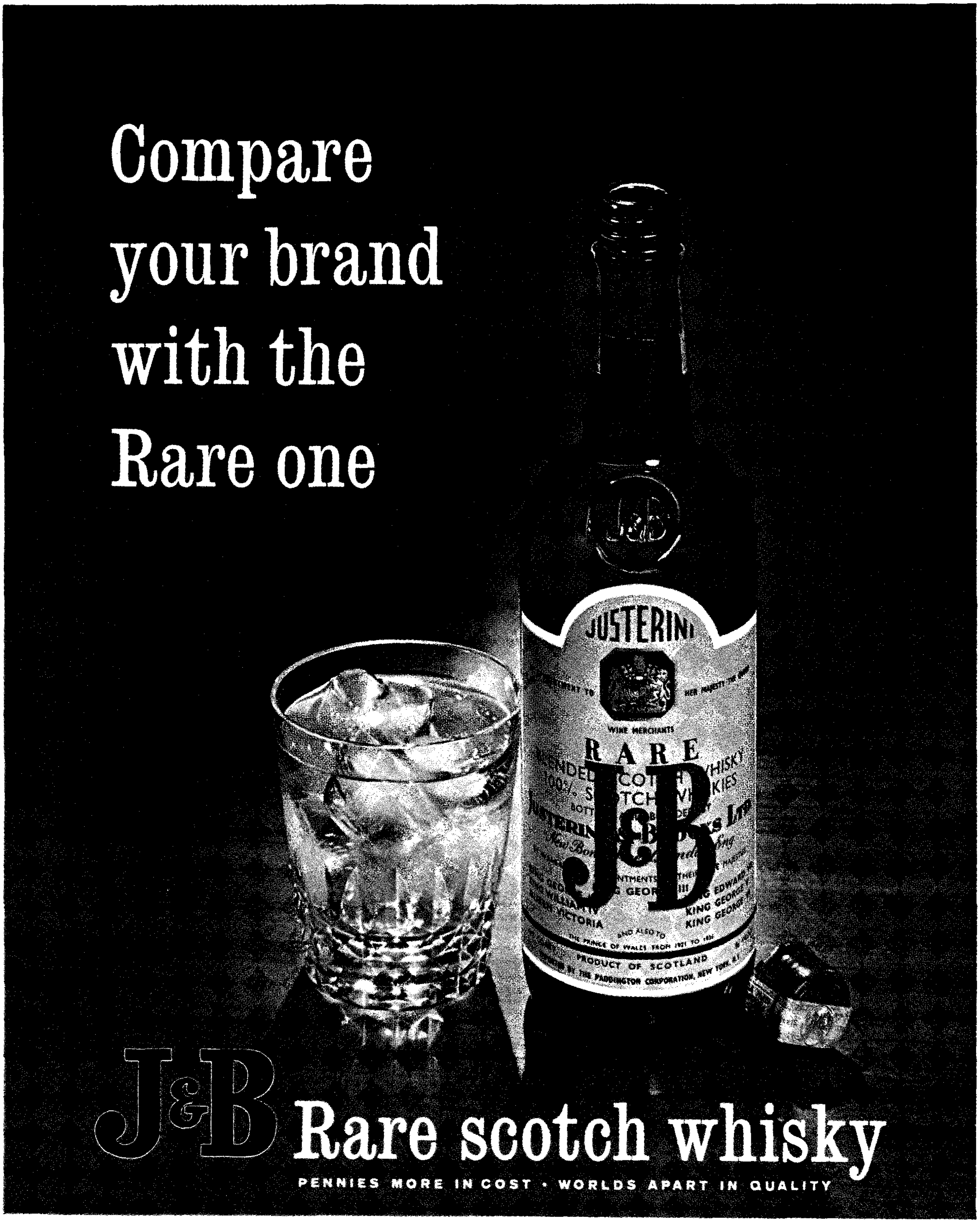
Preminger: All right, darling. (*He rubs his hands together like a winner.*) I come here anyway. For your blintzes.

INTERIOR. Gasner's Restaurant. A large table. Preminger and his party. Waiters are serving everyone cheese blintzes.

Preminger (*to a waiter*): Bring some extra cherry preserves, please. As long as I eat blintzes, I like them with a *lot* of cherry preserves. (*He turns to Barnes, Cooper, and Schwartz.*) This restaurant has the best cheese blintzes in the world.

Schwartz: Do you have a Viennese cook, Mr. Preminger?

Preminger: No. We have a Finnish


Compare your brand with the Rare one
J&B Rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST · WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

There is a very special quality about J & B Rare that sets it apart…a flavour so subtly different and delightful that words simply cannot describe it. So try J & B Rare and compare it. Prediction: you will make a most rewarding discovery. J & B is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great.

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20

You've conquered the Matterhorn?

Meet what you've missed!

At the Desert Inn,
the West's wildest peaks double-dare you.

You've topped 'em all—even our own forbidding Nevada ranges? Now what's your pleasure? You'll find it here—in one of the world's truly abundant resort hotels. Join the beautiful people.

Wilbur Clark's **DESERT INN** and Country Club, Las Vegas couple, and our cook speaks little English, but it does not matter, because we eat very simply at home. And here is my only chance to eat blintzes. We like this Finnish couple we have very much. They never did this kind of work before. I sent the man to my tailor, and he learned how to press a suit. Now he is very good at it. (*The others look mildly impressed. The waiter brings a saucer heaped with cherry preserves, and Preminger takes it eagerly and serves himself a large helping, then urges it on his fellow-lunchers. We hear the strains of blintz music—a balalaika against the background of a large string section.*) This is the best part of the whole trial, eating cheese blintzes.

SCHWARTZ: I admire your point of view.

PREMINGER (*looking flattered*): The blintzes make it all worthwhile—even listening to Columbia's lawyers! (*Everybody laughs.*)

COOPER: Don't you think that's going *too* far, sir?

PREMINGER: No. (*Takes a large bite, and chews and swallows cheerfully.*) I would be willing to live on Centre Street in order to have a lunch every day of these blintzes! (*Everybody laughs again. The camera pans around from one table to another. Judge Klein is sitting with his companion, and both are eating blintzes. The court buff is eating blintzes. Roy Cohn is shown standing outside the checkroom, waiting to hand over his coat. He seems to be thinking of blintzes.*)

INTERIOR. Schrafft's. Myles Lane is sitting with his colleagues. They are having light lunches.

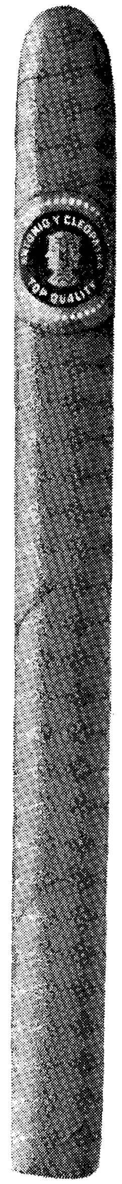
LANE (*to his companions*): Heavy lunches aren't good when you're working. I'm a kind of a soup man myself. (*They nod in agreement.*) But let's go to Gasner's on the last day of the trial. (*The others nod again, looking comforted.*)

EXTERIOR. Steps of the courthouse. Preminger, going up, is seen from the front. He holds his hands behind his back. Bill Barnes is quickly briefing him about a writer under consideration for a screenplay job.

BARNES: He's supposed to be good on novels, but he did one screenplay, and it was supposed to be a bad screenplay.

PREMINGER (*quickly*): That he wrote a bad screenplay doesn't mean anything. (*Laughs. Barnes looks at him in wonder.*) That someone writes

AIRLINE TICKE
ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
A&C

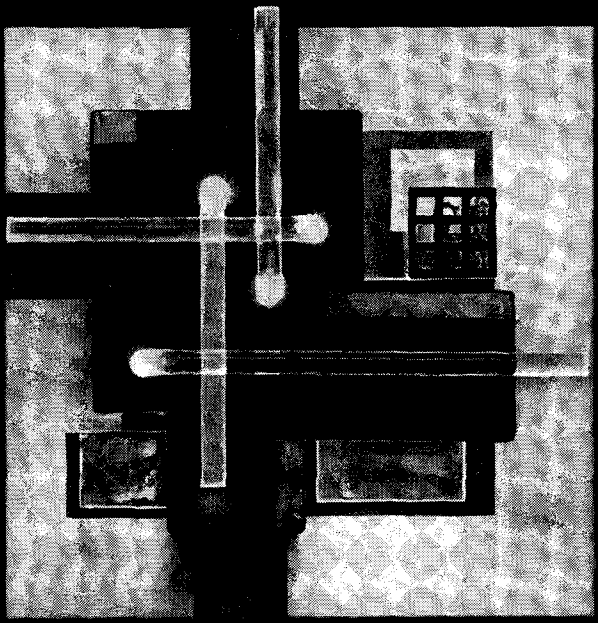


Enjoy A&C Grenadiers... the cigar that's been going places

Sales of A&C are soaring. By the *millions!* Because a new generation of men who are going places are taking A&C cigars with them. Especially the A&C Grenadier. The reason? Flavor. Tastes so good, men say it never lasts long enough. The inside story: A&C's unique blend of fine imported leaf plus choice domestic tobaccos. Available in eleven other shapes and sizes, too. We hope you will light one up now.

Antonio y Cleopatra
tastes so good it never lasts long enough
Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

EXHIBITION



"Compositions With Light"—a unique assemblage of sculpture with lighting as the central theme. February 16 to March 5, on our third floor.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Today, send $1.00 for full-color booklet on kitchen creative ideas and custom kitchen styling ... and start dreaming happily.

Exclusively yours! Your St. Charles Custom Kitchen is a one-of-a-kind triumph, created by you and your St. Charles Dealer-Designer. The Country Manor design, pictured above, features rich, antiqued cherry ... a handsome departure from usual kitchen concepts.

St. Charles CUSTOM KITCHENS
385 Tyler Road St. Charles, Illinois

SHOWROOMS—New York, 101 Park Ave. • Los Angeles, 8660 Sunset Blvd. • Chicago, North Shore Area, 5740 Dempster St. and at more than 100 dealers coast-to-coast.

a *good* screenplay doesn't mean anything, either!

INTERIOR. Courtroom. The judge has not arrived yet. Preminger is sitting on the front bench, reading some typewritten letters. The attorneys are getting their papers ready. Barnes stands off to one side, chatting with Cooper, who is gazing in admiration at Barnes's shoes.

BARNES: I like these shoes, because they're comfortable. Travelling a lot, the way I have to do with Mr. Preminger, I find with these shoes you don't bust laces, and you can wear these shoes with anything—sports clothes, dinner jacket, anything at all.

COOPER: What do you say if people say you're imitating Mr. Preminger?

BARNES: One thing I've learned from Mr. Preminger is you don't worry about what people say. You don't worry about things like that at all. (*Dissolve.*)

EXTERIOR. Air view of the courthouse, starting low over the steps, then going up and up, until the courthouse is a pinpoint in lower Manhattan. Shot from a helicopter, which travels uptown, over the Empire State Building, Central Park, and the Harlem River, to the Bronx, descending, as though arbitrarily, at the junction of Fordham Road and Jerome Avenue. The camera zooms to the marquee of the Lido Theatre, where the double-feature billing reads, "FRANK SINATRA DEAN MARTIN DEBORAH KERR MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS AND BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING." Closeup of cashier's cage, inside which sits a middle-aged lady with exceptionally golden and blown-up hair, heavy blue eye shadow, an orange satin dress, and an orchid pinned to one shoulder. The camera goes up to her as though buying a ticket, then goes inside.

INTERIOR. The Lido. The camera dollies up to the ticket-taker, an irritable-looking elderly gentleman who is sitting on a stool at the entrance and smoking a newly lit large cigar. He does not remove the cigar as the camera dollies past him and to his right, past a candy and ice-cream counter laden with Baby Ruth bars, Oh Henry! bars, Almond Joy bars, Planters Peanuts, Frozen Ice Cream Puffs, and Chuckles. The camera advances inside, past a row of dispensing machines—orange-soda, cream-soda, cigarette, and candy machines. A closeup of sign at one aisle reading, "Smokers Seated on Right Only." The cam-

One reason Touch-Tone® dialing will be at your fingertips is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

You have to try it to realize how fast and easy it really is: tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap and there you are.

Touch-Tone phoning has been installed in many Bell System areas. Lots more will get it soon. And one reason is that Western Electric is already moving at top speed on the project.

We're not only manufacturing the precise Touch-Tone phones themselves; we're also building and installing the switching equipment that allows Bell telephone company dial offices to react to the musical tones these phones send out.

We have, in fact, been moving on this project for many years. Even while Bell Telephone Laboratories was doing research and development, we were developing manufacturing techniques and planning new production facilities. We were studying ways of reducing the cost of the new equipment while maintaining quality. We were training installation crews to install the conversion equipment in dial offices.

In all, we spent over $25 million before the first Bell telephone company could offer Touch-Tone service to its customers.

A big risk for a manufacturer to take? Yes, but only by such substantial investments can we bring constant improvements to your phone service. This goal is as important to Western Electric as it is to your Bell telephone company.

We're on the same Bell System team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to keep bringing you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.

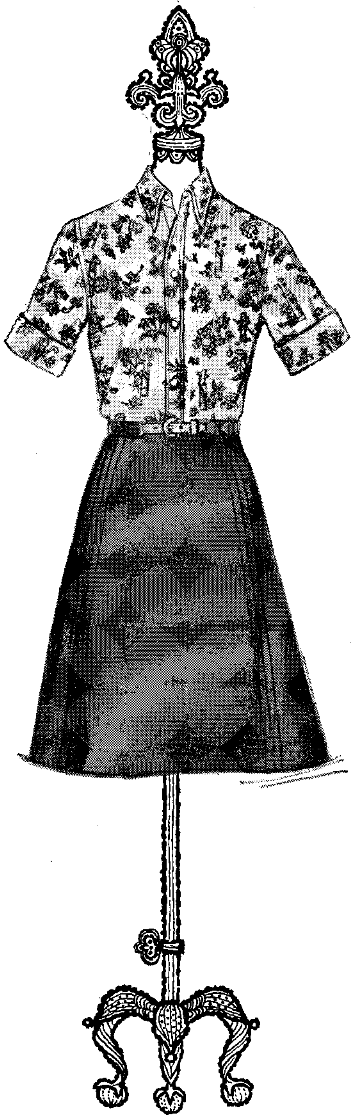
BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

ABC
DEF
GHI
JKL
PRS 7
TUV 8
0
AREA CODE 31
2368

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Busy

Most VILLAGER® collectors lead brisk and vigorous lives. They go out and do things. Accomplish. Compete. Especially in the cotton golf-club shirt, finished with haberdashery precision and shirttails. Sizes 8 to 16. And the easy, swinging, shapely panel skirt of Dacron polyester and cotton. Sizes 6 to 16. Both in Navy, Burgundy, Brown, Olive.

Shirt about seven dollars, skirt about twelve dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

era heads for the left aisle, following a male patron who is taking off his topcoat as he goes in. He is wearing a Hawaiian-print sports shirt, with no jacket and no tie, and his outline looks seedy and bowed against the screen, which shows Frank Sinatra and Deborah Kerr winding up "Marriage on the Rocks" with their heads together, looking synthetically joyful for the end of their film. A front shot of the other patrons in the theatre: a few defeated-looking men, but mostly careworn women, eating Chuckles or peanuts or ice cream, wearing frowzy hats, seated singly or in pairs or in trios. They are afternoon customers who have paid ninety-nine cents for their out-of-the-house double feature. The camera pans from their stupefied faces to the screen, which shows the opening title of the next picture: "OTTO PREMINGER PRESENTS BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING." (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. All the members of the cast are present and in their places—Judge Klein, Marvin Schwartz, Myles Lane, Preminger, Barnes, and the various spectators. Rising to swear in a witness is the court clerk, who is a gray-haired man with a gray, cropped mustache; he wears a regular business suit, and he somewhat resembles Judge Klein, too. Approaching the witness box is the witness for the plaintiff. He is an affable-looking, neatly dressed middle-aged man.

COURT CLERK: Raise your right hand. (*The court officer holds a Bible for the witness, who puts his left hand on it.*) You do solemnly swear that the evidence you will give the Court in the cause on trial shall be the truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God? (*The court clerk is projecting beautifully, and as he winds up, he glances at Preminger, who is looking admiring and amused.*)

MAN: I do.

COURT OFFICER (*projecting as nicely as the court clerk*): Be seated. Give your name and residence.

MAN: Carmelo Joseph Villante, 245 East Sixty-third Street, New York City. (*Closeup of the court reporter tapping on his machine, looking bored. Cut to Marvin Schwartz, who stands and addresses the witness.*)

SCHWARTZ: Mr. Villante, what is your occupation?

VILLANTE: Vice-President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne advertising agency.

SCHWARTZ: And is Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne one of the leading advertising agencies in the United States?

VILLANTE: Yes, it is.

SCHWARTZ: Will you tell the Court what your connection is with the television program known as the "Schaefer Award Theatre"?

VILLANTE: Schaefer Beer, one of our clients, sponsors the "Schaefer Award Theatre" in its entirety.

SCHWARTZ: And what is your personal connection with that program?

VILLANTE: As account supervisor of the Schaefer Beer account, I personally am responsible for the "Schaefer Award Theatre" as a television property.

SCHWARTZ: Will you describe that program to the Court, for the record?

VILLANTE: The basic concept of the "Schaefer Award Theatre" is, we take the best available first-run motion pictures, unedited, and we put them on in place of the "Late Show" on WCBS-TV in New York, here, with a great deal of promotion and with only four commercial intermissions.

SCHWARTZ: Are any of the pictures ever shown with deletions or eliminations of any kind?

VILLANTE: Not to my knowledge.

SCHWARTZ: Is any picture ever shown with more than four interruptions for commercials?

VILLANTE: No.

(*Cut to the clock. The time shown is 10:12. Dissolve. The clock again. The time is now 10:38.*)

LANE (*cross-examining Villante*): Can you answer this question: When the public, or you yourself, part of the public, look at a picture and you see a number of commercials on it, do you have any resentment against the station, or is your resentment, if you do have any resentment, against the producer of the picture?

SCHWARTZ (*jumping to his feet*): I object to that question, Your Honor. I will withdraw my objection if the witness will tell me that he understands that he is unhappy at being invited to make disparaging remarks about competitors.

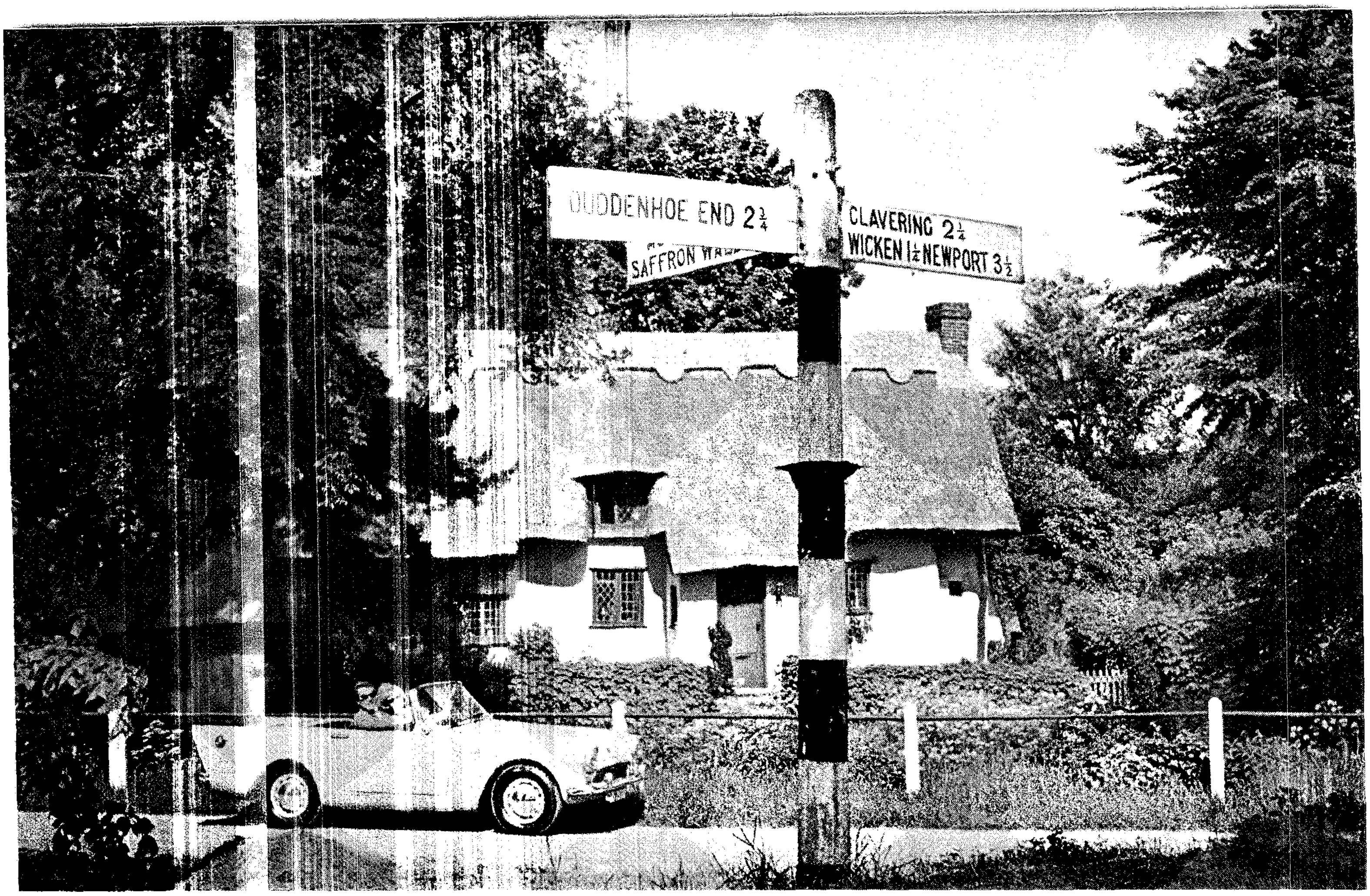
JUDGE KLEIN: Before you put him on the spot, I will overrule your objection. So whether he is unhappy or not, if he can answer the question, he should.

VILLANTE: As a viewer, naturally I resent them.

LANE: Is your resentment against the station?

VILLANTE: I do not pinpoint it. It is just a general, over-all resentment.

LANE: Well, is your resentment



Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

Car hire, $63 a week. Bed-and-breakfast, $4 a night. Peace-and-quiet, no charge.

WE *have* a splendid new superturnpike in Britain, but it's quite easy to avoid. And if you should blunder onto it, the exits are prominently marked.

Any exit will lead you to a land of vagrant roads and byways. And they're nearly always well-paved. Dirt surfaces are few and far between.

Where do these little lanes go? Nowhere, really. They wiggle between flowery hedgerows, through drowsy woods and over rolling hills.

Signposts point to Melbury Bubb, Idle, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

When you get there—wherever *there* is—you'll find reasons for having come. Maybe a cozy bed and a thumping great breakfast for about four dollars. Or a fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked bread, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

Walk off all that food. Our roads have so little traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

Another blessing, when you're back in the car: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They'll point out the way for you; even change a tire.

Tiny distances

Shunpiking in Britain gives you the best of two worlds. You travel at an ambling pace, but you arrive a good deal sooner than you expected. That's because distances here are short by American standards.

For example, you can visit a dozen old cathedral towns within 150 miles of London.

The best shunpiking season

Britons prefer the Spring and Fall. Roads are uncrowded then. So are inns and hotels.

You can save as much as 25% on car hire. And transatlantic fares are lower too.

Send the coupon today for a free 56-page color book, "Vacations in Britain," for more facts on shunpiking. Read it slowly; in low gear, so to speak. Then turn in at your travel agent's.

This is a mailing label. Please *type* or use *block letters.*

British Travel, Box 923, New York, N. Y. 10019

TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

756

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; Also Offices in Canada.

Twenty Years of Holiday

Holiday
HOLIDAY
NEW YORK
TRAVEL U.S.A.
TRAVEL NORTH AMERICA
IRELAND

The 240 covers before you may serve as a reminder of reading you have enjoyed. For beyond these covers and the 241st, on newsstands now, the foremost authors, photographers and artists of our time have recorded the priceless experience of discovery, here and abroad, that has become so available to us in these 20 years. That's why we feel HOLIDAY is not 241 issues old, but as new as the next issue. If you have saved any of these copies, re-read them and let us know if this isn't true. We think we're right in telling advertisers that HOLIDAY is uniquely rewarding, a discovery to anticipate each month.

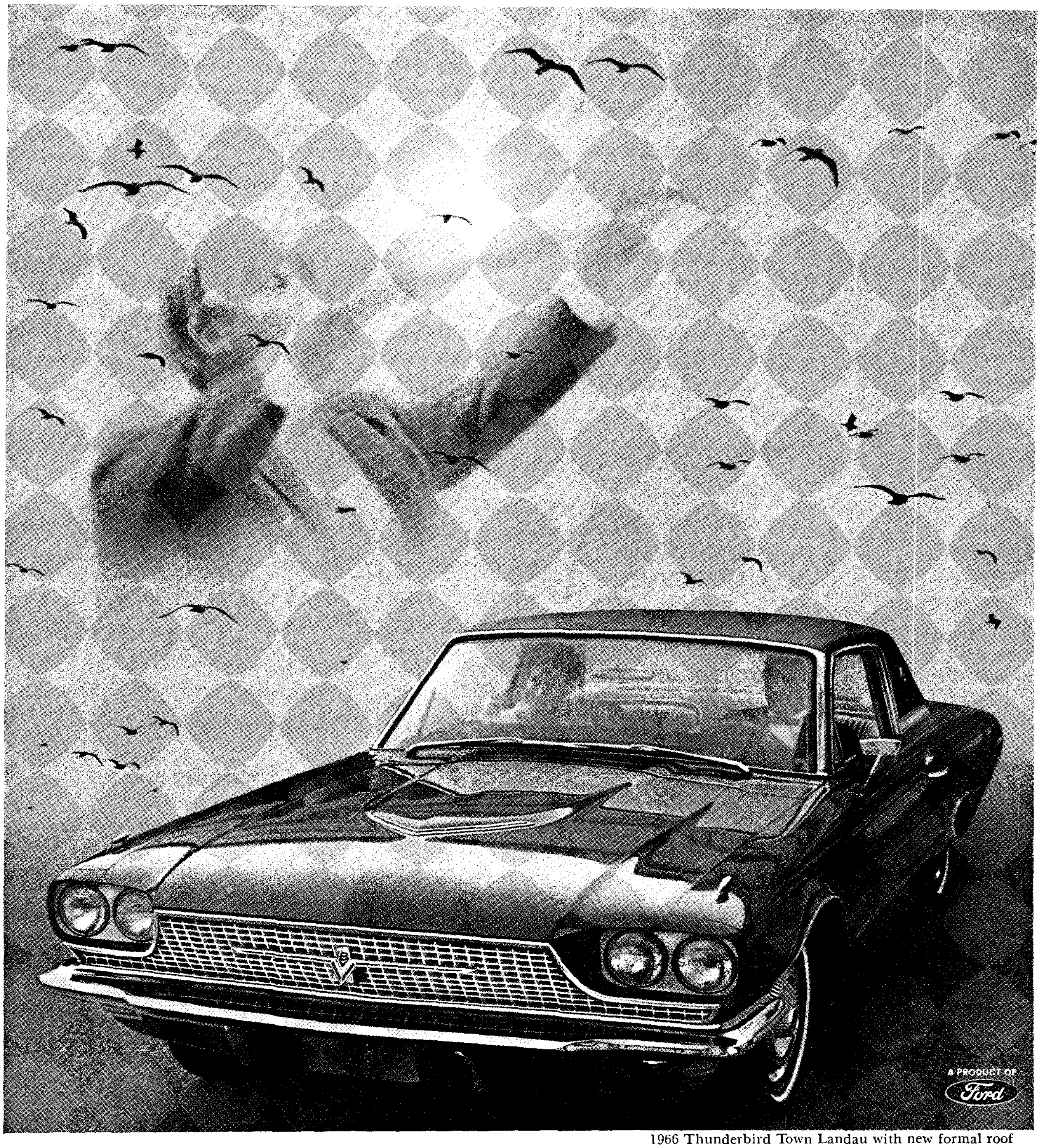
HOLIDAY
Anniversary Issue
USA
NEW YORK
Japan

THERE'S ONLY ONE

HOLIDAY

641 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

A CURTIS
PUBLICATION



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roof

The Thunderbird Touch:
Stereo Tape at your fingertips...

Listen! Thunderbird for 1966 has a new, optional Stereo Tape player. This unique four-speaker system plays over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-change tape cartridge. No rewinding. Completely automatic! Other new personal touches: Thunderbird's new Highway Pilot Control option—on the steering wheel—lets you set, retard, and resume your desired cruising speed with just the *touch* of a finger. Plus a new overhead Safety-Convenience push button panel on Town models; a more powerful standard V-8 or 428 cubic inch V-8 option. And, the incomparable styling, engineering and craftsmanship that have made this car a trend-setting classic in its own time.

Thunderbird

UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

against the producer or director of the picture?

VILLANTE: No, I doubt if it would be against the director of the picture. (*Cut briefly to Preminger, who looks glum. Then cut to the judge, who looks lively.*)

JUDGE KLEIN: *My* resentment would be against the advertiser!

LANE: In fact, isn't one reason why you have four commercials the fact that Schaefer has determined that the public ire at too many commercials is directed to the sponsor?

VILLANTE: That is true. I think— Let me just qualify that for a moment. I think we take a more positive viewpoint on the thing. We do not say: Here is a negative that we are going to turn into a positive. What we are doing here is making a very positive statement by saying that we are taking the public interest, and we are only going to show four commercials, because we, as television viewers, this is how we would like to see a movie. Basically, this has been the concept.

JUDGE KLEIN: Is there anybody else in other advertising that does that?

VILLANTE: Unbelievably, no, to my knowledge. (*He looks a trifle smug.*)

LANE: I believe you said that you had the right to select the places where these commercials are put in. (*Cut to the clock, and then cut back to Lane.*) And do you have a background yourself in motion pictures?

VILLANTE (*chuckles and looks proud*): I am the greatest movie fan in the United States.

JUDGE KLEIN: Next to *me!* (*He looks prouder than Villante. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Corridor of the courthouse. A telephone booth. Barnes, inside, is seen through the glass door. He has a stack of dimes on the shelf under the telephone. Looking preoccupied, he makes one call after another.

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Villante is being excused by the judge, and, as he steps down, Barnes returns from making telephone calls and begins reporting the results to Preminger. Villante stops to shake Preminger's hand.

VILLANTE (*with tremendous enthusiasm*): Mr. Preminger, isn't it wonderful the way the judge is a fan of the "Schaefer Award Theatre"?

PREMINGER (*dryly*): Wonderful. (*He turns back to Barnes.*)

BARNES: The contract is in the office, on your desk, all signed, sealed, and delivered.

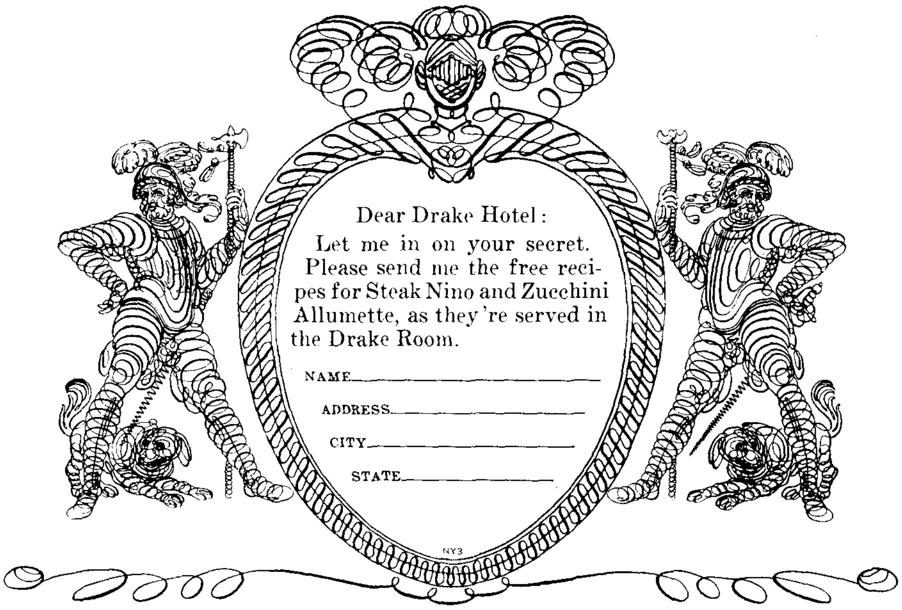
PREMINGER: Have someone bring it down to me here. I want to get the

We serve a very special dish at New York's Drake Hotel. Until now, it's been a steak secret.

It's called Steak Nino and it's one of the many titillating delights served at the Hotel's Drake Room, long one of New York's favorite restaurants.

The Drake Hotel, which has been newly refurbished and completely modernized, is as renowned for the Drake Room and Steak Nino as it is for its new velvet walled lobby; for its big, high ceilinged rooms; for its warmth and personal attention, and for its telephone ladies who worry about your messages.

There's never been a secret about the Drake Hotel's fascination for the world's most discriminating travelers. But, until now, Nino, who has been the Drake Hotel maitre d' for 23 years, would never part with his special steak recipe. We've finally persuaded him to share it. Of course, we'd suggest you come to the Drake and try it first hand. But if you can't, mail this coupon and we'll send you the recipes for Steak Nino and for Zucchini Allumette, its nothing-short-of-sensational accompaniment.

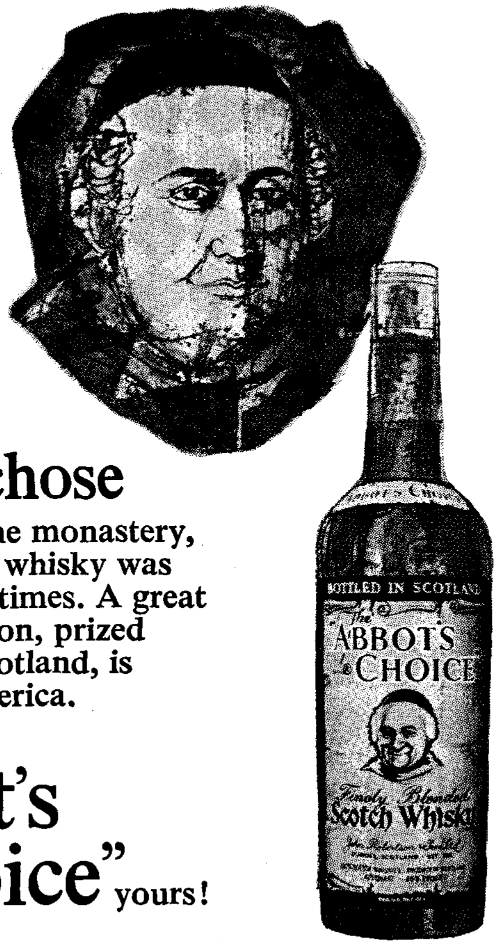


Dear Drake Hotel:
Let me in on your secret. Please send me the free recipes for Steak Nino and Zucchini Allumette, as they're served in the Drake Room.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________

NY3

THE DRAKE · Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York (212) HA 1-0900
A Loew's Hotel · Preston Robert Tisch, President



The Abbot chose

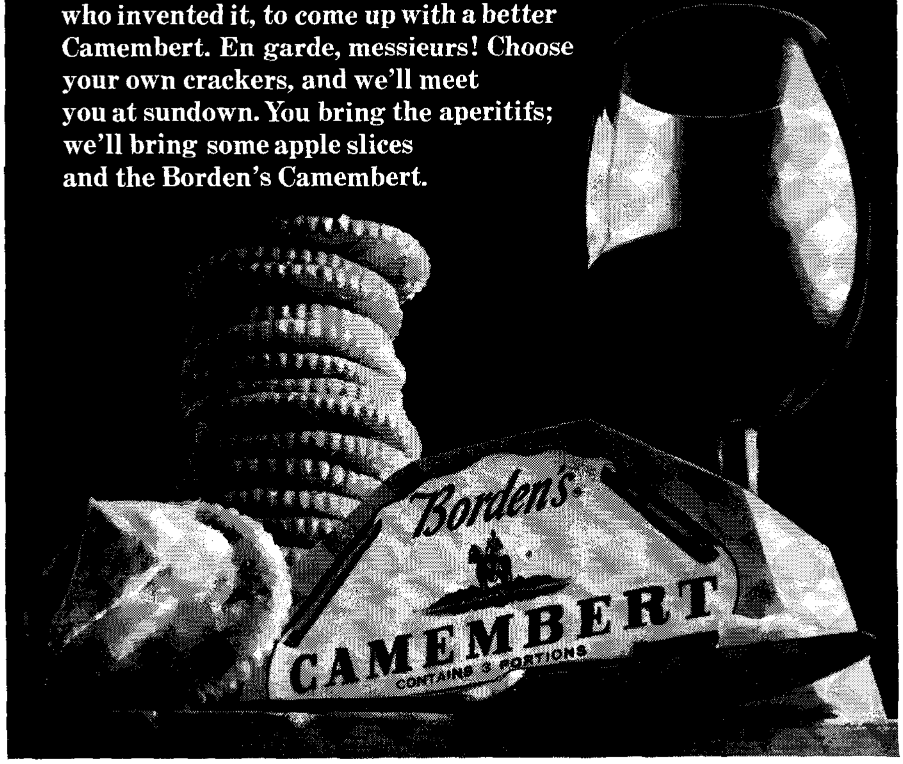
the finest scotch in the monastery, when the first scotch whisky was distilled in medieval times. A great whisky in this tradition, prized for generations in Scotland, is now available in America.

Make "Abbot's Choice"® yours!

FROM SCOTLAND · 86.8 PROOF · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · KOBRAND, N.Y.

Borden's Camembert.

Beneath the creamy-white crust of this soft, ripened cheese is a pale yellow, tangy-light interior—second to none! We challenge even the French, who invented it, to come up with a better Camembert. En garde, messieurs! Choose your own crackers, and we'll meet you at sundown. You bring the aperitifs; we'll bring some apple slices and the Borden's Camembert.



project started. I do not want to waste time. (*Pan to Marvin Schwartz, who is calling the next witness.*)

Schwartz: Mr. Archer Winsten! (*Winsten comes forward. He is a tall, somewhat bohemian-looking fellow, with a "Front Page" newspaperman's forthright manner. He wears a dark-blue shirt, a maroon tie, and a dark suit.*)

Court Clerk (*again projecting*): You do solemnly swear that the evidence you will give the court in the cause on trial shall be the truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Winsten: I do. (*He sits down in the witness chair.*)

Court Officer: Be seated. Give your name and residence.

Winsten: Archer Winsten, 425 West Broadway, New York City.

Schwartz: Mr. Winsten, will you tell the Court what your occupation is?

Winsten: I am the movie critic and the ski editor of the New York *Post*.

Judge Klein: And the *what* editor?

Winsten (*calmly*): Ski editor.

Judge Klein: Ski? S-k-i?

Winsten (*just as calmly*): That is right. (*The judge and most of the other people in the room laugh. Preminger is shown with a straight face. Winsten smiles calmly.*)

Judge Klein: Is there any connection between the two?

Winsten: No connection, except that I like to do both.

Schwartz: For how long have you been a movie critic, Mr. Winsten?

Winsten: Twenty-nine and a half years.

Schwartz: All of that time with the New York *Post*?

Winsten: Right.

Schwartz: Have you seen the motion picture "Anatomy of a Murder?"

Winsten: Yes.

Schwartz: What, Mr. Winsten, in your opinion, would be the effect upon the quality of "Anatomy of a Murder" —

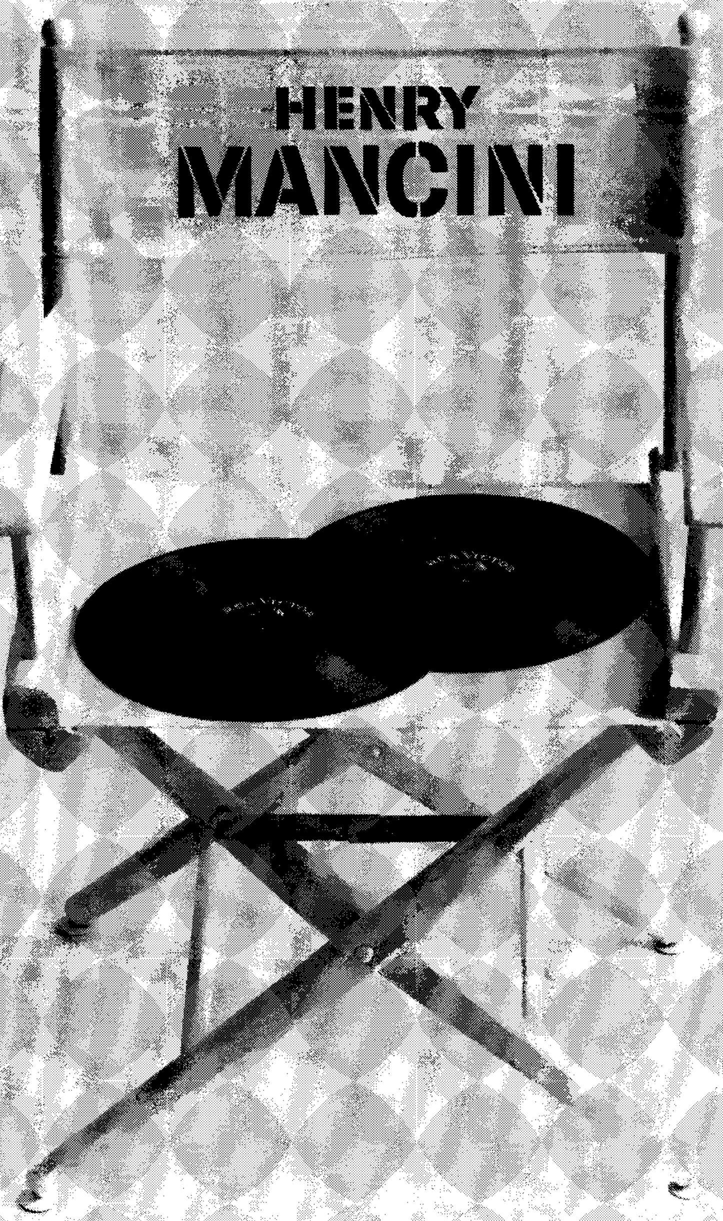
Lane (*jumping to his feet*): I object to any questions along that line to this witness. I don't think he is qualified to give any opinion.

Judge Klein (*to Schwartz*): You haven't finished your question, have you?

Schwartz: No, Your Honor.

Judge Klein: Let him finish the question first and then make your objection, and I will rule.

Schwartz (*trying not to look put upon*): Let me begin it again. It will probably be easier. What, in your opinion, Mr. Winsten, would be the effect upon the quality of "Anatomy of a


HENRY
MANCINI

A Mancini double feature: 31 "Oscar" Winners

Here's Henry Mancini's musical presentation of 31 "Oscar" winners in a memorable, new two-record album. Arranged and conducted by Mancini, here are all the "Oscar" winning tunes from 1934 to 1964. Mancini's distinctive touch is heard on such tunes as: "Gigi," "Over The Rainbow," "Call Me Irresponsible," as well as his own "Moon River," "Days Of Wine And Roses" and the scoring of "Breakfast At Tiffany's." Handsomely packaged album includes detailed listings of the songs, composers, films, the stars, and the studios. Here's a real winner—a recorded history of great music from the movies.

RCA Victor

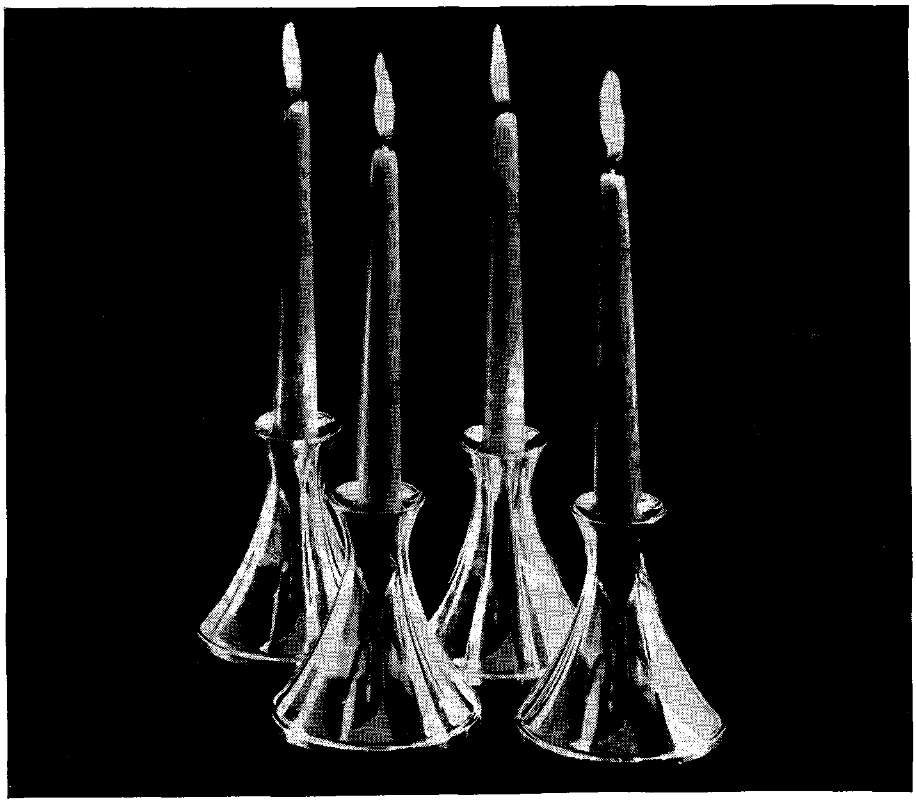
The most trusted name in sound

RCA VICTOR
DYNAGROOVE
Henry
Mancini
presents
The
Academy
Award
Songs
31
"Oscar"
Winners

beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST®
protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER
from watery and oily spills.
EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton.

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost.



PURE AND SIMPLE STERLING SILVER CANDLESTICKS
(HEIGHT 3¾ INCHES) $19.50 PAIR. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Murder" if during the course of its exhibition, either in a theatre or on television, it was interrupted on twelve separate occasions and during each interruption two or more commercial announcements were shown?

Lane: Now my objection, Your Honor. I don't think that this man is qualified to give an opinion, and I don't think his opinion would be relevant to the issues in this case.

Judge Klein: Well, let me understand the question. Do you mean what is his opinion with regard to the effect on the *picture*?

Schwartz: Yes.

Judge Klein: Or the effect on the viewer?

Schwartz: Effect on the picture, which I believe necessarily has an effect on the viewer.

Judge Klein: It does seem to me, gentlemen, that more important than this witness's opinion with regard to whether these deletions or commercials, or whatever you call them, would have any effect on the picture is what the effect on the viewer would be. After all, I am certain that these movies shown on television are shown to get business, and certainly they don't intend to just have movie critics enjoy the picture. I am going to permit it, but I might say that I doubt it will have a great deal of probative value. However, I will permit it. Objection overruled.

Lane: I point out Mr. Winsten is a *movie* critic but not a *television* critic.

Judge Klein: That is true.

Lane (*petulantly*): They are different.

Judge Klein (*pointedly patient*): We are talking about the picture itself. (*He turns to Schwartz.*) You want to know what effect it would have?

Schwartz: Yes—whether in theatres or in television.

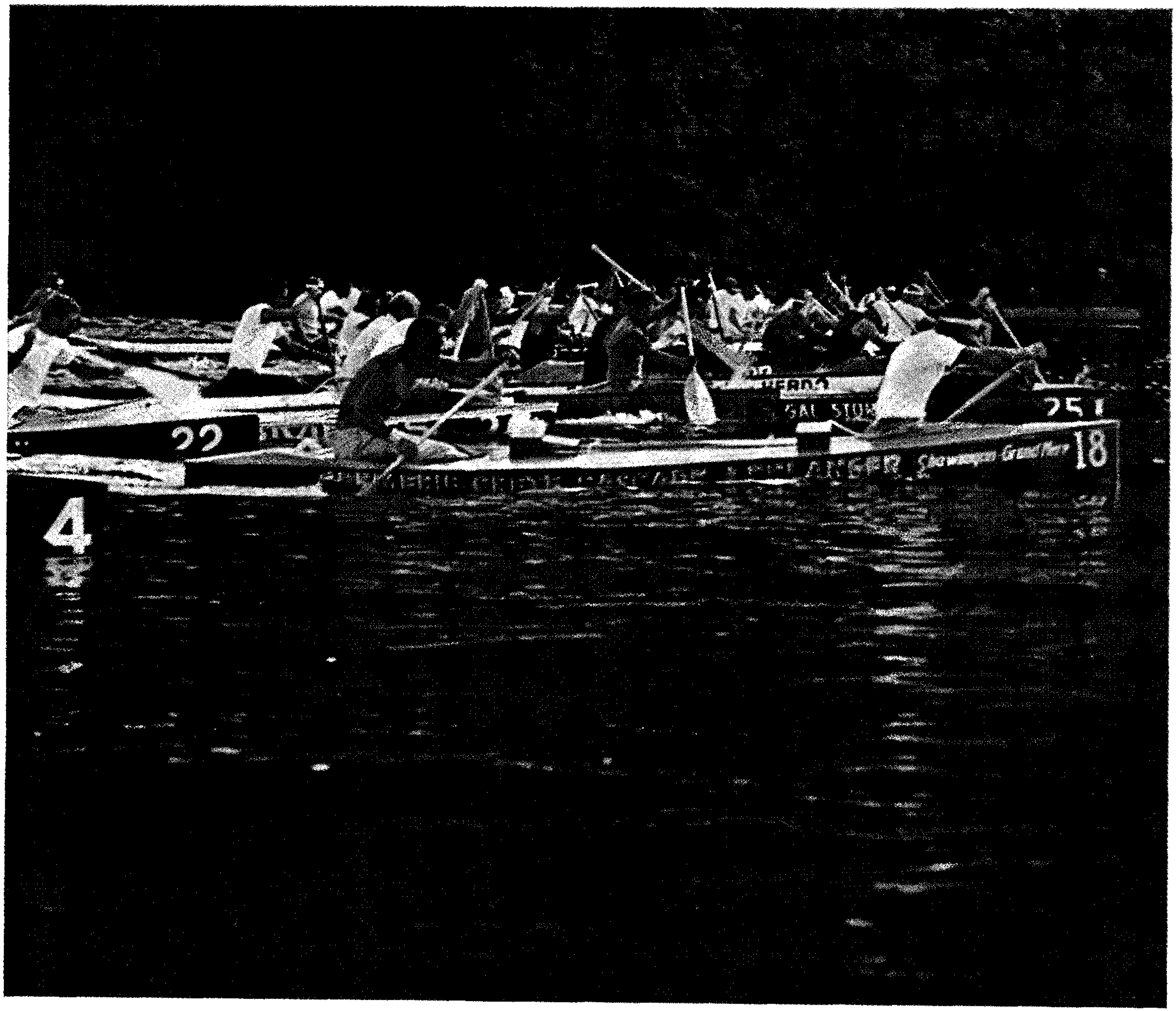
Lane: May I point out the effect in the theatre is of no consequence as far as this case is concerned. We are talking about motion pictures on television, not in the theatre. This is free television.

Judge Klein: I think at the heart of this whole case, the crux of this, is Mr. Preminger's contention that the artistic value of this picture is destroyed by these deletions or interruptions, or whatever you might call them. I will take it for whatever it may be worth. The objection is overruled.

Schwartz: Do you have the question in mind, Mr. Winsten?

Winsten: Yes, I have, and I have a couple of answers, going back to the medium itself, the sequence of pictures, the fact that a motion picture is made as an illusion. (*Takes a deep breath.*) It

It's a race apart.



Four centuries ago, when these canoe races started, the prize was liable to be your life. Nowadays it's all in sport. Dangerous, skilful sport. The annual event at St. Maurice in Québec brings out a special breed of men. The modern coureurs des bois, tough, self-reliant, determined. In some ways they don't belong to this century at all. But then, in some ways, Canada doesn't. Why not find out for yourself this year? Come and see our blue skies and white water. It's a man's world.

CANADA
Invitation to CANADA
EVENTS CANADA

USG 66-21

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
TRAVEL BUREAU, OTTAWA, CANADA

Please send the Canadian Events Package to:

MR
MRS
MISS..... ....
19 (Please Print) 0025-01-6
ADDRESS..

CITY..

STATE........................ZIP CODE............

Canada!

Medaglia d'Oro is one of two great coffees in all the world

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
ESPRESSO COFFEE
INSTANT
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
MEDAGLIA D'ORO
Espresso
COFFEE
12 OZ. NET WT.

The other one is Savarin.

is an art based on cutting and sequence of cutting. The person who makes the picture makes the picture in terms of the effect of these cuts on an audience, and [how] the entire sequence mounts to climax is a matter of his art and his way of cutting this thing. Now, if you interrupt this somewhere along the line, obviously you are going to destroy—or damage, at least—his original effect, his intended effect. I would say this from a critical point of view. (*Takes another deep breath.*) I can also say that I have seen interruptions in a theatre and they are very damaging. (*Cut to the clock. The camera watches the clock advance twelve minutes in one actual second. Then cut back to Judge Klein, Winsten, and the lawyers.*)

JUDGE KLEIN: Let me ask you one question, Mr. Winsten. Do you watch movies on television?

WINSTEN (*with subdued passion*): Not if I can help it!

JUDGE KLEIN: Well, those that you see, they all do have interruptions, do they not, for commercials?

WINSTEN: As far as I know, almost everything has interruptions for commercials, including football games, and I must say I resent them—the interruptions.

JUDGE KLEIN: Football games aren't so bad; they usually do it during the time out. Go ahead. (*Nods to Schwartz.*)

SCHWARTZ: Players welcome it. (*Laughs, alone.*) Now (*clears throat*), what, Mr. Winsten, in your opinion, would be the effect upon the quality of "Anatomy of a Murder" of deletions from the picture of scenes or sequences by a person other than the director?

WINSTEN: I can't say positively what the effect would be, because the contention is always made that things can be improved by a person of greater artistry. Well, now, if you could get someone of greater artistry coming along and making cuts, there might be an improvement. The assumption, however, is that the person who made the picture knew what he was doing, was going to make his points, and put in there only what was necessary. So that if it is a perfect work of art anything taken out will be a loss.

SCHWARTZ: Thank you. I have no further questions. (*Schwartz sits down, and Lane rises.*)

LANE: Mr. Winsten, have you seen "Anatomy of a Murder" on television?

WINSTEN: No, sir.

LANE: Have you seen the picture itself?

WINSTEN: Yes, sir.

LANE: Would you say that your

Most people are surprised to learn Brink's used to deliver Jones Sausage.

PACKAGE
BRINK'S
C. C.
EXPRESS Co.
DEPARTMENT
BRINK'S

Nowadays, Brink's Armored Cars carry money and valuables in virtually every city. But 60-odd years ago Brink's made home deliveries of "another precious commodity"—Jones Dairy Farm Sausage.

Brink's came to our rescue

In those days, most of our sausage went to people around Fort Atkinson. But as the word spread, we began getting orders from Chicago. Orders from people who'd heard about Jones Sausage, or had gotten a personal letter from Grandfather Milo and had decided to try a couple of pounds.

Getting the sausage to Chicago was no problem. The North Western Railroad saw to that. But speeding our good fresh sausage to our customers required the help of Brink's. So most every day you'd see a Brink's dray down at the station picking up Jones Sausage for delivery.

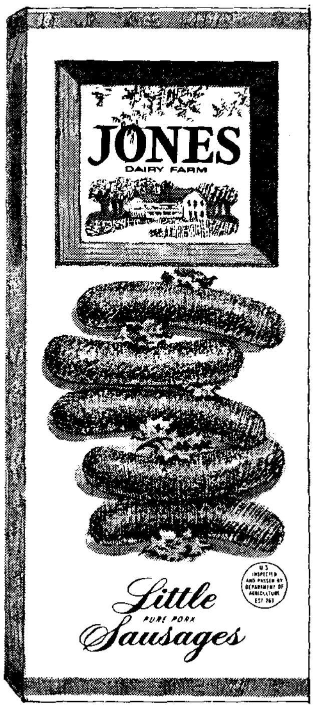
Of course times have changed. You can now buy Jones Dairy Farm Sausage in your favorite store. And its goodness hasn't changed a bit. That's because we make it in the same honest way on the same Wisconsin farm from a recipe that's been in our family for more than a century.

This recipe calls for choice cuts of tender young pork. Even hams. Shoulders. And loin roasts. And these we blend with pure spices and seasonings to give Jones Sausage its uncommonly good flavor.

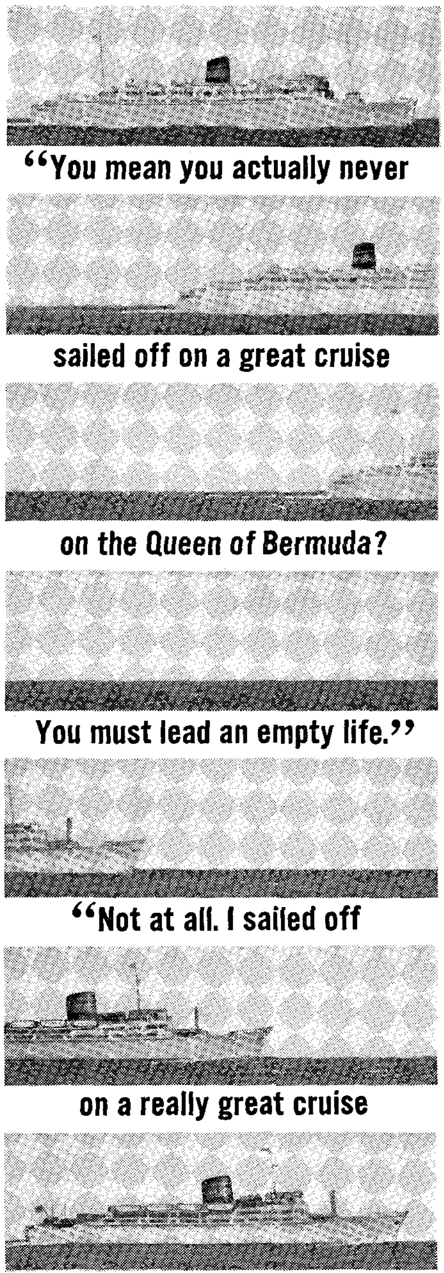
Breakfast next Sunday

Want to discover something special in pork sausage? Look for Jones Dairy Farm Sausage in your grocer's meat or frozen foods case. Try it for breakfast next Sunday.

The original Jones Farmhouse
Jones Dairy Farm • Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin



Real farm sausage
from a real Wisconsin farm


"You mean you actually never
sailed off on a great cruise
on the Queen of Bermuda?
You must lead an empty life."
"Not at all. I sailed off
on a really great cruise
aboard the Ocean Monarch."

Our passengers will always have their favorite Furness ship. Which is as it should be. What really pleases us is the year 'round popularity of both ships for Bermuda and West Indies cruises. Both ships were built specially for tropic cruising. Full air conditioning. One luxury First Class. Every stateroom with private bath and telephone. Naturally, both feature all the great food, fun, festivities and friendly service that make Furness cruises all-time favorites.

Bermuda 6-day "Liv-Aboard" Cruises weekly from New York .... $175 up
Bermuda long-stay vacations, return any sailing, round trip .... $145 up
West Indies Cruises • 13 days and 15 days from New York .... $390 up and $450 up

Minimum fares, subject to availability.
ASK THE EXPERT, YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Furness LINES
THE EXPERIENCED CRUISE LINE

34 Whitehall St., N. Y., N. Y. 10004 • BO 9-7800
Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Los Angeles
Montreal • Norfolk • Philadelphia • San Francisco
Country of Registry: Great Britain

opinion as to whether a picture could be cut with minor cuts is a subjective one?

WINSTEN: Well, in stating that it can be improved or worsened, I don't say it is a subjective opinion. Obviously it is true, or it can remain exactly the same, in effect, but it depends in every case what the picture is, what the cuts are. In general, that it changes the picture—yes, I would say generally it does, and this is not a subjective opinion. I would say that this is a critical opinion that would be generally held.

LANE: Would you say that some other person, some other expert, some other director or producer might disagree with your opinion?

WINSTEN: I doubt it. (*Cut to Preminger, who is listening attentively.*)

LANE: Now, do you consider commercials as being part of the picture?

WINSTEN: I have been watching a picture, been watching TV—oh, perhaps not too closely, but sometimes one doesn't watch TV too closely—and I have been confused to the point of thinking I was still looking at the story. This is particularly true of those noontime soap operas, and I would go from an event where two women, a mother and daughter, were having a hard time to two women having another hard time, and find out that I was listening to their trouble with soap. (*Cut to our old friend the clock, and watch it advance ten minutes in one actual second.*)

LANE: In your opinion, do the commercials themselves, the commercials, affect the quality of the picture?

WINSTEN: Perhaps, in contrast, they would make the picture seem better. I can imagine that that would be so, although it never happened to me.

LANE: So are you in a position now to make a statement as to whether or not certain parts of that picture, "Anatomy of a Murder," could be deleted without great damage to the picture?

WINSTEN: I am not in a position to say that. The only thing I could say is that it is a murder-and-suspense picture, so that if you take out any vital part or any contributing factor, you have lessened the effect, I would guess. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Gymnasium in Preminger's house. Rise-and-shine time. A wall clock with second hand near the entrance to the sauna reads exactly seven o'clock. Preminger enters wearing dark-blue swimming trunks and rubber-soled slippers, and gets on the bicycle exercise machine. He reaches forward and turns on a tiny portable Sony television set on a shelf under the sun lamp. Then he turns on the sun lamp, which is trained on his face and chest. He starts pumping, simultaneously watching a news program on television. The second hand goes around the clock face fifteen times, speeded up. Then Preminger dismounts and goes into the sauna. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Taxi. Bob Romaner is heading south on the East River Drive. Romaner's passengers are Preminger and Bill Barnes. Romaner is talking, very cheerfully, and Preminger and Barnes are listening, both with half smiles. Romaner manages to look alert as a driver, even though he is keeping an eye, by way of the rearview mirror, on his passengers' reactions.

ROMANER (*winking, in the mirror, at Barnes*): I guess you heard what Mr. Preminger said when he saw the film I made about the Bowery, with myself playing the bum on the Bowery.

BARNES: He said you were very good.

ROMANER: He said, "You were so good I'm surprised you didn't get *arrested!*"

PREMINGER: I *am* surprised.

ROMANER: He liked the way I photographed—isn't that what you said, Mr. Preminger?

PREMINGER: I like you, Mr. Romaner. I admire you.

ROMANER (*as though addressing Barnes*): He was going to lend me his sixteen-millimetre to make the film. But I said, "Look, forget it. I'm going to shoot this film on my own eight-millimetre, and I want you to look at it." So I shot it on my own. It's all mine. I brought it to him in his office. I was impatient for him to see it. He wanted to see it later, but I was so impatient he sat right down on the floor in his office, and we showed it in the corridor, where it was dark. (*Preminger laughs, looking interested as Romaner talks about him.*)

BARNES: I understand you played in a film with Peter Sellers.

ROMANER: In that television film "A Carol for Another Christmas." I played a football player. I carried him in, with three other football players. And I also played in "The Reporter" on television, with Harry Guardino. I played a policeman. And I guess you know I'm in "As the World Turns," the leading soap opera on television. I work a lot with that show. I play an interne.

Preminger: And when you do not act, you don't mind doing this work?

Romaner: I don't like to be idle. As soon as I've finished an acting job, I jump right back in the cab.

Preminger: It is admirable. It is very amusing. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Elia Kazan gives his name and residence and prepares to testify. He wears a gray business suit, a white shirt, and a black tie. His hair is thick and gray, and is combed neatly back and parted on the side. He shifts around in the witness chair, making himself comfortable, and smooths a hand over the front of his jacket, which is buttoned.

Schwartz: And for how many years have you produced or directed motion pictures?

Kazan: Since 1945. It is twenty years.

Schwartz: Can you tell the Court the names of some of the pictures you have produced or directed?

Kazan: Well, I produced and directed "America America," "On the Waterfront," "East of Eden," "Viva Zapata!," "Gentleman's Agreement," "Baby Doll," "A Face in the Crowd," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "Boomerang," and some others.

Schwartz: And have any of your pictures won Academy Awards?

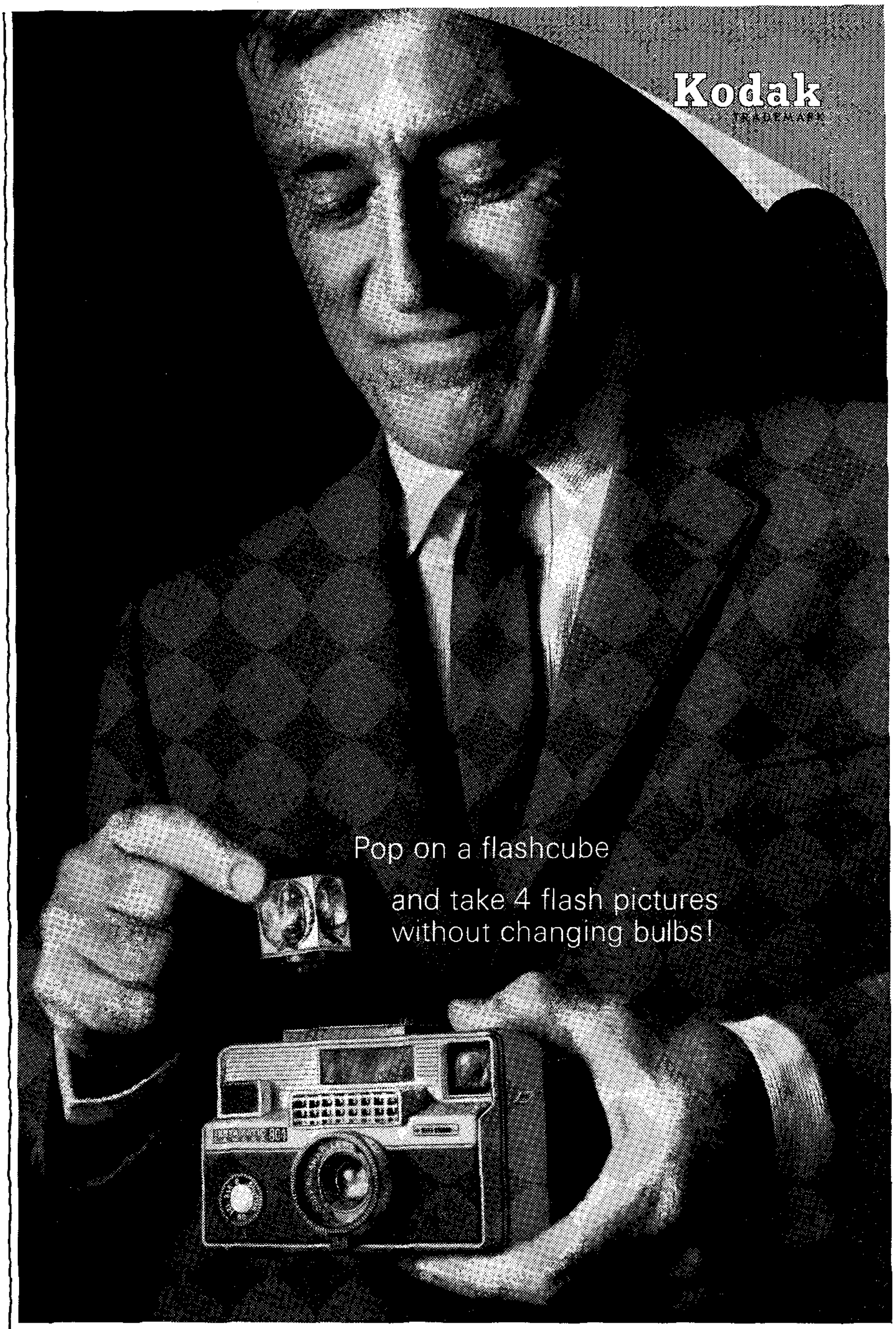
Kazan: Two did, yes.

Schwartz: Does the term "cutting and editing" have an accepted meaning in the motion-picture industry?

Kazan: Yes, it is one of the functions of a director-producer that are most essential. It is the thing that in many cases makes the picture what it is. It is one of the three most important functions that a director or producer has, and it does have an accepted meaning. (*He unbuttons his jacket and puts his hands in his pants pockets.*) It is one of the pillars on which our craft is built.

Schwartz: Can you relate it in terms of more important or less important to such things?

Kazan: There are three important things in making a film. One is the preparation of the script and the casting. I would say [that] would be roughly a third; and a third would be the actual shooting of the picture, the photography of the principal scenes; and then the final third would have to do with this process of cutting or editing and the scoring and the final putting together of the picture. A good job of editing can make a crucial difference in the effect of a picture. A sloppy or bad job of editing can reduce the value of a picture a great deal. It is a very crucial



Now the most automatic of cameras does even __more__ for you

The new instant-loading KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera is the precision camera that does practically everything for you __automatically__. It even gives you automatic flash advance with the new rotating flashcube! It __automatically__ adjusts for film speed . . . __automatically__ advances the film for you after each shot . . . __automatically__ adjusts the fast f2.8 lens for correct exposure . . . __automatically__ warns you when you need to use flash . . . __automatically__ switches to flash speed when you pop on a flashcube . . . __automatically__ sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus . . . __automatically__ indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct . . . and more, much more! This most helpful of precision cameras costs less than $125. See the KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera and other models at other prices—at your Kodak dealer's.

KODAK INSTAMATIC 804 Camera

Price subject to change without notice.

نبزل جراً آبر
نحاول جر أعفم

Arabic

Chinese

En
tand
bedre.

Danish

Wij doen
nòg meer
ons best.

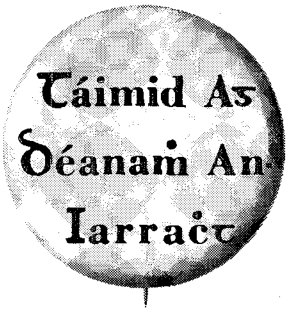
Dutch

Wij
proberen
steeds
meer.

Flemish

Nous faisons
plus pour vous
satisfaire.

French


Táimid Aᵹ
Ḋéanaṁ An
Iarraċt

Gaelic

Wir geben
uns mehr
Mühe.

German

ΜΕΓΑΛΥΤΕΡΗ
ΠΡΟΣΠΑΘΕΙΑ
ΓΙΑ ΤΟ
ΚΑΛΛΙΤΕΡΟ

Greek

Hooikaika
oi aku
makou.

Hawaiian

אנו
משתדלים
יותר

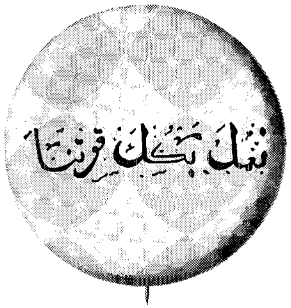
Hebrew

Faremo
più e
meglio.

Italian

私たちはもっと
頑張ります

Japanese


نعمل بكل قوتنا

Lebanese

Tentamos
sempre fazer
melhor ainda.

Portuguese

Nosotros
nos esforzamos
más.

Spanish

Vi gör
vårt
bästa.

Swedish

Te tutava nei
matou.

Tahitian

Rao
payayam
prap prŏong
yu samur.

Thai

Trio yn
glaed.

Welsh

Avis tries harder all over the world.

We try harder.

English

This ad might just ruin our image as the underdog in rent a cars.

But Avis has operations in 38 countries and we can't see keeping it a secret.

No. 2 is still what we are. And No. 1 is still ahead of us. Which means the Simca we rent in Nice has to be as clean as the Plymouth we rent in Newark.

We must say we had some trouble translating our Avis button. The closest the Germans can get to We Try Harder is, "We give of ourselves more effort."

In Italian, it comes out, "We will do more and better."

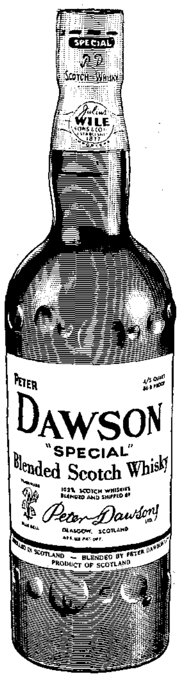
All of which is close enough to keep our foreign agents on the ball. Wearing a sign saying that you enforce yourself more (Spanish) puts you on the spot to do it.

If you'd like any of these buttons yourself, drop into an Avis agency. There's no car attached.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

PETER
DAWSON
SCOTCH

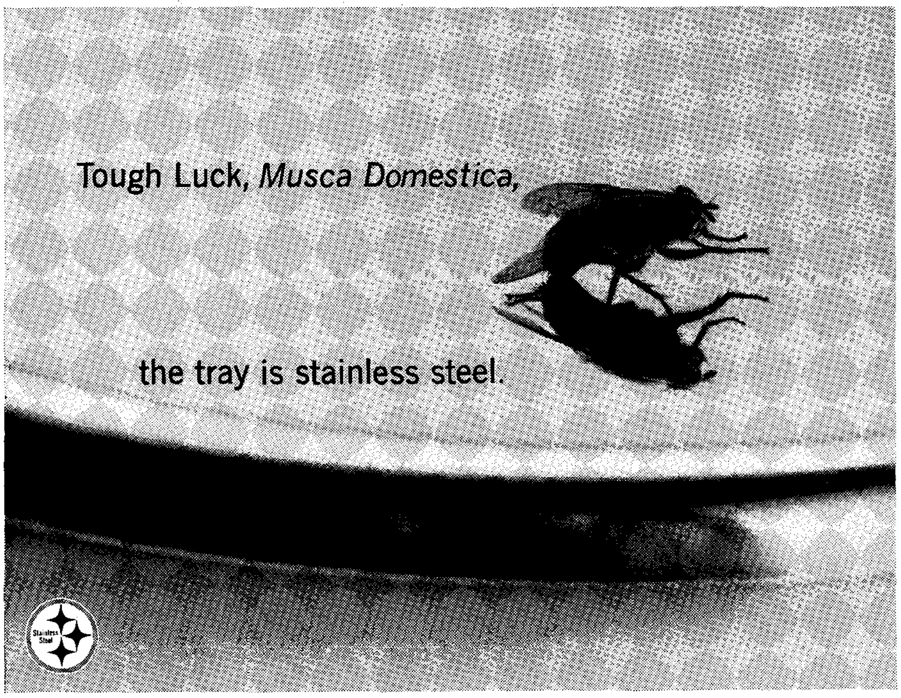
Good to your taste
Good to your purse



86.8 PROOF 548 FIFTH

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

New York State price. May vary in other states depending on local taxes.



If your kitchenware is stainless steel,
you know what we had to go through to get this photograph.
We had to find a fly. Flies are not to be found on stainless.
It's a veritable wasteland for flies; they can't locate even a snack.
Because nothing cleans like stainless steel. Or is just as cleanable
when it's worn as when it's new. Its utility lasts and lasts and lasts.
That is economy. One sound reason why people who make
their bread and butter cooking *always* use stainless steel.
And one sound reason why you should.
Don't feel sorry for old Musca – he'll make out.
There will always be other materials for him to feast around on.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices
and Representatives
in Principal Cities

and ticklish and sensitive part of our work.

SCHWARTZ: As distinguished from "cutting and editing," does the term "final cutting and editing" have an accepted meaning in the motion-picture industry?

KAZAN: Yes, it does. There are certain directors and producers in our industry who have worked a long time and worked very hard and had some success and they get a right, finally, known as the final cutting. The final cutting means that the film is the way the artistic director of the film meant it and wants it to be. He thinks that the various values are correctly exposed in the way he leaves the picture. It is a long and sensitive process, and when you say "Final cut" and you have that right contractually, you say, in effect, to the distributor of the picture or the financial producers of the picture, "That is the way I meant the picture to be. That is the way it is."

SCHWARTZ: If a producer has by contract the right to make the final cutting of a picture, as you have defined it, may, as that term is understood in the industry, may thereafter the distributor make any change in the picture?

KAZAN: None whatever—not if he has that right contractually. That is what the right means.

SCHWARTZ (*rather dramatically*): Can he make any eliminations from the picture?

KAZAN (*just as dramatically*): None! (*Cut to Judge Klein, who looks quite fascinated.*)

SCHWARTZ: May he show the picture with intermissions or interruptions?

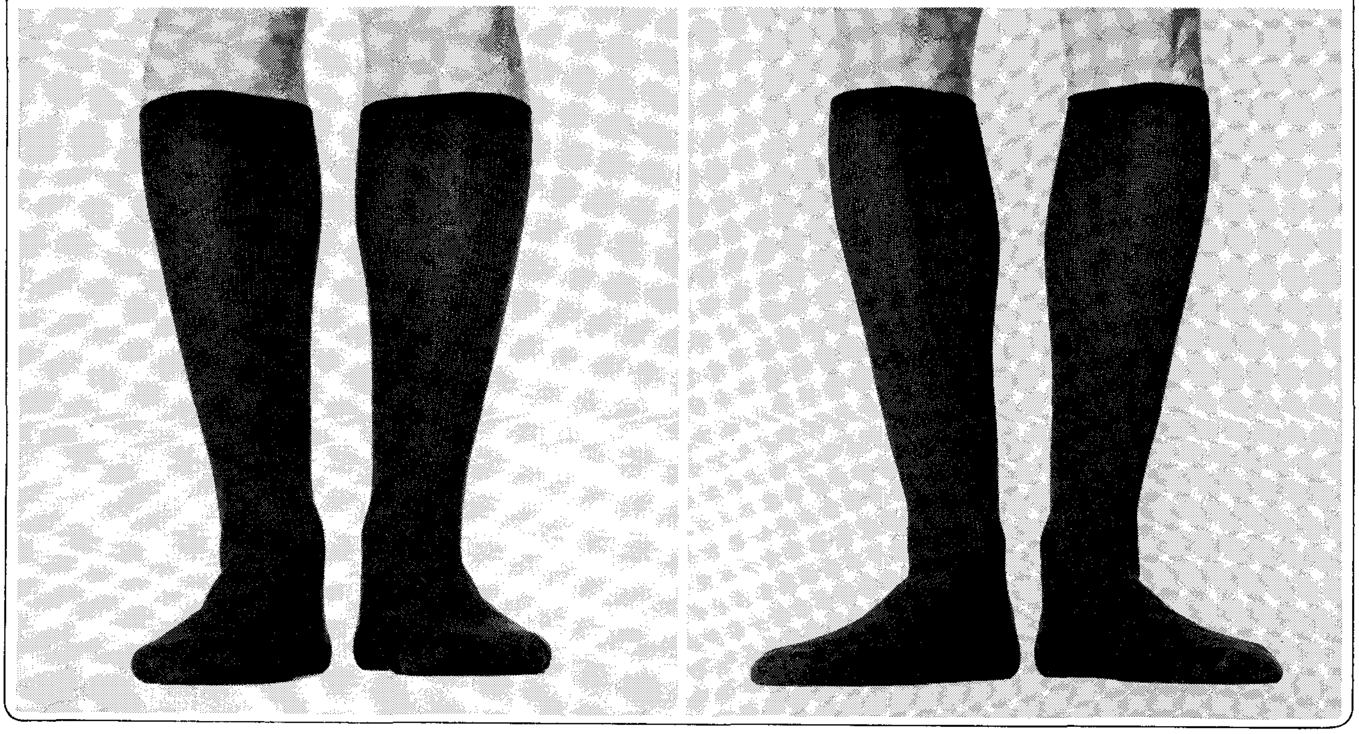
KAZAN: Not unless it has been in the plan originally and not unless it was in the contract, in the understanding, in the basic understanding. (*Cut to the court buff, who looks much concerned, and is taking notes on a legal-size lined yellow pad. The court buff uses a wooden pencil, the point of which he wets rather often with the tip of his tongue as he takes his notes.*)

SCHWARTZ (*putting his hands in his pants pockets and turning to his left, and then, as he phrases his question, slowly turning his body to face the witness*): What, in your opinion, would be the effect upon a picture, a serious picture, if when the picture was shown on television it was interrupted at twelve separate places, and if during each interruption there were screened two or more commercial announcements?

KAZAN (*keeping his hands in his pockets and crossing his legs*): Well, I have never been in a courtroom before

The Magnificent Men...

in their Burlington Socks.

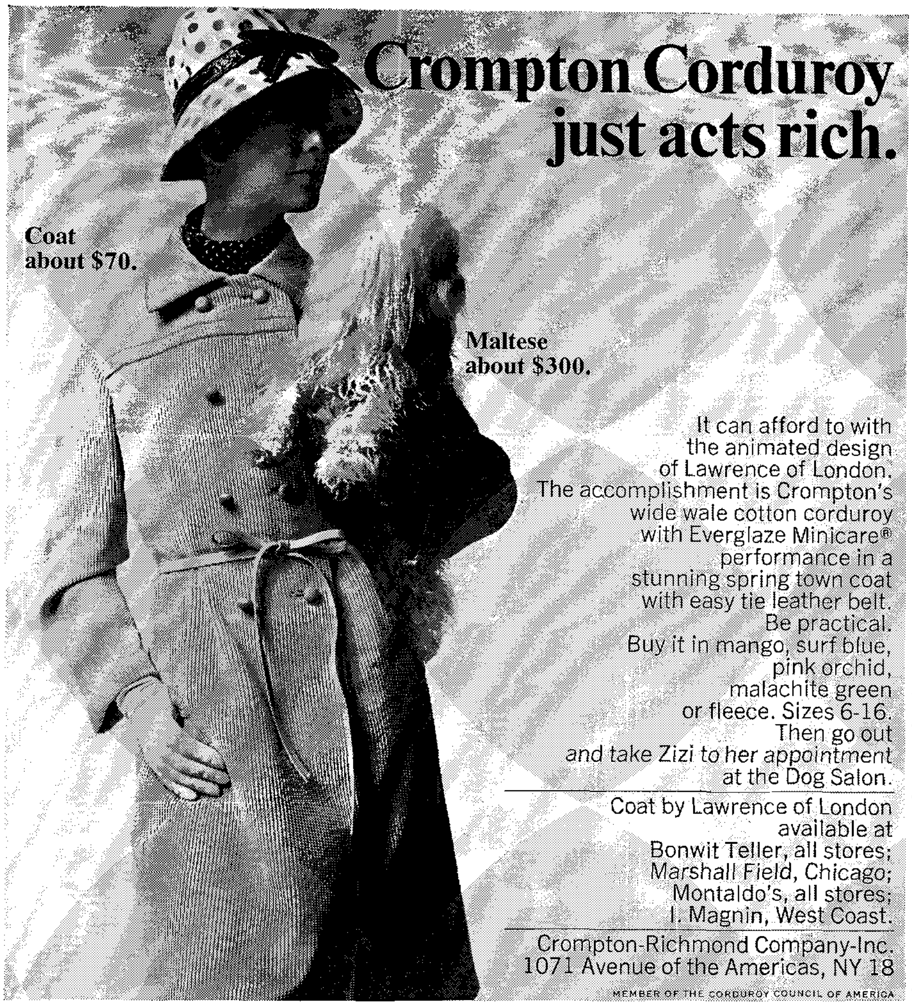


Activ-8 Support Socks make a man feel magnificent. Whoever, wherever he is. On elephant back in steamy jungles. On a rendezvous with an adventuress. On stock exchange seats. Walking through world capitals. Burlington makes Activ-8 feel magnificent, look magnificent. They reduce leg fatigue, lend sure, firm support but never look it. All that's ever seen is handsome sock. Constructed for absolute comfort of Lycra* spandex double covered with stretch nylon. With cotton-lined foot, and Sanitized® for freshness. $2.95

*DuPont T.M.

Activ-8® Support by Burlington socks

Burlington Balfour Mills, A division of Burlington Industries, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019



Crompton Corduroy just acts rich.
Coat about $70.
Maltese about $300.

It can afford to with the animated design of Lawrence of London. The accomplishment is Crompton's wide wale cotton corduroy with Everglaze Minicare® performance in a stunning spring town coat with easy tie leather belt. Be practical. Buy it in mango, surf blue, pink orchid, malachite green or fleece. Sizes 6-16. Then go out and take Zizi to her appointment at the Dog Salon.

Coat by Lawrence of London available at Bonwit Teller, all stores; Marshall Field, Chicago; Montaldo's, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast.

Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc.
1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18

MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA

FORMING
DE
PANTENE
Conditioner & Setting Lotion
1
FINE OR OILY HAIR
especially good for color-treated hair

Now the set most sought in Europe is here. To give body. Lights. Look. Life. And, above all, hold.

Come. Take a little Forming DE Pantene®. Work it gently through your hair. Here. There. Now set. Wait. While deep, deep conditioners strengthen. Silken. Then see. Hair with health. With hold. With life. With lights. To stay in the heat or rain or whatever. All this from Forming in one of two ways: No. 1 for fine or oily hair. No. 2 for dry hair. Both especially good for color-treated hair. $3 the bottle. And, to accompany, Hair Spray DE Pantene®. $2 for 7 ounces. $3 for 12 ounces. Both at these and other enlightened stores: Henri Bendel, Bonwit Teller, Julius Garfinckel & Co., The J. L. Hudson Co., Neiman-Marcus and I. Magnin & Co. The Pantene Company, 555 Madison Avenue, NY, NY 10022.

Forming DE Pantene®, for healthy-looking hair.

in this position (*looks at the judge, who gives him a compassionate nod*), and I don't know about legalisms, but this is not a— I mean, it is something we have all seen a thousand times or a hundred times. We have TV sets and we see what the effect is. I have seen pictures I liked very much hurt very badly by the interruptions. I find, inevitably, the flow of a picture is severely damaged. The continuity of thought is lost, and, what is worse than that, the buildup, the feeling that the director works so hard to get, that there be a mounting feeling of some kind or other, is dissipated, leaks out. The interruptions are, furthermore, often put where they shouldn't be. They are the kind that are callow and stupid and insulting to the intelligence of the viewer, and I don't know how to restrain myself about it. (*He is all worked up and looks again at the judge, who looks even more sympathetic than before.*) It is absurd and it is insulting to the original maker of the picture, but aside from that it hurts the audience's appreciation of what could have been a wonderful experience. It is chopped up. Diverted. Diffused. Is that sufficient? Does that answer your question?

JUDGE KLEIN (*gently sympathetic and knowledgeable*): Well, would your answer be the same, sir, if there were only four interruptions?

KAZAN (*still hotheaded*): Yes, it would, if the interruptions weren't placed carefully and weren't reckoned in the original plan. I would still think that the effect would be harmful unless the interruptions had been planned for, unless the film was planned to allow a break, but even at that I would say it is harmful. (*Looks at the judge.*) I can't take any attitude but this, Judge. I still think it would be harmful, because your interest has hopefully been caught up in a human drama, in the fate of certain human beings, and then you are forced to watch something about beer or brassières or soap, or something else. It can't be anything but harmful. I am against it altogether.

JUDGE KLEIN (*still gently sympathetic*): Have you had any of *your* pictures done on television?

KAZAN: I sure have! A picture of mine—

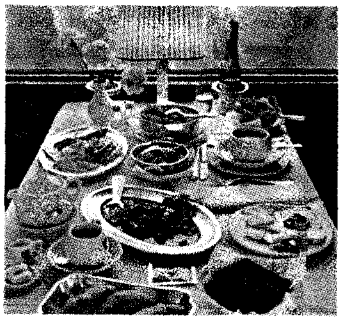
JUDGE KLEIN (*interrupting enthusiastically*): "East of Eden"?

KAZAN: "East of Eden" was done. "On the Waterfront" was done. There were five or six interruptions for commercials after the first reel, and somewhere—I turned the picture off about a third of the way through; I was embarrassed and humiliated by what had

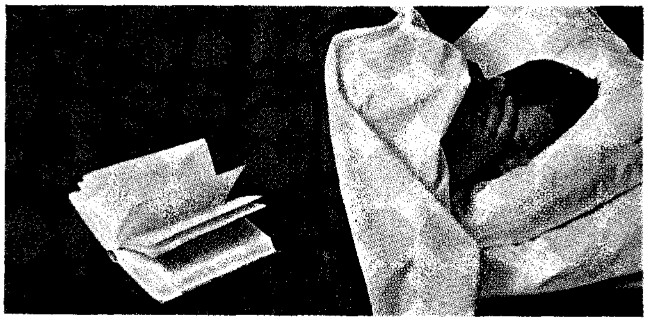
Europe by train.

Read on and discover how the most unusual trains you've ever seen have made the railway the real way for you to see Europe.

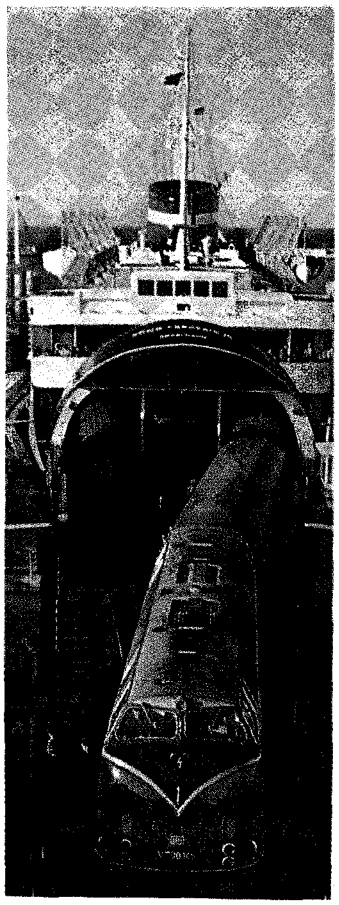
TEE (Trans Europ Express) trains like this seem to be made of glass. They're definitely made for sightseeing. And for comfort. As they whisk you straight to the heart of more than 90 major European cities, you can relax in quiet, spacious compartments...speed across borders as easily as you speed across the countryside (customs officials come right on board). Because European trains are fast, frequent and punctual, there's no better way to see more of Europe. And no more economical way than to take advantage of the many low-cost plans now offered by Europe's railroads—including the convenient Eurailpass.



Dine on native dishes that change as often as the sights. Sauerbraten today. Osso bucco tomorrow. And don't forget the different wines, which a multilingual stewardess will be happy to help you select.



After a restful night in a commodious sleeper, wake up to the sight of a new day, a new country. And enjoy breakfast in bed.



Only in Europe can you sail the waters and scale the heights —by train. To cross from Germany to Denmark (and vice versa), trains climb right into a waiting ship. In Switzerland, they climb straight up the mountains to show what you could never see from behind a windshield or above the clouds.

© 1966 Conference of European Railroad Representatives

Can a little DIVINA shoe from Italy sweetwalk you all around America? Find out right now at:

B. Altman & Co., New York; Famous-Barr, St. Louis Jordan Marsh, Florida; Maas Bros., Florida; Vogue Shoes, Houston; Gus Blass, Little Rock; Levy's Memphis; May Company, Los Angeles; Hess & Sons Baltimore; Bally, San Francisco; Thayer-McNeil Chicago, New England, Florida; Nordstroms, Seattle Portland; Denver Dry Goods Company, Denver.

Wouldn't you like to be in our shoes? Most of America is. International Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63166 DiVina Footwear, Inc. (Subsidiary)

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been done—but somewhere, before I left, there was a commercial very much like the scene that had been on just before the commercial, so for one split second, I imagined, an innocent viewer would think that is part of the picture, and I just stopped looking at the film. (*He looks hurt. Cut to the judge, who is giving a couple of sympathetic clucks. Cut to Preminger, who looks patient.*)

Judge Klein: Didn't you think that something like that might happen, sir, if you agreed to have your picture shown on television?

Kazan (*hotly*): I never *did* agree. I never was consulted or never did agree to it.

Judge Klein (*looking rather scholarly*): All right, go ahead. (*He nods at Schwartz.*)

Schwartz (*satisfied*): Your witness, Mr. Lane. (*Lane gets to his feet and takes a step forward, slowly.*)

Lane: Mr. Kazan, did you see the picture "Anatomy of a Murder" on TV?

Kazan: No, I didn't.

Lane: Did you see it when it played in the theatre?

Kazan: Yes, I did.

Lane (*looking unimpressed by the witness*): That was when—in 1959?

Kazan: Whenever it came out—shortly after it came out.

Lane: Would you say this film can't be cut because it is unique?

Kazan (*seemingly just as unimpressed by Lane*): Would I say it can't be cut because it is unique? No, I wouldn't phrase it that way. I would say that the director of the picture cut it as it should be cut, and it should be left alone.

Lane: Would you say that this picture is unusually suspenseful?

Kazan: Yes.

Lane: Would you say that it has an unusual dramatic quality?

Kazan: Yes, I would.

Lane: Are you familiar with the novel?

Kazan: No.

Lane (*putting his hands in his pockets, in his turn*): In your opinion, could the novel on which this picture is based—could that be cut without any material damage?

Schwartz (*leaping to his feet*): I object, Your Honor! If I can't question theatre interruptions, I wonder why Mr. Lane can question about novels!

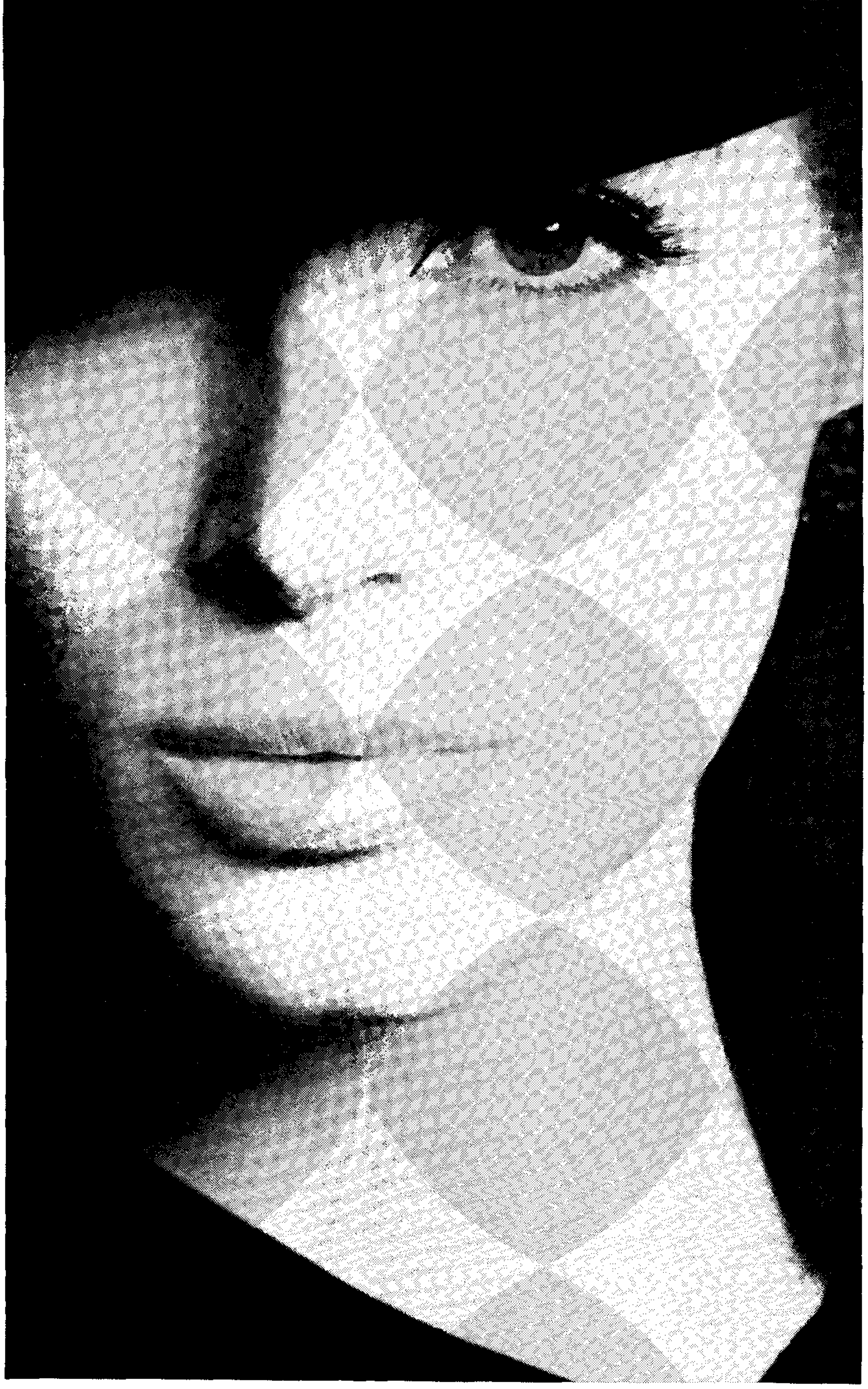
Lane: This is cross-examination, Your Honor. It is a little different.

Judge Klein: Not that different, but I will permit it. (*He gives an uncovered yawn.*)

Kazan: I don't understand the ques-

HOW YOUNG? How young does your complexion say? . . . Replenish the precious moisture and natural oils that keep a complexion young. Search out the promise of lavish lubricants and super moisturizers which bring continued improvement a hundred ways. Do all of this, and more, with the high-potency, sustained-action formula that loses itself in your skin, to endow you with beauty beyond price . . . **SOURCE OF BEAUTY CREAM**

Frances Denney

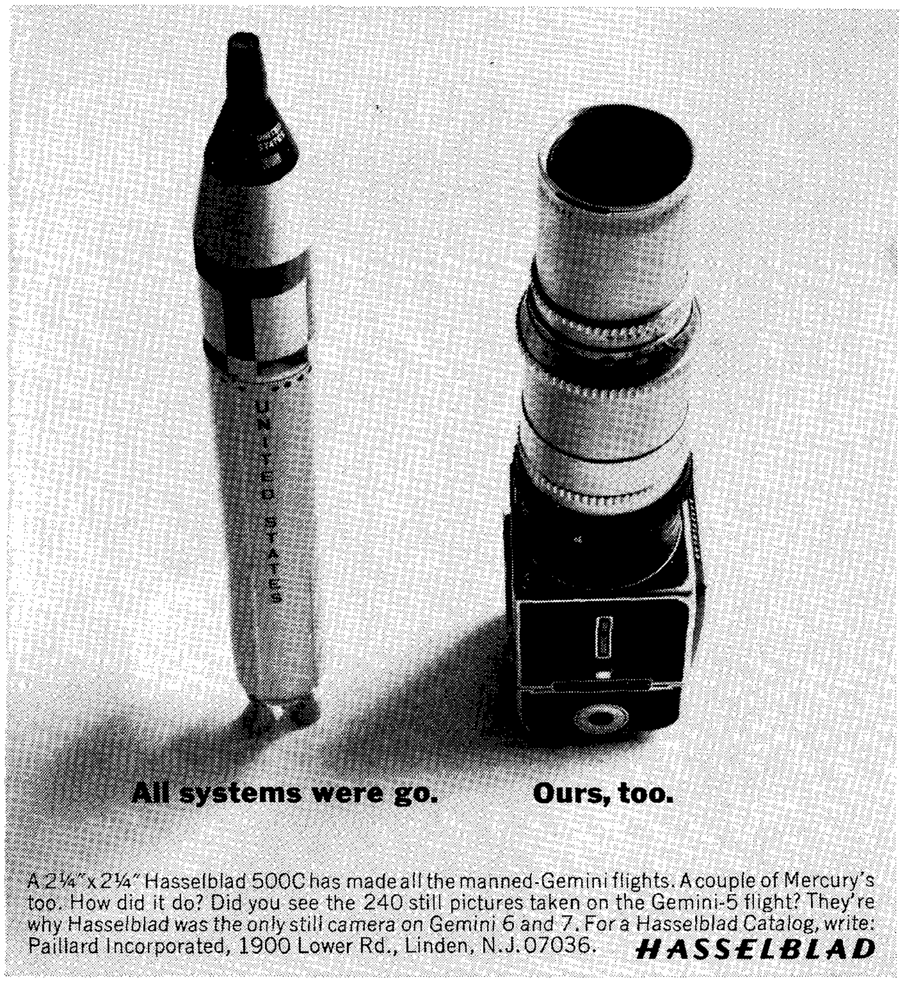


A good package should carry products—and ideas. It should give pause to the passer-by. And help move the goods. The Mead Cluster-Pak® does just that. (The very place for your next advertising campaign!) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
packaging

A beer carton should do more than carry cans

Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation Dayton, Ohio



A 2¼"x2¼" Hasselblad 500C has made all the manned-Gemini flights. A couple of Mercury's too. How did it do? Did you see the 240 still pictures taken on the Gemini-5 flight? They're why Hasselblad was the only still camera on Gemini 6 and 7. For a Hasselblad Catalog, write: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036.

HASSELBLAD

tion. I didn't *read* the book. (*Everybody except Lane laughs.*)

Lane: I don't see anything funny about this, Your Honor.

Kazan (*smiling broadly*): It is very funny, I think. You asked me—

Judge Klein (*motioning to Kazan to keep quiet*): All right. Please.

Kazan (*grinning*): I am sorry.

Judge Klein: *I* am the director here! Not you, sir! (*Looks at Kazan sternly but in such a way as to indicate that he's only kidding.*) *You* answer the questions!

Lane (*angrily*): I asked if in your opinion could any of the passages of the novel be cut—

Kazan: But I didn't read the novel!

Lane (*angrily trying to finish his question*): —without any material damage?

Kazan (*stubbornly*): I didn't read the novel.

Lane: Your opinion is a subjective one, is it not? This is your own opinion?

Kazan: Yes, it is mine, yes.

Lane: Could other directors or producers have a different opinion insofar as this picture is concerned?

Kazan (*coldly*): Could they? Yes, they could.

Lane: And isn't it possible?

Kazan: I doubt it, but they could, yes.

Lane: It is possible they could disagree with you with reference to any cuts in this picture?

Kazan (*mechanically, and a bit in the manner of Marlon Brando*): It is possible, yes.

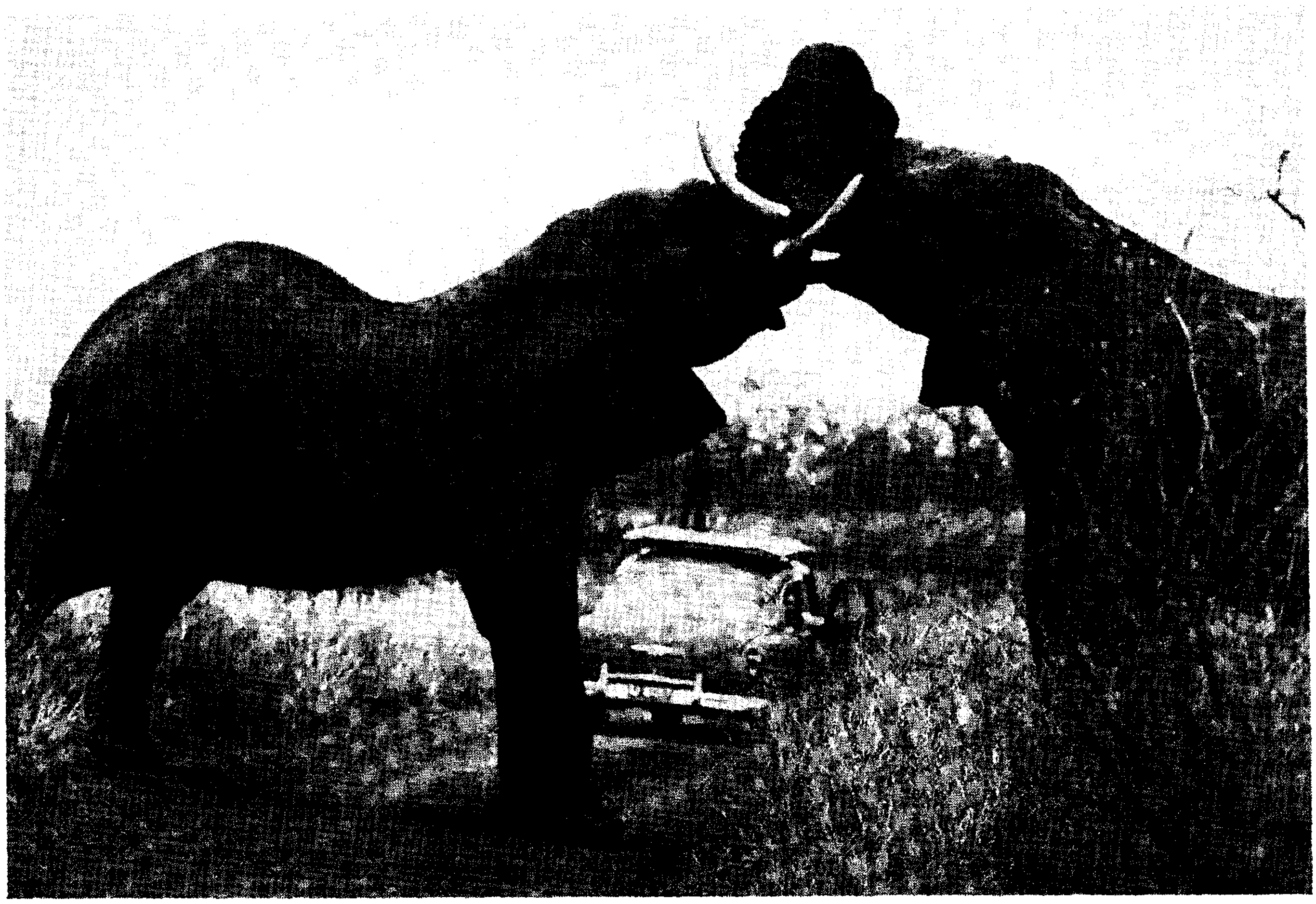
Lane: You say that nothing in that picture could be withdrawn, could be deleted, without materially damaging the picture?

Kazan: Yes. The picture had a strong effect on me, and I think the effect of a picture is due, among other things, very largely to its editing. I had to feel that if it had an effect on me, without knowing the details, that the editing was right. I wouldn't like anyone to touch it. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Preminger, his hands intertwined in his lap, is seated in the witness chair, hunched forward slightly, and looking happy for the first time in the course of the trial.

Schwartz (*standing, holding his charcoal-rimmed eyeglasses and biting on one of the stems*): Can you tell the Court, briefly, of your educational background and your early experience in the theatre?

Preminger (*happily*): Well, from the age of nine years old I wanted to



Come where the elephants, giraffes, klipspringers, and tsessebes play. There's no other playground like it.

Fly South African Airways to Johannesburg. Tour by Sarbus.

Hop on a Boeing 707 Stratojet and hold your breath. You're on your way to the breathless excitement of South Africa... To the primitive wilds of an unspoiled vacationland where you can photograph the lion, the rhino, the leopard, the elephant running free and untamed.

When you've had your fill of jungle life, head for Durban. Plop yourself down on a lazy beach. Or take in the scenic beauty of Cape Town's mountain backdrop. Or the vibrant sophistication of Johannesburg.

You'll see exotic flowers and soaring hotels. Blood-stirring tribal dances. Gold mines 11,000 feet below Johannesburg's fashionable shopping centers.

When you fly South African Airways' superb Boeing 707 Stratojets to South Africa from Europe, you pay little or no extra fare for stopovers in Europe's finest cities.

South African Railways operate a vast network of modern rail, air, and motor coach services.

And when you tour by Sarbus — South African Railways' comfortable motor coaches — you'll see this incredible land through the eyes of people who know it best. Who take great pride and pleasure in showing it off.

Talk to your Travel Agent. He'll tell you about this unique land of wealth, sun, beauty, and the fastest growing economy in the world. He'll also tell you the price of a super South African vacation for you and your family. It's much less than you think. And more fun than you ever thought.

Or write to Dept. NY12, SAA/SAR in New York for more detailed information and brochures.

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
3 EAST 48 ST., NEW YORK CITY (212) 421-6477
323 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO (415) 392-9023
SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS
655 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C. (212) 838-1700

Saks Fifth Avenue

OUR TASSEL-ZIPPED ROBE IN AWNING-BRIGHT STRIPES, $15

Brilliant way to greet the morn or end the day—our multicolored lounger of polished cotton, patch-pocketed for little portables and zip-closed with a window-shade tassel. In petite, small, medium or large sizes. Young Elite® Robes. Mail and phone orders filled.

be an actor. I became an actor in Max Reinhardt's Vienna Theatre at the age of seventeen. My father was at one time the Attorney General for the Austrian Empire and later on a lawyer, and he was very unhappy about this choice, and as an accommodation—

Judge Klein (*straining to miss not a word*): About his choice or *your* choice?

Preminger: About *my* choice. And as an accommodation to him I agreed to finish some kind of studies, and because he was a lawyer, I studied law, and at the age of twenty—between twenty and twenty-one—I became a Doctor of Law of the University of Vienna, but I never practiced law. As a matter of fact (*laughing*), by that time I had given up acting and I had my own theatre as a director, and eventually, before I came to the United States, in 1935, I had taken over Max Reinhardt's theatre in Vienna and ran it as a manager-producer and director, and in 1935 I came to the United States, directed one stage play, and had a contract to go to Hollywood with Twentieth Century-Fox, where I started to make motion pictures.

Schwartz: When you made "Anatomy of a Murder," under the contract which you have before you as Exhibit 1, did you make it in such a way that parts could be eliminated from it without affecting its quality?

Lane (*jumping to his feet*): Well—

Preminger (*quickly answering, talking through Lane*): No!

Lane: I object!

Judge Klein: Just a minute!

Lane (*petulantly*): I move to strike that. I object to the question as calling for a conclusion!

Judge Klein: Overruled. The answer is no.

Schwartz: Did you make "Anatomy of a Murder" in such a way that it could be interrupted—

Preminger (*impatiently talking through his own attorney*): No!

Schwartz (*patiently finishing his question anyway*): —for commercials or for any other purpose, without affecting its quality?

Preminger (*loudly, assertively*): No!

Lane (*on his feet again*): Same objection, Your Honor.

Judge Klein (*quickly*): Overruled. (*Looks at Preminger with anticipation.*)

Preminger (*smoothly*): No.

Judge Klein (*looking as though he were trying to conceal his own amusement*): May I suggest, Mr. Preminger, that you don't answer a question if you see Mr. Lane getting up to make an objection. It takes him a long time to get up. (*Smiles at Lane.*) If you get up a little faster, you might prevent his answering.

Preminger (*trying to look sorry*): I will wait.

Schwartz (*hands in pockets, glasses on*): Now, you have already testified, Mr. Preminger, who it was that determined the final form and content of a picture when the picture was made at a studio by a salaried producer and director. Now, turning to the pictures which you have made as an independent producer, who in each case has determined the form and the content in which the picture was released by the distributor?

Lane (*quickly on his feet*): Objection to that, Your Honor. It has nothing to do with the issues in this case—not relevant.

Judge Klein: Well—

Lane (*talking fast*): We have one contract in this case and that is the "Anatomy of a Murder" contract, and I think that any question should be directed to that.

Judge Klein (*taking off his glasses, covering up a yawn, and shaking his head*): I don't know where this is leading to or what the purpose is, but I have assured both you gentlemen that there may be much irrelevant, immaterial matter that is in evidence here, but when I review this, the testimony, as well as the exhibits, I will disregard anything along that line. I am sure you appreciate, Mr. Lane, we don't have a jury here, and therefore we don't have to be as careful about that. I am familiar with the rules, and while I will say I would be tempted to sustain your objection at this point, I do want to get in as much as possible, in the event the appellate court might want to review these proceedings. So I will permit it. (*Nods to Schwartz.*) Go ahead.

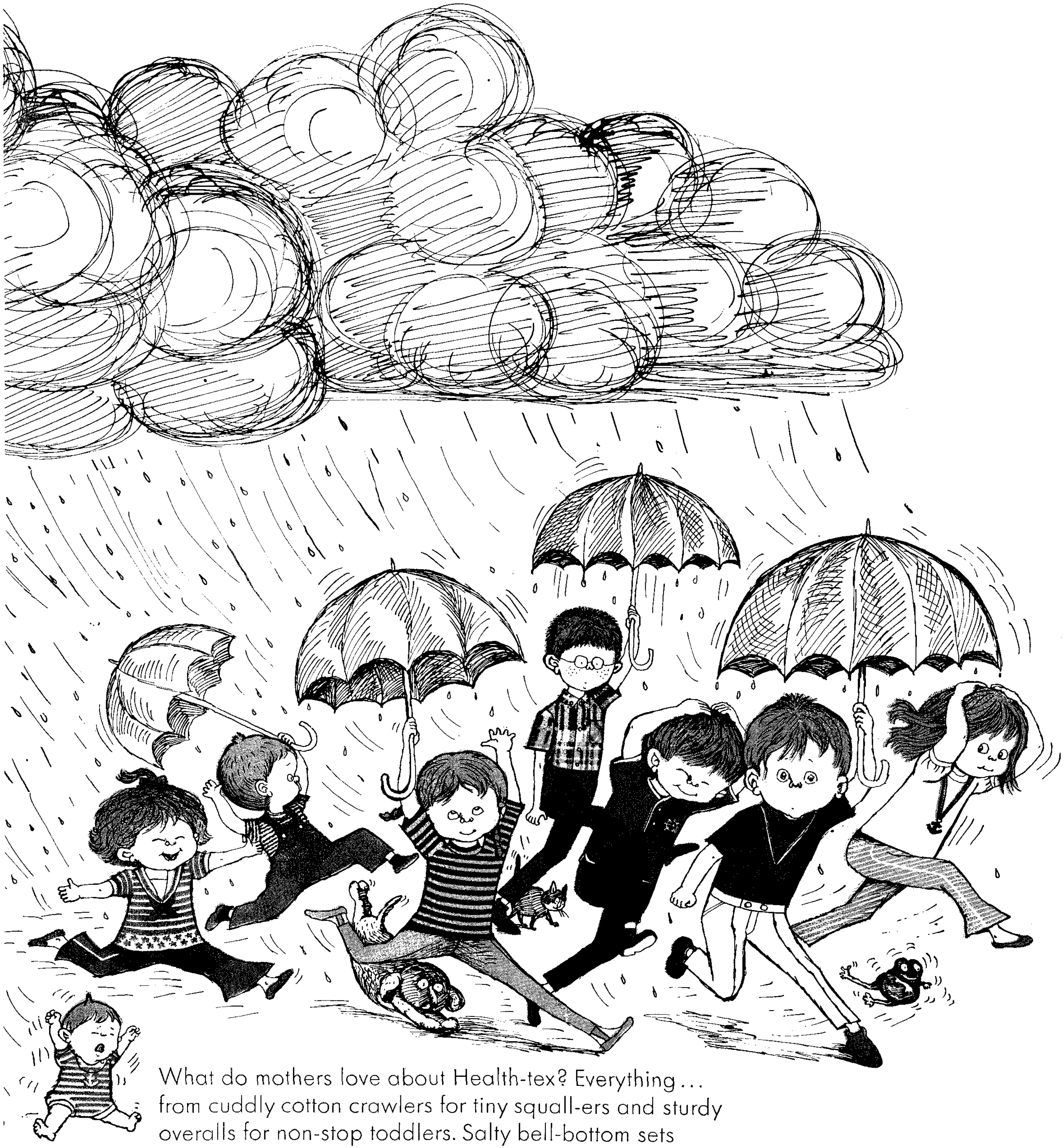
Schwartz: Do you have the question in mind, Mr. Preminger?

Preminger: Yes. In the very first independent picture that I made, "The Moon Is Blue," I obtained what I consider the real—only real—achievement of my career. (*He pauses, and then emphasizes each of his next words carefully.*) The final-cutting-and-editing clause—that means the right to determine the way the picture will be presented to audiences all over the world. (*Schwartz hunts around on his table among stacks of papers and folders, looking for something. In the lull, Judge Klein leans over to Premin-*

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

What makes it rain?

Rain starts in a cloud, high up in the sky. Clouds are made of trillions and trillions of water droplets, tiny and light enough to float. When clouds get very cold, the water droplets freeze and get so heavy they can't float anymore. Then they fall out of the cloud and melt on the way down to earth. That's what makes it rain.



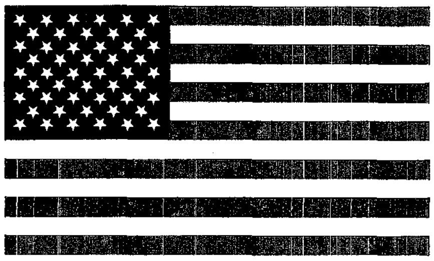
What do mothers love about Health-tex? Everything... from cuddly cotton crawlers for tiny squall-ers and sturdy overalls for non-stop toddlers. Salty bell-bottom sets for smart girls, sporty shirts and slacks for busy boys. In sizes 6 months to 8 years, all washable. Some permanent-pressed to never need ironing, as many styles as there are raindrops, more colors than a rainbow. First come children, then comes Health-tex.

Health-tex®
STANTOGS

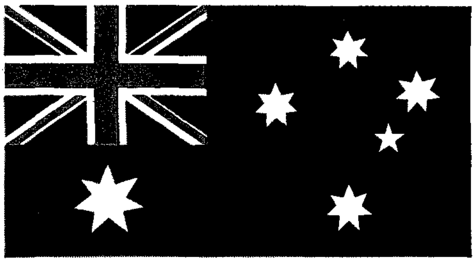
A product of the **Standard Romper Co., Inc.**
130 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

WE SPECIALIZE

HAWAII

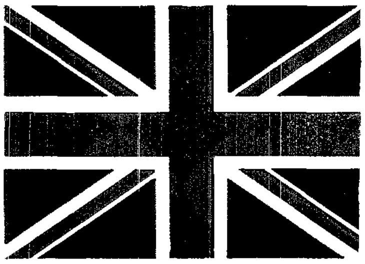


PH



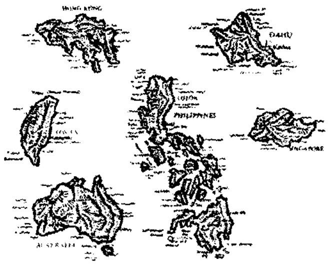
AUSTRALI

HONG KONG

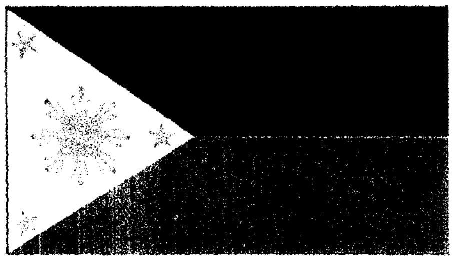


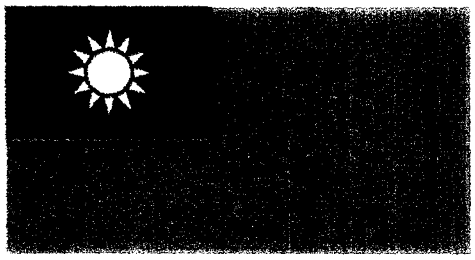
It keeps us pretty busy. Just as we're about to take off in San Francisco, we're landing in Hong Kong, circling over Manila, approaching Zamboanga, serving cocktails above Singapore, fastening seat belts in Sydney, showing movies on the way to Hawaii, and taxiing in to Taipei. Naturally, all this constant hopping

IN ISLANDS:

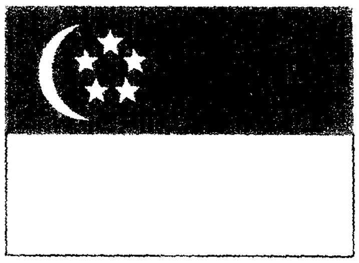

HONG KONG
OAHU
LUZON
PHILIPPINES
SINGAPORE
AUSTRALIA

ILIPPINES



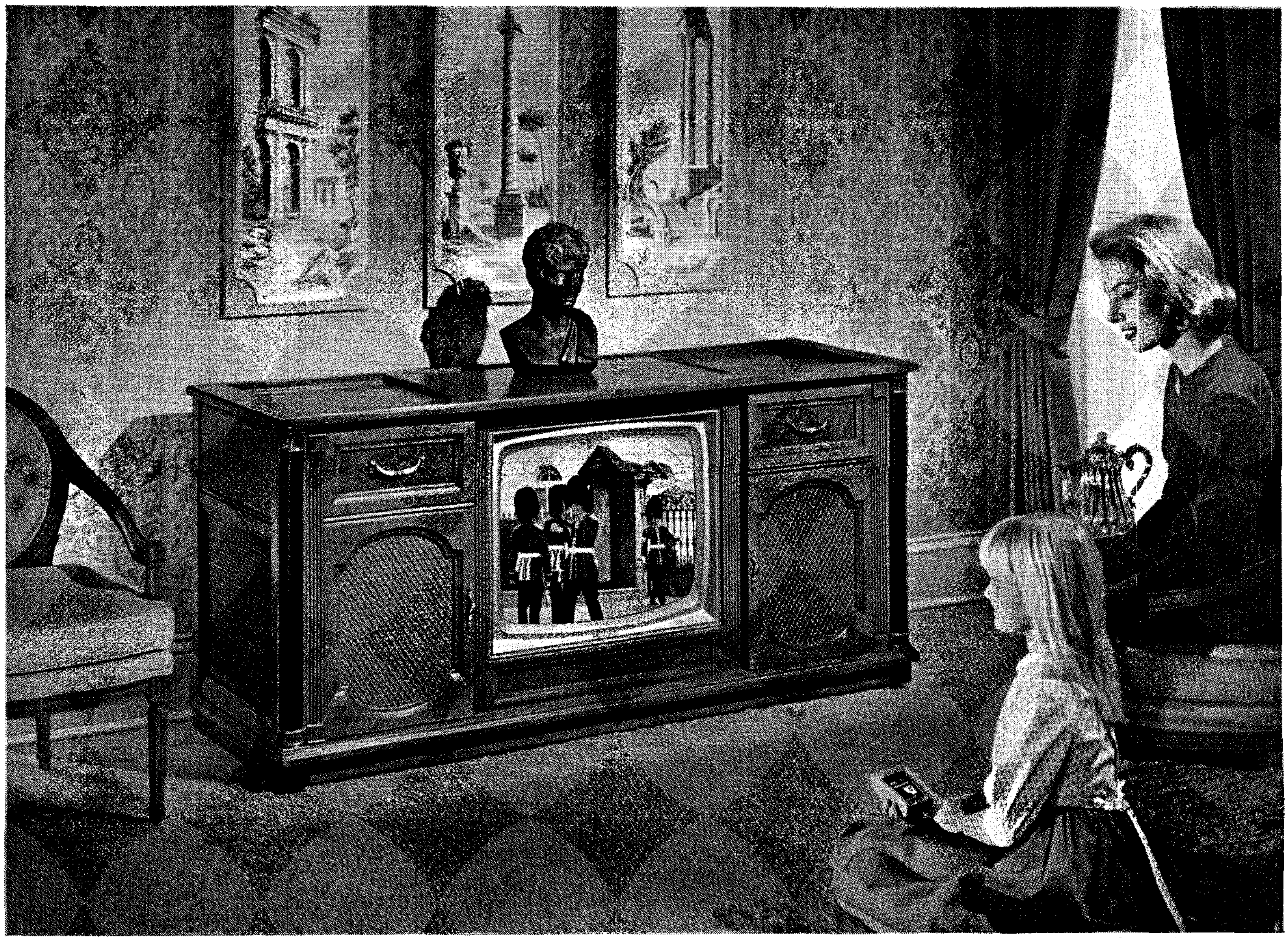
A  TAIWAN

SINGAPORE



around requires special kinds of planes. So we use sophisticated short-range jets for the short hauls. And for the long ones: the longest-range jets in the air today. Luxurious DC-8 fan-jets. One more thing: our service is special too. Elegant but personal. You'll know right away that you're flying on a different plane.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



Model 562 Color Stereo Theatre with rectangular 295 sq. in. screen, sliding doors, in Walnut and Pecan.

Only Magnavox brings you brilliant color... automatically... and truly superb stereo for the full beauty of music.

MAGNA-COLOR, the years-ahead color TV . . . offers the advanced features you want *now*. Only Magnavox has Automatic Color, which gives you the most perfect color pictures, and keeps them true . . . without any manual fine tuning. Brilliant Color for the most vivid, natural color ever. Chromatone adds depth and dimension to color, warm beauty to black and white pictures. Quick-On so your Magna-Color flashes to life in just seconds.

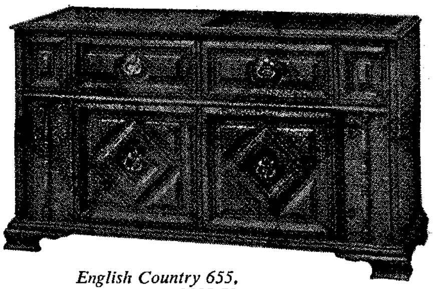
ASTRO-SONIC STEREO re-creates music flawlessly . . . gives you superb high-fidelity sound on TV, as well as on stereo FM/AM radio and records. Advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes for highest efficiency, lasting reliability. **TOTAL REMOTE CONTROL** lets you select channels, change records, and perform other control functions—*without leaving your chair.*

And every authentic style is a furniture masterpiece you will admire and enjoy for years.

Contemporary 524, Walnut, with remote control. Only **$650.**

Select from a wide variety of elegant styles sold *direct* through Magnavox franchised dealers (Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Console radio-phonographs from only **$198.50.** Portable TV from less than **$90.**

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



English Country 655, Maple. Only **$398.50.**

ger. In closeup, he talks very, very quietly to him.)

Judge Klein (*confidingly*): You know, I once was an actor, too. I was an extra in Max Reinhardt's production of "The Miracle" in New York, in 1924. I carried a spear.

Preminger (*in the same confiding manner*): And I was a nun in Max Reinhardt's Salzburg Festival production of "The Miracle." I was really the assistant director, but I played a nun besides.

Schwartz (*consulting notes*): When, Mr. Preminger, was the first time you learned that Columbia and Screen Gems were planning to distribute "Anatomy of a Murder" on television?

Preminger: In June, 1964.

Schwartz: And where were you at the time?

Preminger: I was in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Schwartz: And what were you doing there?

Preminger: I was directing a picture called "In Harm's Way."

Schwartz: And how did you learn of this fact of Columbia's plans?

Preminger: I learned it from a group ad inserted by Screen Gems in the weekly *Variety*, a trade paper that appears in New York.

Schwartz: After you learned of this, what did you do?

Preminger: I immediately called Mr. Leo Jaffe [Executive Vice-President at Columbia] in New York.

Schwartz (*to Cooper*): Will you please hand Exhibit 18 to Mr. Preminger? (*Cooper hands Preminger a sheet of paper.*) Does Exhibit 18, Mr. Preminger, assist you in determining the date on which you called Mr. Jaffe?

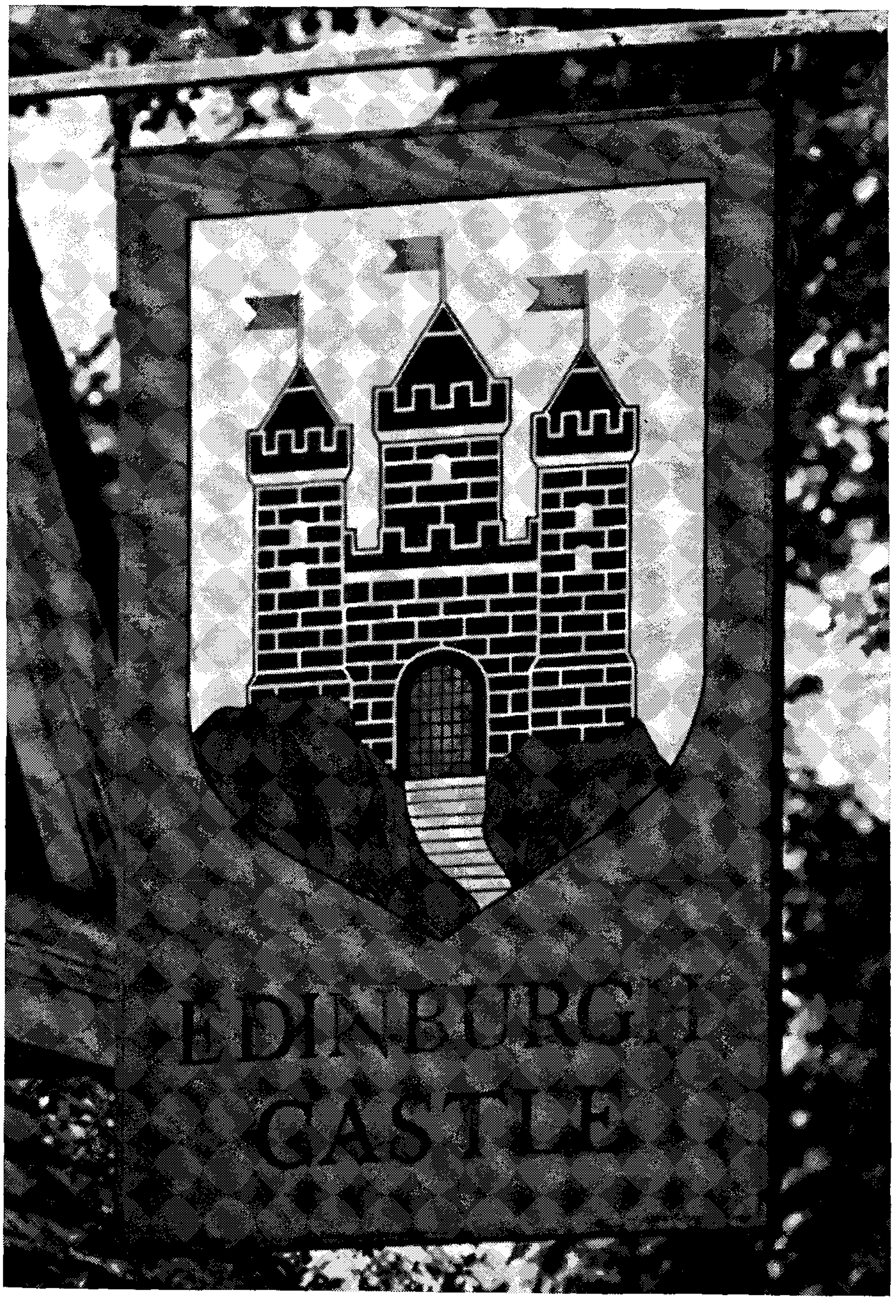
Preminger (*reading the paper*): Yes. It was the day before this letter was dictated and sent by me.

Schwartz: And what was that date?

Preminger: June 8, 1964.

Schwartz: Can you tell the Court, as best you now recall it, what you said to Mr. Jaffe in this telephone conversation, and what he said to you?

Preminger: I said to Mr. Jaffe that I was shocked by this ad, which was in many ways a violation of my contract, because we had agreed that no ads which refer to my pictures could ever be inserted into any paper without being submitted for approval first. I finally pointed out that if they really wanted to put the picture on television, they had the duty to consult with me first, and that I strenuously objected,



Ordinary sign.

A man's ordinary was also his castle in eighteenth-century Williamsburg. At least it was to John Burdette who ran a tavern near the Capitol, where citizens of the Virginia colony relaxed and discussed the affairs of that turbulent era. In Colonial Williamsburg today the sign, the ordinary, the Capitol, are part of an entire community that speaks eloquently of America's historic heritage. Come see. When you come, enjoy the comfort and convenience of the Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for meaningful little things, such as this sign, along the lovely streets of yesterday.

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $20 double. The Lodge, from $12 double. Colonial Houses, from $13 double. The Motor House, $14 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or dial Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Westchester County for Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Baltimore, Enterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

The roast dried. The soufflé sank.
The asparagus burned.
And the maid quit.

QUICK! SET THE TABLE
WITH MINTON JUBILEE
and nobody will notice.

Place setting $42.50. Other Minton $13.75 to $250. May
we send you a color brochure of Minton patterns?
Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010
The world's most beautiful china MINTON English Bone China

TECHBUILT GOES TROPICAL

First it was the choice of New England's seashore sailing buffs. Then the darling of New Hampshire's ski set. Last year the Swiss Alpinists imported it as their very own. Now it's sprouting up all over the lush Caribbean Isles, with franchised builders in Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. None other than the famed modular Techbuilt Vacation Home—deftly adapted for leisurely Trade Wind living in the new St. Croix model. But still featuring flexible (rooms-where-you-want-them) interiors, wood or steel exteriors, panoramic floor-to-sky windows, optional year-round insulation, and that famous Techbuilt *look.*

For photo-and-floor-plan-filled brochure, send 25¢ to Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. N26, Box 193, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. It describes Techbuilt models suitable for every clime and locale.

TECHBUILT® Vacation Homes

for several reasons, that the picture should be exhibited on television so soon after its original release, and without the benefit of a theatrical reissue. (*Cut to the court buff, who is quietly, and without taking his gaze from the witness, unwrapping a ham-on-white sandwich in his lap. He takes a surreptitious bite, chewing silently. No one seems to notice him.*)

SCHWARTZ: Now, can you tell us what Mr. Jaffe replied to you?

PREMINGER: Mr. Jaffe told me that he was not familiar with this ad or with the intentions of Screen Gems; that I would—that *he* would look into it; that if it were true that they intended to release it on television without consulting with me, I had—and I remember the word, because I never used it and he used it several times in this case, and I quote the word—I certainly had a serious grievance. He promised to immediately get in touch with the executives of Screen Gems and, if they had any plans, to stop them. I must admit that I got very excited during this conversation, and Mr. Jaffe assured me that he would do everything in the world to give me satisfaction and to let me know what happened. (*Cut to the sandwich-eater again and then back to the witness, Schwartz, and the judge.*)

SCHWARTZ: In this conversation, did Mr. Jaffe say to you, in words or substance, that "Anatomy of a Murder" had already been sold for television?

PREMINGER: No.

SCHWARTZ: Did he tell you, in words or substance, that Screen Gems had given the television stations the right to cut the picture or make eliminations from it?

PREMINGER: No.

SCHWARTZ: Did he tell you, in words or substance (*making the most of this particular legal rhythm*), that Screen Gems had given the television stations the right to interrupt the picture for commercials?

PREMINGER: No.

SCHWARTZ: Did he tell you, in words or substance . . . (*Voice fades. Cut to the clock, which goes ahead an hour or so. Back to Schwartz.*)

SCHWARTZ: Mr. Preminger, does the phrase "final cutting and editing" have an accepted meaning in the motion-picture industry?

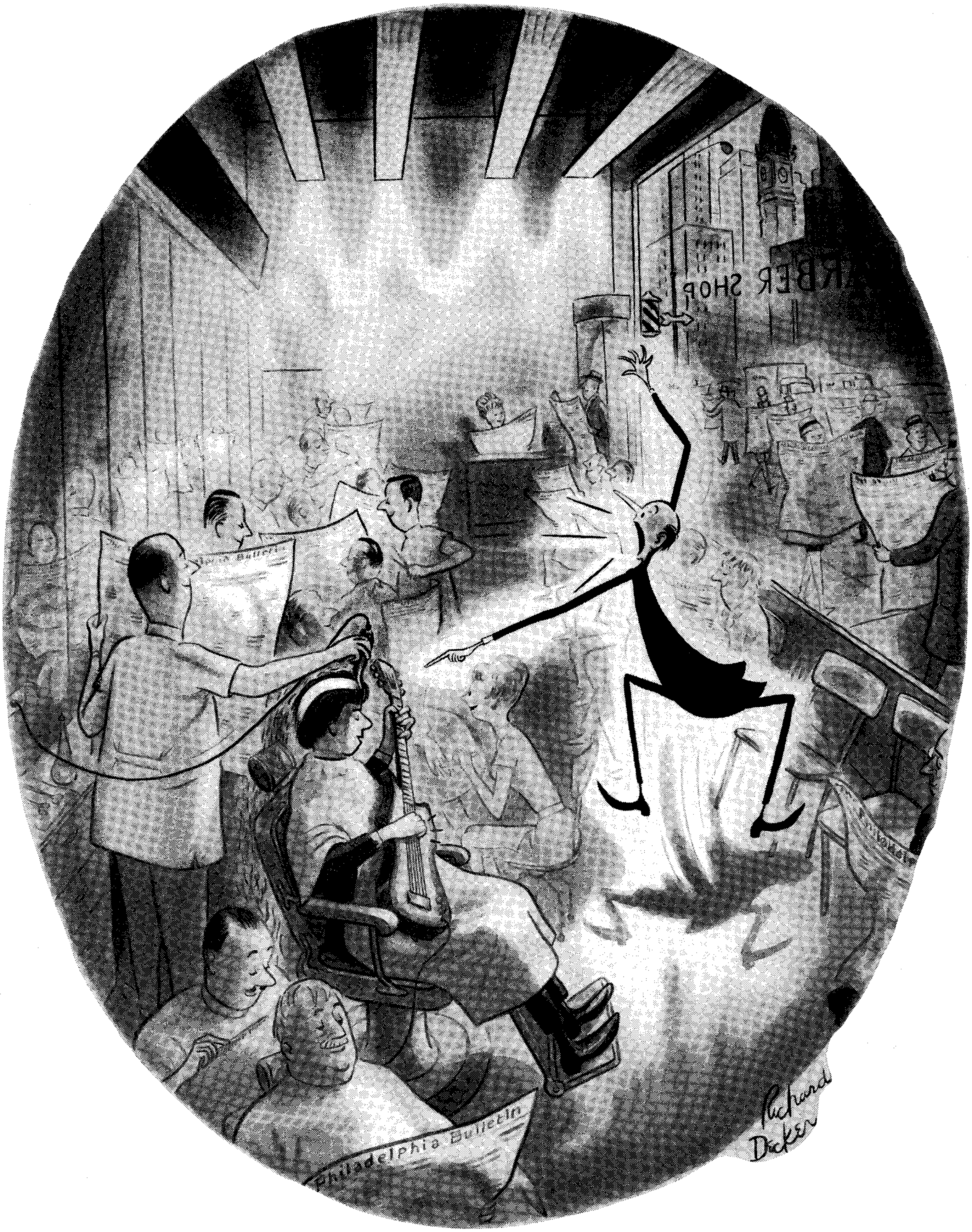
PREMINGER: The phrase "final cutting and editing" . . .

LANE (*on his feet*): Your Honor, I will have to object.

SCHWARTZ (*quickly*): Answer that question yes or no, if you can.

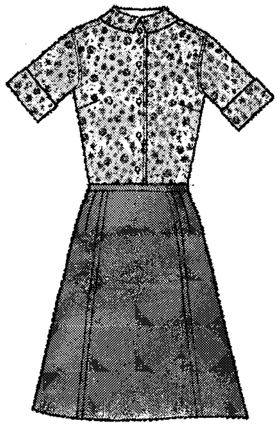
PREMINGER: Yes.

SCHWARTZ: Could you tell us what


ARBER SHOP
Philadelphia Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads THE BULLETIN

(Advertisement)



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

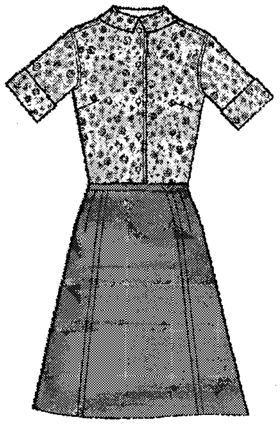
vernal

Improbable though it may seem, the vernal equinox is approaching, and Spring will come. At least, it always has before. The cotton roll-sleeved shirt is prepared, in a monotone print of small roses and daisies. Fern Green, Buttercup, Sky Blue, Coral. At nicer stores. 7 to 15. Shirt about $7.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1966, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



preparation

The gentle skirt goes with it, matching precisely its hopeful colors, in a soft dense heathery weave of cotton and acetate. It matches a variety of other LADYBUG® shirts and sweaters, too. Coral, Sky Blue, Buttercup, Fern Green, Shell Pink, Suntan. Write for your nearest LADYBUG® shopkeeper. 5 to 15. Skirt about $12.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

is the meaning of that term "final cutting and editing," in the motion-picture industry?

LANE (*up again*): As the witness understands it, is that correct?

JUDGE KLEIN: Obviously, that is all he *can* tell us. His understanding.

PREMINGER (*with the air of a little boy whose honor has been defended*): The phrase "final cutting and editing" means that the person who has the right to the final cutting and editing determines the final form and content of the motion picture as it is to be exhibited by the distributor of the motion picture. Nobody can cut or add or change the sequence, or anything, in this motion picture after the right of the final cutting and editing has been executed. This applies to the showing of the picture in theatres, on television—

LANE (*standing*): Objection to that, Your Honor!

PREMINGER (*not paying any attention to Lane and continuing to talk*): —in homes, sixteen-millimetre.

LANE (*shouting*): Objection! I move to strike it! He was asked about *in the motion-picture industry*. Now Mr. Preminger is volunteering about television and everything else.

JUDGE KLEIN: This is *his* understanding of what the term *means*. He says it applies to all forms of exhibition, regardless of where.

LANE: The question was, I believe, restricted to the motion-picture industry.

JUDGE KLEIN: I don't recall that it was at all.

SCHWARTZ (*agreeably*): No, sir.

LANE: Could we have the question, then?

SCHWARTZ: What is the meaning of the term?

PREMINGER (*impatient to talk*): May I continue?

JUDGE KLEIN: Go ahead.

PREMINGER: It is—in my opinion, there is no question that only one version of the motion picture exists, and that is the version that has been delivered or released by the person or the people who have the right to the final cutting and editing. In *my* contract, this right is qualified in one point.

SCHWARTZ (*indulgently*): You are going beyond my question.

PREMINGER: I am sorry.

SCHWARTZ: Have you finished your answer to my question of what the term "final cutting and editing" means?

PREMINGER: Yes.

JUDGE KLEIN: Excuse me a minute. Let me ask him at this point: You say

THE EYES HAVE IT!

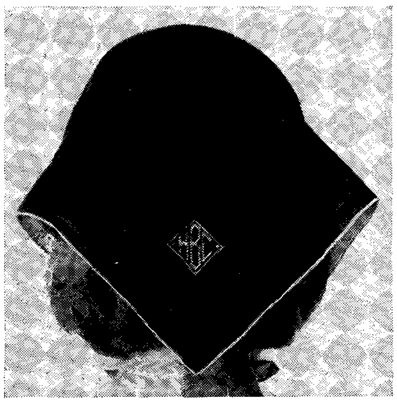
And no wonder. The *Arlington* is worth looking into. You can swim, or golf, or fish, or anything else your heart desires... all as a guest of the *Arlington.*

Or you can just relax after a healthful Thermal Bath. *The choice is yours.*

EDGAR A. MAY, Manager
Phone Area 501-NA 3-7771
THE ARLINGTON HOTEL
FOUNTAIN PLACE
Hot Springs Nat'l Park, Arkansas

Bachrach
First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey



Hand-monogrammed kerchief conceals hair in rollers, protects from wind. Sheer cotton with white hand-rolled hem and 3 letter monogram. 24" x 24": Navy, red, copen blue, yellow, black, beige, white, purple, turquoise, jungle green, orange or rose. Underline initial of last name. $3.95 ppd. Write for free brochure.

VILLARI HANDKERCHIEF CO.
Y-219, 280 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10016

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

ST. JAMES GENERAL STORE
RALLY

Sure of their course...

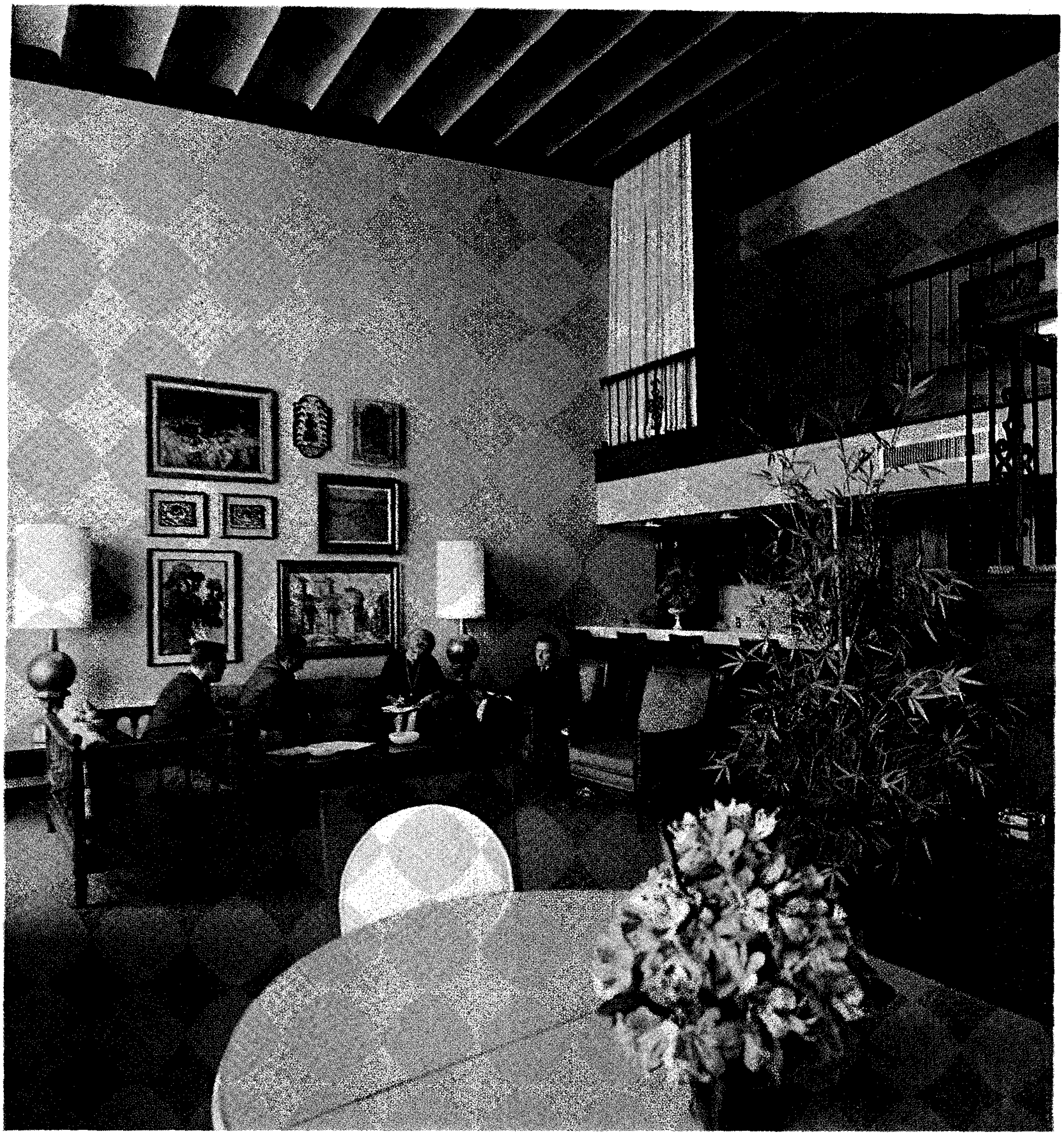
Successful young executives chart their financial progress more accurately with the aid of First National City Bank personal planning services.

We supervise a growth-oriented investment portfolio for this talented young husband-and-wife team. They're on their way—sure of their career and financial course!

No matter at what stage of *your* career, it's reassuring to know that First National City's experienced trust and investment officers are watching over your personal interests. The range of our modern money management services appeal strongly to vital people of all ages! No doubt about it—a major national bank *is* the logical place to go for help. *Here* indeed are the facilities, and keenly interested *people* to handle your money and property in a world of change. Our investment supervision starts with accounts of modest amounts.

New booklet tells the story. Investors are finding our booklet, "NEW DIRECTIONS IN PERSONAL INVESTING," helpful and informative. A copy is *yours* for the asking. Why not write or call (212) 559-0191 for booklet F-20 now?

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRUST AND INVESTMENT DIVISION • 399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



None of the comforts of home.

We admit it. The Marriott is not the place for the everyday, homespun virtues. The Marriott is for red-letter days . . . for service, food, those touches of elegance that gladden the psyche. Party of two? Dine by candlelight (and *superbly,* we might add), relish the feeling that everything in the Marriott revolves around *you,* relax in spacious, custom-decorated comfort . . . the Dallas suite above, for example. Party of 3000? All Marriotts boast full convention facilities, with meeting rooms of all sizes . . . complete banquet accommodations . . . a trained convention staff enthused with the idea that their success depends on *your* success. Write for our brochure. Find out why husbands (and wives and children) leave home.

Marriott
Motor Hotel

This is living... this is **Marriott** MOTOR HOTELS

Washington, D. C. • Dallas • Philadelphia • Atlanta • Saddle Brook, N. J. ('66)
Write: National Sales Offices, Marriott Motor Hotel, Twin Bridges, Washington, D. C. 20001 or call 202/628-4200

this applies to showings on television as well?

PREMINGER (*vehemently*): Everywhere!

JUDGE KLEIN: Well, you know, do you not, sir, that when a movie is shown on television, there are commercials interspersed?

PREMINGER: There have also been showings in theatres for years—and they are less now—where people arbitrarily interrupted pictures and cut them. That doesn't mean that it is right.

JUDGE KLEIN: I am not interested in that.

PREMINGER: It is a malpractice on television that they do it.

JUDGE KLEIN: My question to you, since you are telling us your understanding of this term "final cut" that you say applies to any showing even if it is on television—

PREMINGER: Yes.

JUDGE KLEIN: The next question is: You know, do you not, that it is the practice to display or exhibit these films with commercials?

PREMINGER: With the permission or the tolerance of the people who have the final cutting and editing!

JUDGE KLEIN: In other words, it is your contention that that term means that even where it is shown on television, they have to come back to whomever they make the contract with—

PREMINGER (*talking through the judge with enthusiasm*): Right!

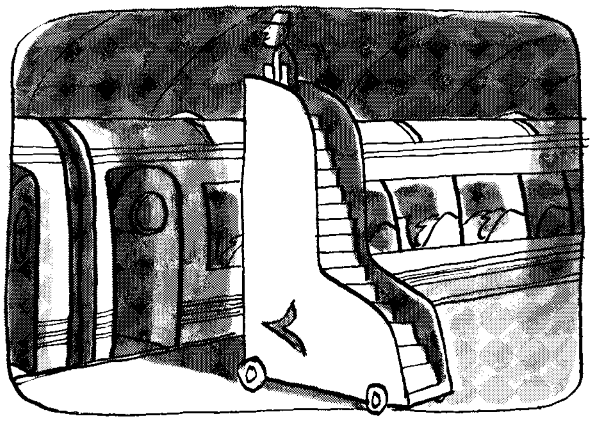
JUDGE KLEIN: —to determine where the commercials shall go. Is this your position?

PREMINGER: Either with their permission or with their tolerance. Without their objection.

JUDGE KLEIN (*looking thoughtful and yawning*): I think this might be a good point to suspend for lunch. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Gasner's Restaurant. A closeup of a plate of golden-yellow cheese blintzes, brown along the edges, with pure-red cherry preserves dripping from the top of each of three blintzes on the plate. The camera pans up from the food to the face of the eater, Judge Klein. He looks at the plate with joyous anticipation. Cut to three more plates of cheese blintzes. Pan up to the faces of Preminger, Schwartz, and Cooper. We hear some blintz music. There is a long shot of the tables in Gasner's, all crowded. The music subsides, and we hear a lot of talking, a clatter of dishes. One closeup after another, in quick succession, of plates of cheese blintzes—one plate, three

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



The Broadway Limited between New York and Chicago isn't a Wing-jet, a Jumpjet, a Speedjet or a Jetjet.

It's called a train.

The last time you took it you probably called it a choo-choo-train.

It doesn't go at the speed of sound. It goes at the speed of a train.

It takes the Broadway Limited a whole night to get to either Chicago or New York. But that's not its only advantage.

It offers the convenience of private rooms for sleeping, washing, working, or contemplation of the great American countryside.

A separate dining car comes complete with real tables, real plates, and a wide variety of fresh foods to choose from.

There are two club cars, the perfect places to win friends and influence people.

And the Broadway Limited always operates in rain, fog, mist, sleet, snow, or anything that makes birds walk.

So it's sometimes the fastest means of transportation available. As well as the pleasantest.

The Broadway Limited between
New York and Chicago

Some things give you great pleasure.

It can be something as simple and satisfying as Arden for Men After Shave Lotion. Which refreshes. Heals nicks. Adds a subtle tang of Sandalwood and a smoothness to your skin. Sandalwood or Citruswood, $4.00.

arden for men
Created by Elizabeth Arden
1 East 54th Street

SANDALWOOD
TER SHAVE LOT

plates—being scooped up and the plates left clean. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courthouse. The corridor outside Judge Klein's courtroom. Preminger and Barnes are walking toward the entrance to the courtroom. They are approached by a morose-looking, chubby man with a round face and rosy cheeks. Preminger gives him a friendly nod.

Preminger (*to Barnes*): Here is Mr. Jaffe.

Jaffe (*somewhat short of breath but trying to sound casual*): I've been hearing my name being bandied about in there. (*He laughs in a forced way. Preminger laughs as though he were enjoying himself.*) How do you feel, Otto?

Preminger: I feel better now, because now, when I go in there, I can *talk!*

Jaffe (*giving another forced laugh, and looking uneasy*): No reason we can't be friendly.

Preminger: I am *very* friendly. But your bosses are very personal about this trial. I ask them for prints of Columbia pictures to show in my screening room, but they refuse to give me any pictures. I think that is very silly. To refuse to give me *pictures!*

Barnes: Well, we're getting pictures from Paramount and from Fox. We're getting a lot of good pictures.

Preminger (*teasingly*): Mr. Jaffe is going to his office from here, and he will tell them to send me pictures.

Jaffe: Well, I don't know . . . (*Preminger turns abruptly and goes into the courtroom, and Barnes quickly follows.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Preminger is seated in the witness chair again, and Lane is cross-examining him.

Lane: Mr. Preminger, in your direct examination, I believe that you testified that you did not learn anything about the suggested release of "Anatomy of a Murder" for reissue purposes until sometime in September or the summer, was it, of 1965? Is that correct?

Preminger (*strongly*): No. I did not learn about the picture having been reissued until after it had played in three places. We discussed the reissue of the picture constantly, from June, 1964, up to September—as long as we were on talking terms—September, 1965. Constantly, I was promised the reissue, and we did discuss it, but the plans for this particular reissue, which was done secretly and behind my back, were not divulged to me.

Lane: I move to strike that out, Your Honor.

Judge Klein: Strike it out. Just answer the question, *please.* (*He yawns, covering his mouth, then takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, and puts his glasses back on.*)

Lane: Isn't it a fact that you had agreed to release "Anatomy of a Murder" with a picture called "Who Was That Lady" in December of 1962?

Preminger: No.

Lane: You deny that?

Preminger: Yes.

Lane: Did you agree to release "Anatomy of a Murder" with a picture called "Who Was That Lady" in January of 1963?

Preminger: No.

Lane: Did you have any conversations about reissuing it at that time?

Preminger: Yes.

Lane: And wasn't it agreed at that time?

Preminger: No.

Lane: It was not?

Preminger: I stopped it.

Lane: But before it was stopped, hadn't you agreed that the picture could be reissued—

Preminger (*impatiently interrupting the question*): No.

Lane (*looking irritated*): —with "Who Was That Lady"?

Preminger: No.

Lane: Now, is it not a fact that a Mr. Prinzmetal [I. H. Prinzmetal, one of Preminger's attorneys] has authority to respond to any letters received by the various corporations and companies which you have been affiliated with?

Preminger: Yes.

Lane: With reference to your pictures "Laura," "Fallen Angel," "Forever Amber," "Bonjour Tristesse," and "Exodus," these were pictures that you either produced or directed, were they not?

Preminger: Or both.

Lane: Or both, yes. And isn't it a fact that these pictures were shown, at one time or another, on television?

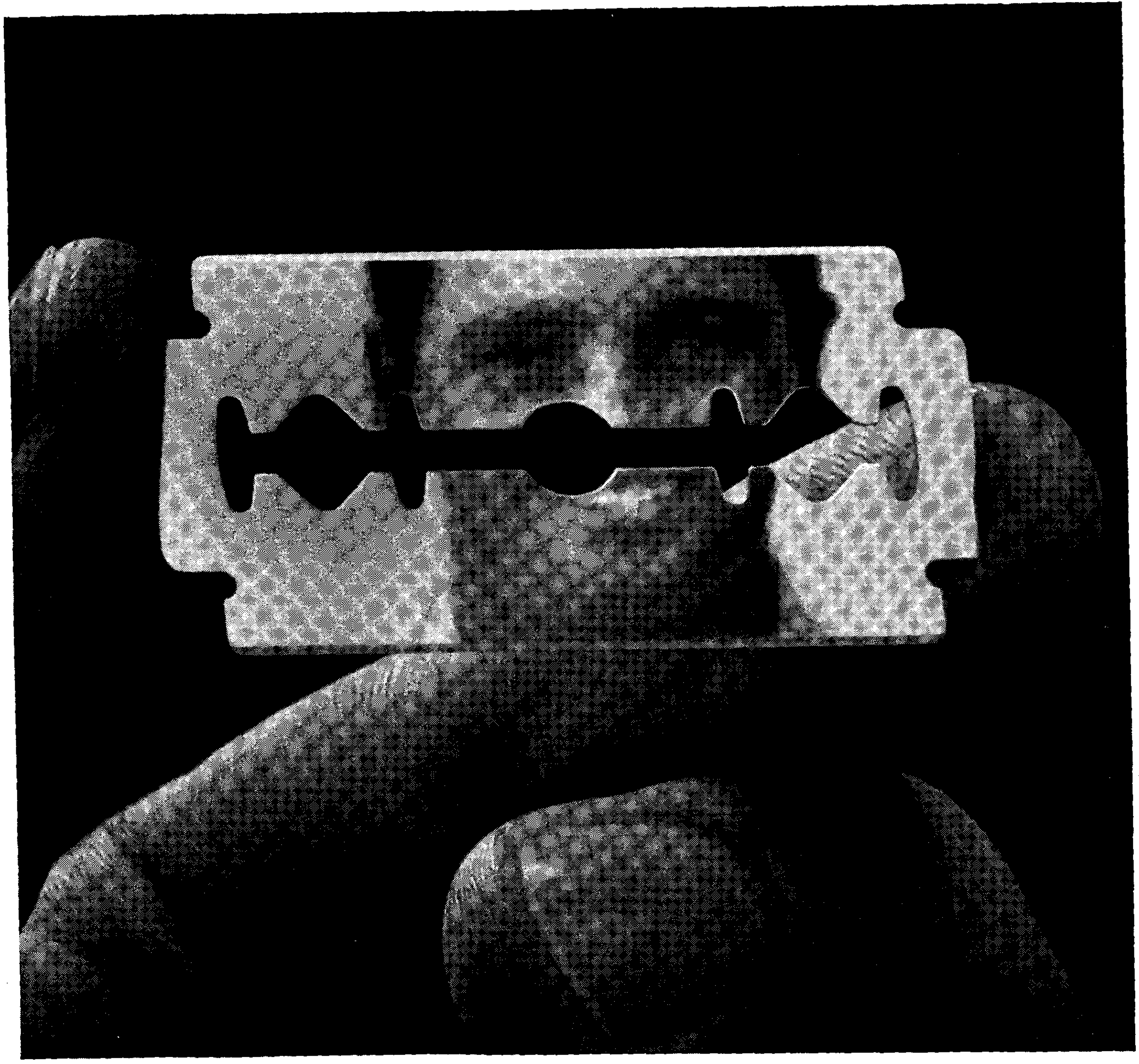
Preminger: I didn't see them, but, to the best of my knowledge, yes.

Lane (*looking foxy*): Now, did you ever consult, or were you ever consulted by, anyone either on a network or on a local television station as to how these particular pictures that I have just referred to should be exhibited or advertised?

Preminger: No.

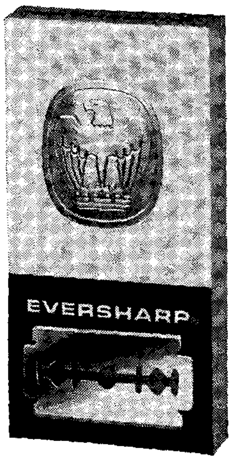
Lane: And isn't it a fact that you know of no custom in which a station or network consults with the director or producer of a feature film as to how

©1965 EVERSHARP, INC.



Look into Eversharp—the new chrome stainless blade with the Miron coated CONVEX EDGE

It's made possible by a new stainless steel formula.
Low carbon, high chrome stainless called Swedish
FINE-GRAIN* and developed especially for us.
It sharpens sharper. Holds its smoothness longer.
Even than the best stainless used before. The fine-grain
makes possible our new Convex Edge, Miron coated to glide
friction-free over your skin for an unusually
comfortable shave. Four mirror smooth blades $1.
Pamper yourself.



*FINE-GRAIN DESIGNATION OF SPECIAL STEEL BY AKTIEBOLAGET MATADORVERKEN, HALMSTAD, SWEDEN.

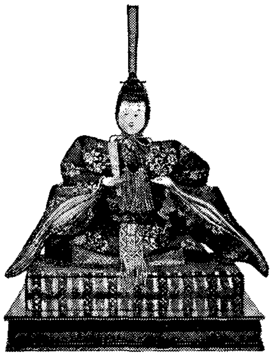
IMPERIAL HOSPITALITY

a Tokyo tradition enjoyed by distinguished travelers for 75 years

The time: before the turn of the century, during the twenty-third year of the reign of the Emperor Meiji. The occasion: the Imperial is established as the first hotel in Japan to cater to the Emperor's distinguished overseas guests.

Today, the Imperial continues to offer international travelers every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort—plus a *75-year tradition of hospitality unique among Tokyo hotels.*

Small wonder you recognize the Imperial touch as you dine, relax, and shop amidst the hotel's elegant facilities. For the passing years have refined Imperial hospitality to a gracious art . . . an art which will make your stay in Japan truly Imperial.



IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

this feature or picture should be advertised on television?

PREMINGER (*looking extremely puzzled*): I don't understand your question.

LANE (*to the court reporter*): Read the question back.

COURT REPORTER (*reading without expression*): "And isn't it a fact that you know of no custom in which a station or network consults with the director or producer of a feature film as to how this feature or picture should be advertised on television?"

PREMINGER: I still don't understand the word "custom" in this connection.

LANE (*restraining sarcasm*): You know what the word "custom" means.

PREMINGER (*now enjoying himself*): Yes, I know what the word "custom" means.

LANE: What does it mean?

PREMINGER (*looking thoughtful*): Hmm?

LANE (*repeating*): What does it mean?

PREMINGER (*indulgently*): Well, there are various meanings of the word. It is customary to have a lady walk through a door first. That is a custom. I mean, I cannot give you the exact definition as in a dictionary. I would have to look it up. But I don't know of any customs in television, or in—

LANE (*thinking*): Let me see . . .

PREMINGER (*gently sarcastic*): We don't live by customs. We live by *contracts.*

JUDGE KLEIN (*reading*): I didn't get the end of that.

COURT REPORTER: "We don't live by customs. We live by contracts."

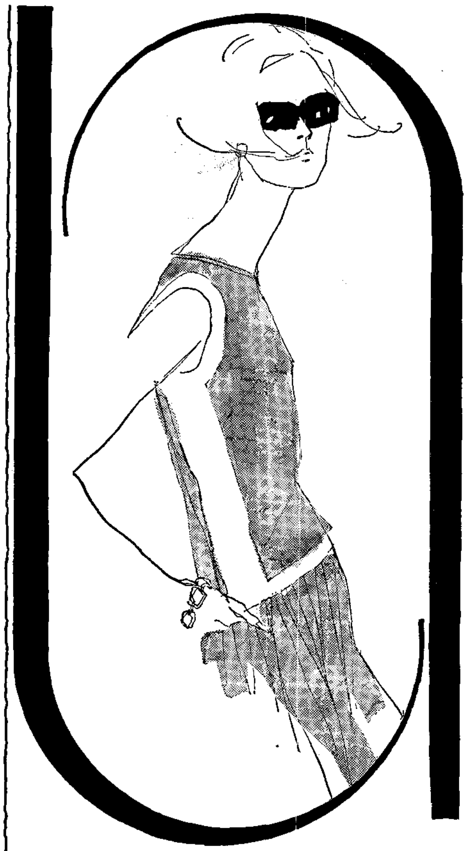
PREMINGER (*talking fast and strong*): Not by customs. I have never heard anybody do anything in my profession by custom.

LANE: I move to strike the answer as not responsive.

JUDGE KLEIN: I will strike it, though the witness evidently doesn't understand what you mean when you use that term. You may go into it a little further, if you care to. (*Preminger looks at the judge, smiling. The judge glances at him, poker-faced, and looks back to Lane.*)

LANE: Mr. Preminger, I am going to read from a deposition which was taken of you on the twenty-seventh of October, 1965. . . . (*Voice fades. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's house. Following a hard afternoon in court. Preminger's gymnasium. Preminger, wearing his blue swimming trunks, is sitting on his mechanical bicycle and pumping while the sun lamp

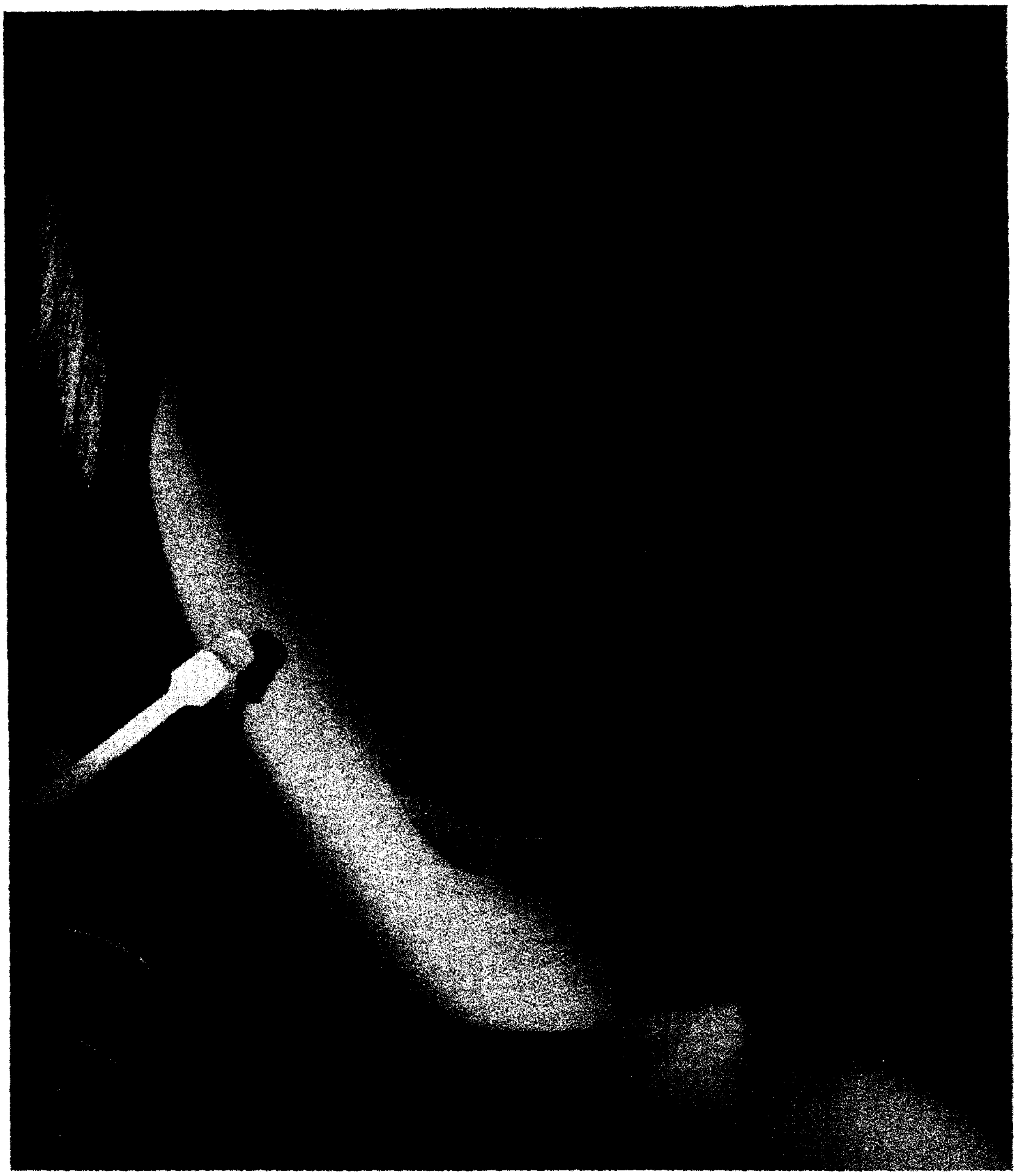


Fashion sense tells you it's
BEVERLY PAIGE
1407 Broadway, New York 18

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining . . . and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

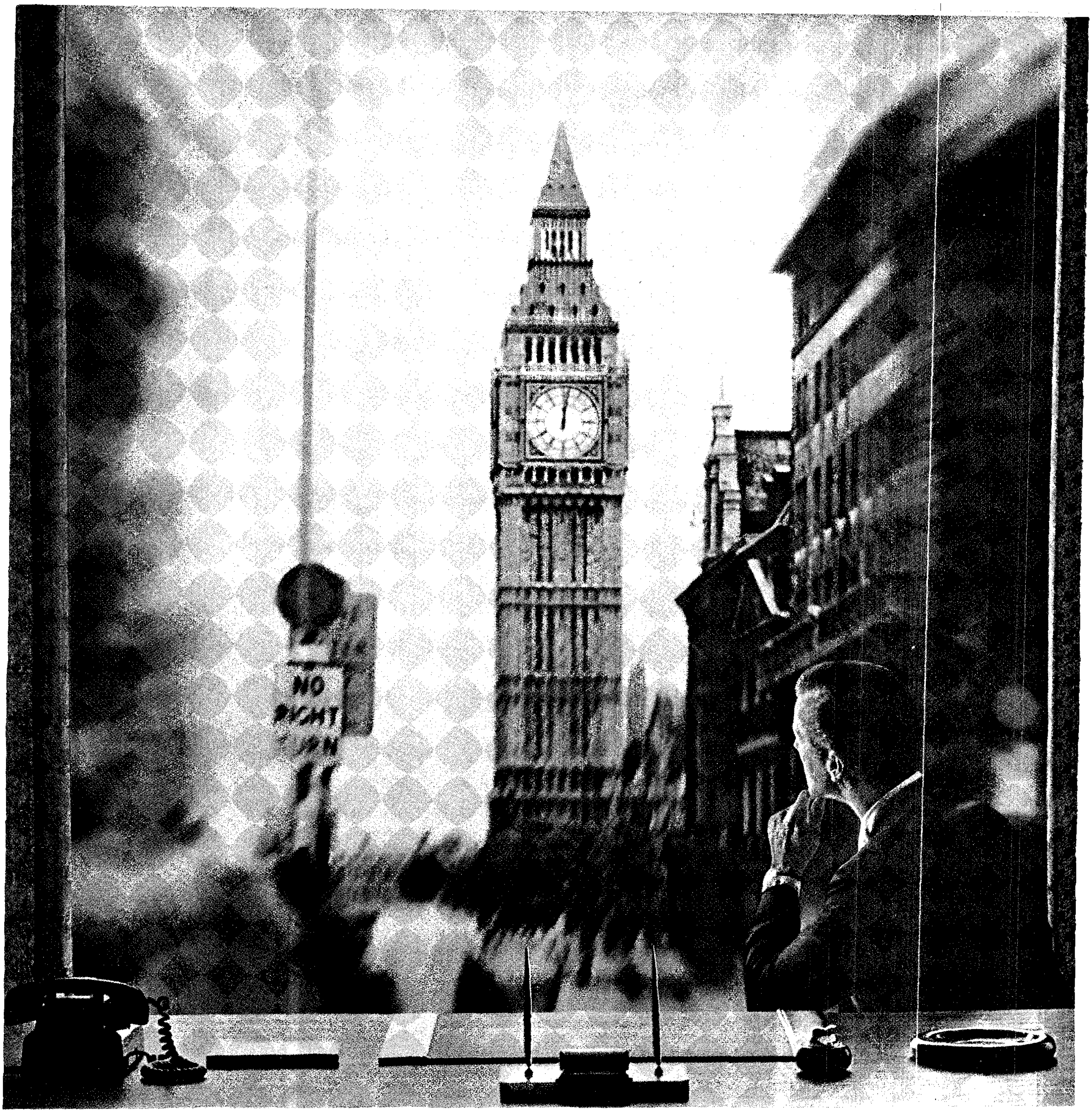
VIRTUTE NON VERBIS
Internationally Famous Restaurant
with a tradition of Elegance
HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or ATlantic City 344-8131

©CHARLES OF THE RITZ 1965



So little Veilesscence is needed for a soft, transluminant,
glowing makeup, we had to make a special beauty spoon for measuring it.

Charles of the Ritz



Business problems overseas?
Get the View from One Wall Street

One Wall Street—the home of Irving Trust Company—is not the world's tallest building. But the view is extraordinary. It stretches from Big Ben to Bombay, from Helsinki to Lima—*wherever there is commerce.* And what we see can help your company in its operations overseas.

Let's start with London. From our handsome new branch in the heart of the financial district, the Irving is completely equipped to serve our corporate customers in the Sterling and Euro-currency markets.

In Finland, our special knowledge has proved invaluable to the nation's leading industries. It is the reason why most of Finland's top companies are Irving customers.

In Africa, we helped Ethiopia enter the jet age by financing the purchase of Boeing 720-B's for that country's airline.

In Hong Kong, more banking institutions use the Irving as their U.S. correspondent than any other American bank. What's more, our International Division officers travel over 750,000 miles each year in more than 120 countries gathering first-hand trade and investment data for Irving customers.

We could go on. But here's the point. Whatever your business problem—and wherever in the world it is—visit with us at One Wall Street and let us help you find the solution.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

shines on his face and chest. His children, Mark and Victoria, also wearing blue swimming trunks, are climbing around on the gym ladders along one wall. Mark seems to be very agile. Preminger occasionally glances at them, gives them a small smile, and pumps harder. Barnes comes into the gymnasium, studying some notes.

MARK (*not a bit distracted*): Hi, Billbarnes! (*First and last names are apparently one to him.*)

VICTORIA: Hi, Billbarnes!

BARNES (*going over to the children, each of whom holds on to a ladder with one hand and grabs one of his hands with the other and kisses it*): Hello, Mark. Hello, Missie. (*Turns to Preminger and speaks soberly.*) We can start looking at locations next week.

PREMINGER (*still pumping*): And I want to start seeing actors—young actors—next week. Then we will be through with the trial. We will wait only for the judge's decision. Now I will go take my Jacuzzi bath! (*He pauses while the children's nanny comes in and hustles them out, and then he goes on talking.*) You know what it is, a Jacuzzi?

BARNES: I *think* I've heard about them.

PREMINGER: The brochure that comes with it describes it as a hydromassage. It says it is like ten thousand little bubbles massaging your body. (*He laughs, dismounts, and heads for his bath. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's house. The living room, on the second floor. White walls, on which hang, mostly in simple gold frames, paintings by Matisse, Braque, and Picasso. At a touch from Preminger, a Modigliani on one wall swings up, revealing a cozy little bar behind it. On another wall, over an off-white sofa that is fourteen feet long, hangs a huge Miró. It has a dark wood frame, a foot wide, made by Miró himself of wood from the roof of a Spanish peasant's house. A picture window takes up the better part of the back wall, looking out upon a Giacometti sculpture on the terrace, which, in turn, looks out upon a garden in which there is a Henry Moore "Seated Woman." The chairs in the living room are of aluminum and black leather or black wool, and are modern in design. Preminger and his wife, the former Hope Bryce, a tall, attractive, dark-haired woman wearing a simple, sleeveless black dress, are having drinks with guests, Gilbert Lloyd and a young, pretty woman named Enid Pariser. The voices of Mark and Victoria are

They're network TV executives.

It's been a long day and they're unwinding in the Warwick Bar.

Next, dinner in the Raleigh Room and a great night's sleep in New York's wonderful **Warwick Hotel**

The Warwick · 54th Street on the Avenue of the Americas (212) Circle 7-2700
A Loew's Hotel • Preston Robert Tisch, President

The fabled fragrance so elusive it took a generation to capture.

POSSESSION
de CORDAY

A totally new aura in perfume
Born in France. A legend in its own time
Three-Fifty to Thirty-Five Dollars
© 1965 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

heard babbling upstairs in their quarters. Lloyd, who is from London, represents the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, Ltd., there, owned by his family. He is a handsome, dark-haired young man. Everybody is admiring the paintings on the walls and murmuring indistinctly. We hear faint picture music, with one brief, bitter reference, in D Minor, to Moussorgsky.

PREMINGER (*indicating the Matisse*): This Matisse is not my Matisse. This one is a replacement. Pierre Matisse sent it to me, temporarily, to take the place of *my* Matisse, which I have lent to the University of Southern California for an exhibition there.

MRS. PREMINGER: I like the replacement.

PREMINGER: It is pretty.

MISS PARISER: You have only modern paintings?

PREMINGER: Yes. I know the Renaissance paintings are beautiful. I still like them. But I have no desire to own them. It is not that I don't like old paintings. I know they are good. But they no longer do anything to *me*. I believe strongly that people must have the courage to live in their own period. (*Dissolve.*)

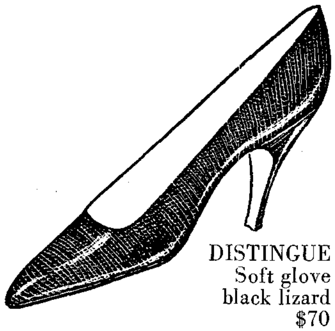
INTERIOR. Preminger's house. The dining room, on the first floor. Light-gray walls. Paintings, behind glass, by Chagall (two), Dufy, Klee, Bissier, and Rouault. The table, which is of light-gray marble matching the light-gray marble floor, is round and sixty-three inches in diameter. It is laid with black straw placemats, simple all-white Rosenthal china, and modern Danish silver. The centerpiece is a crystal bowl, with apricot carnations floating on water. The chairs have black leather cushions and clear-plastic backs—very modern. Through a picture window the diners—Preminger and Mrs. Preminger, Lloyd and Miss Pariser—look out at the Henry Moore sculpture in the garden. It is subtly lighted. Preminger and Lloyd are reminiscing about Vienna.

PREMINGER: Your grandfather used to sell antiques to my father in Vienna. Did you know that? (*The Finnish butler comes in from the kitchen with a platter of roast beef and passes it around. He wears a white jacket.*)

LLOYD (*nodding*): And did you know that my grandmother was in the crowd scene you shot there for "The Cardinal"? (*The two women laugh appreciatively.*)

PREMINGER (*smiling*): They did not like me in Vienna. When I asked them to sing the Horst Wessel Song for the picture, they all pretended they

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN



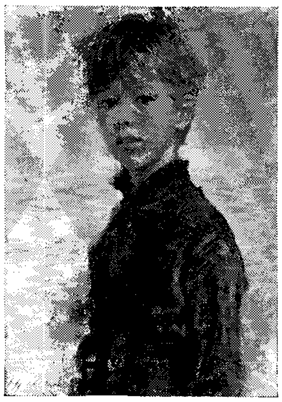
DISTINGUE
Soft glove
black lizard
$70
Other colors to order.

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

To delight in the warm friendliness of a wayside tavern, fly to London.
Or, take a cab to
Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Now open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

Your
choice of
today's
foremost
portrait
painters
and
sculptors



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

did not know the song. (*He looks wise.*) There was a headline in one Vienna paper saying "OTTO GO HOME!" (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's house. The projection room. The two couples are getting ready to see some films—non-Columbia films. White walls, with paintings by Miró (early), Manessier, Modigliani, and Dubuffet. Preminger sits down on a sofa at a long marble-topped table. The top slides back, revealing a panel of twenty-six buttons. A large painting by Ben Nicholson on the back wall goes up as Preminger pushes a button, revealing the projection booth, and at the same time a large white screen comes down over the front picture window. He pushes other buttons, showing his guests how these operate a large color-television set, a hi-fi set, and the sound for the films. He pushes still another button, and the lights dim and then go out. The film title flashes on the screen: "Alphaville," by Jean-Luc Godard. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Preminger is seated in the witness chair again. Lane is still cross-examining him. Preminger is beginning to look stubborn. Lane seems to be growing quite impatient with the witness. The judge yawns occasionally but still seems interested.

LANE: And, pursuant to this particular clause, isn't it a fact that Columbia had the right to exhibit this picture on television?

PREMINGER (*stubbornly*): Yes, but always the *same picture.*

LANE: I didn't get that last.

PREMINGER: *That* picture, the picture that *I* made.

LANE: We are talking about "Anatomy of a Murder."

PREMINGER (*quickly*): *I* am talking about "Anatomy of a Murder," the way *I made* it.

LANE: For*get* that.

PREMINGER (*immediately*): I don't *want* to forget it!

LANE (*pleadingly, to the judge*): I move to strike the answer, Your Honor.

JUDGE KLEIN (*impatiently*): At any rate, the answer is yes, it gives them the right on television as well as in theatres?

PREMINGER: Yes.

LANE: Now, will you look at the second paragraph of the grant-of-rights clause. . . . (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom.

LANE: Well, Your Honor, you may recall that the witness said he didn't

"If we could first know where we are
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge what to do
and how to do it."
Abraham Lincoln

Surprisingly, one of the problems in the art and science of chemical research is deciding upon objectives.

The world is moving so rapidly, and in so many different directions, that selection has become increasingly difficult.

And while ambitions may be infinite, resources are finite--even in large-size research organizations.

In making our research decisions we try to remain flexible--ready to match objectives and resources with the varying needs of a world in constant change.

Allied Chemical Corporation
61 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006

Allied Chemical

Divisions:
Barrett • Fibers • General Chemical
International • National Aniline
Nitrogen • Plastics • Semet-Solvay
Solvay Process • Union Texas Petroleum
In Canada:
Allied Chemical Canada, Ltd., Montreal

GORDON-FORD

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
John Douglas, all stores
Root's, Summit, N. J.
Robert Kirk, Ltd., San Francisco
or for the store nearest you, write
GORDON-FORD,
350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10001

...the fit, the fabric, the performance of these Gordon-Ford culottes in a fine poplin of Dacron® and cotton. Light through dark colors. About $13.50. By Activair... matching check shirt of Dacron® polyester-Avron® rayon. About $8.50.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

know anything about television or how things were done in television. Now I want to show that this man had complete knowledge of the fact that when you sell a picture for television you must, if you want to make money on the picture, expect commercials are going to be used.

Judge Klein: I have asked him that question myself, yesterday. Yes, Mr. Preminger?

Preminger: May I say that this depends—that television is not a law. This depends on how you negotiate with television. If you negotiate strongly, if you have something to sell, like one single picture of the quality and the desirability of "Anatomy of a Murder," you can get almost all conditions in.

Judge Klein: Mr. Preminger, now, I know this has been covered, but so has everything else, I must say, in this whole trial been covered any number of times. You knew, did you not, sir, when you signed any contract, when you signed this contract, that [the picture] would at some time be shown on television?

Preminger: Probably. Yes.

Lane (*going on*): You mention the word "television" is in here?

Preminger: Yes.

Lane: You also know, do you not, sir, that these companies, the television stations that broadcast these pictures, are doing this for profit, so that they can advertise particular products?

Preminger (*stubbornly*): Between 1956 and today, this has been changed at least twenty times, and in the next ten years there will be no interruptions in any motion picture.... (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Courtroom. Both Preminger and Lane seem to be rather wrought up, each making no attempt to conceal disapproval of the other.

Lane: Do I understand, then, by your statement that the cutting and editing of "Exodus" and "Bonjour Tristesse" [on television] in no way damaged your reputation as a producer—

Preminger (*so eager to answer that he talks through Lane*): No, that is not—

Lane (*adamantly*): —and director (*he decreases the speed of his words, pronouncing each one slowly and distinctly*), because . . . you . . . had . . . sold . . . your . . . rights . . . to . . . these . . . pictures. . . . Is . . . that . . . correct?

Preminger: No! It damaged my reputation just the same—only I couldn't help it, because I couldn't stop it. This is the first picture where I

87 Dedicated Experts say the real Europe isn't in guide books

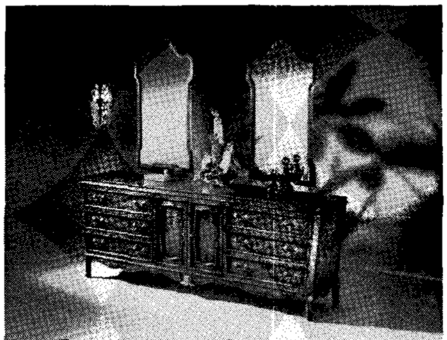
Where Captain Kidd hung in chains . . . where Oliver Twist asked for more . . . the garden whose roses started the War of the Roses . . . Churchill's underground bunker . . . these are the things only Take-A-Guide can show you.

Its unique driver-guide service of 87 dedicated experts gives you the chance to see the *real* Europe. Take-A-Guide collects you at your hotel in a comfortable private car. A personal driver-guide helps you plan your itinerary. You save all the energy you might have burned up on trains, buses and taxis. Save time and see more with a car and guide at only $13.

Take-A-Guide run by young Oxford graduates, has already successfully introduced 65,000 Americans to the *real* Europe and is recommended by Fielding, Fodor and leading travel agents.

And something special! TAG can arrange for you to spend part of your vacation as a private guest in specially selected English country houses and castles—with the owner as your host! Don't wait till you get there. Write for full details now to Take-A-Guide Ltd., 11 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel: HYDe Park 1688. Paris PIGalle 3012.

TAG
TAKE-A-GUIDE



Furniture for Gracious Living

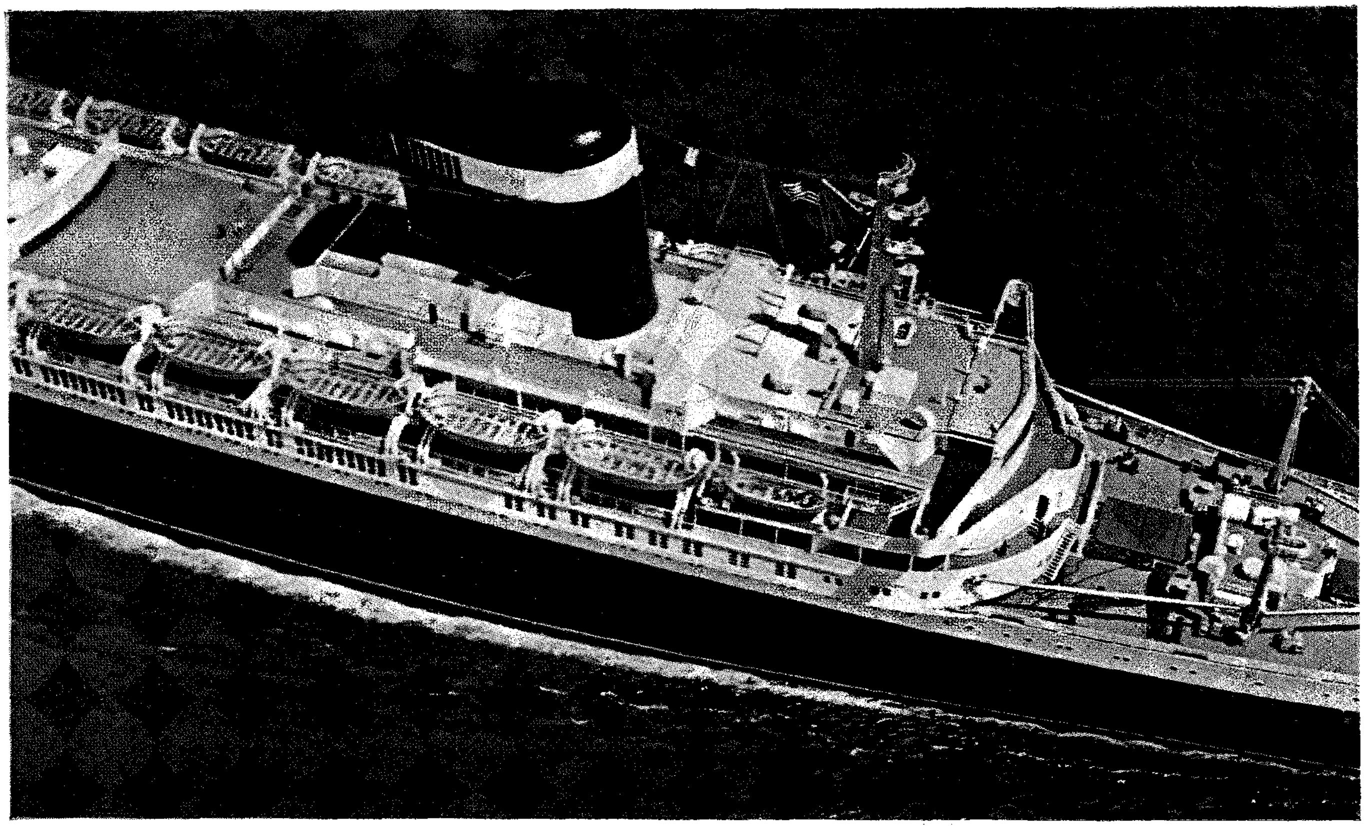
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

The ss United States is the fastest ship in the world.

We also have bargain rates on staterooms. (From $183.50*)



We're running a big sale on staterooms—15% off regular round-trip fares in all classes. Just travel to *Europe* with us between now and April 15.

You save—*each way*—a minimum of $32 in Tourist Class . . . $40.55 in Cabin Class . . . and $64.25 in First Class. And these special fares allow you to spend up to thirty days in Europe! (It's economy season in Europe now, too.)

Of course, bargain fares are just one reason for choosing the ss United States. Extra speed is another. Extra speed gets you to Europe *faster* . . . in less than five days. This is especially important if you're traveling on business. Since most sailings include a weekend, you can enjoy a wonderful vacation . . . arrive in Europe relaxed and refreshed . . . yet be away from your desk just *three* business days.

And look how much your ticket includes: Fifteen superb meals prepared by a world-famous chef . . . a large, air-conditioned stateroom . . . Meyer Davis dance music . . . swimming and deck sports . . . professional entertainment and the latest movies . . . a huge luggage allowance . . . and the highest safety standards of any liner in the world!

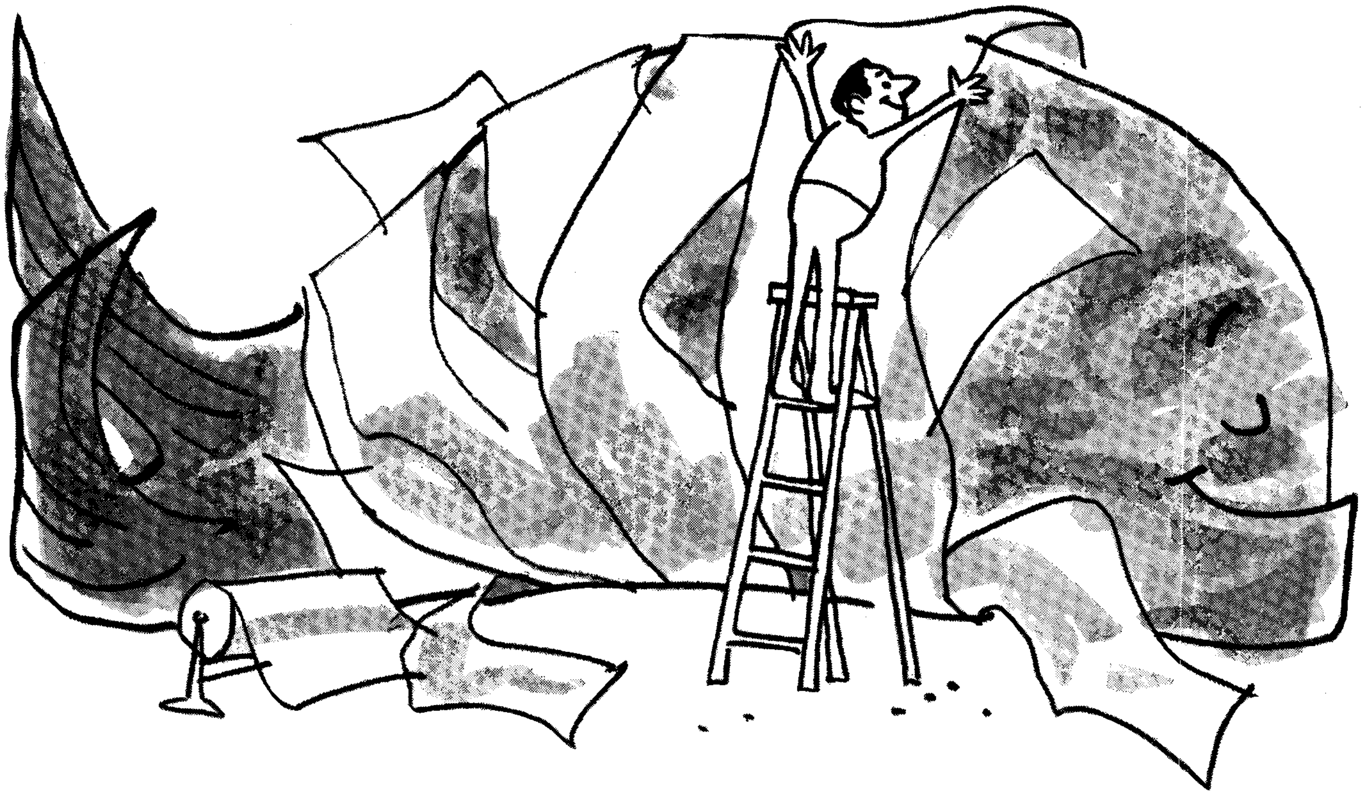
So make a bargain with yourself—this year travel to Europe with us. You'll discover there's no ship in the world quite like the ss United States. For information and reservations call your Travel Agent or United States Lines, One Broadway, New York, New York 10004.

*half of round-trip Tourist Class Excursion fare

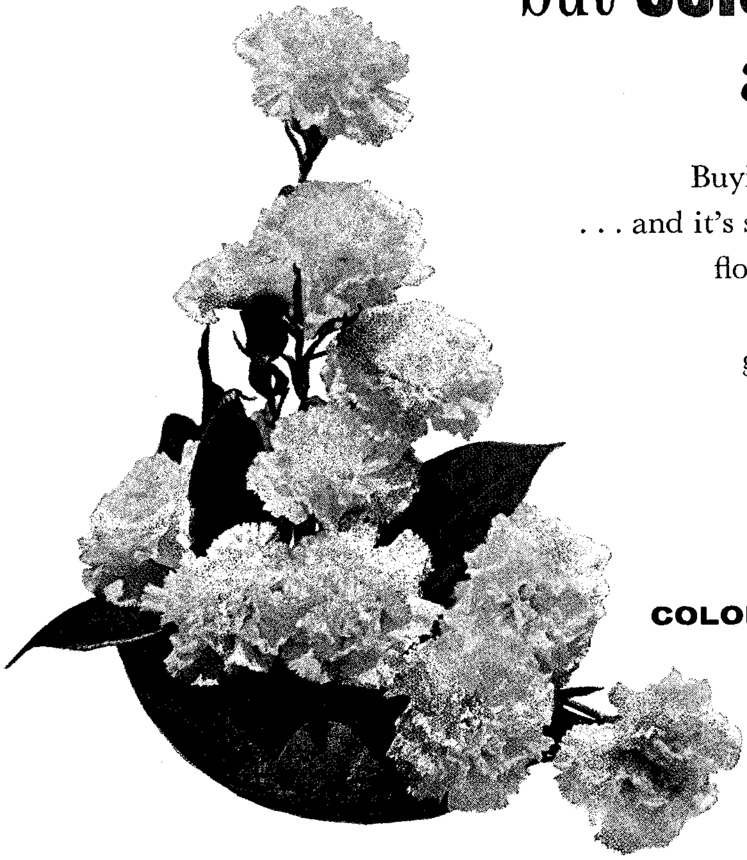
ss United States

America's Superliner

whales are an unusual business gift...



but **colorado carnations** are easier to deliver



Buying and wrapping whales is very expensive . . . and it's so easy to send Colorado Carnations. Your florist delivers them, courteously without fuss or muss . . . so next time you need a gift for a customer, specify fragrant, longer lasting genuine Colorado Carnations . . . the gift that is always welcome . . . always in perfect taste.

COLORADO FLOWER GROWERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
901 SHERMAN STREET
DENVER, COLORADO 80203

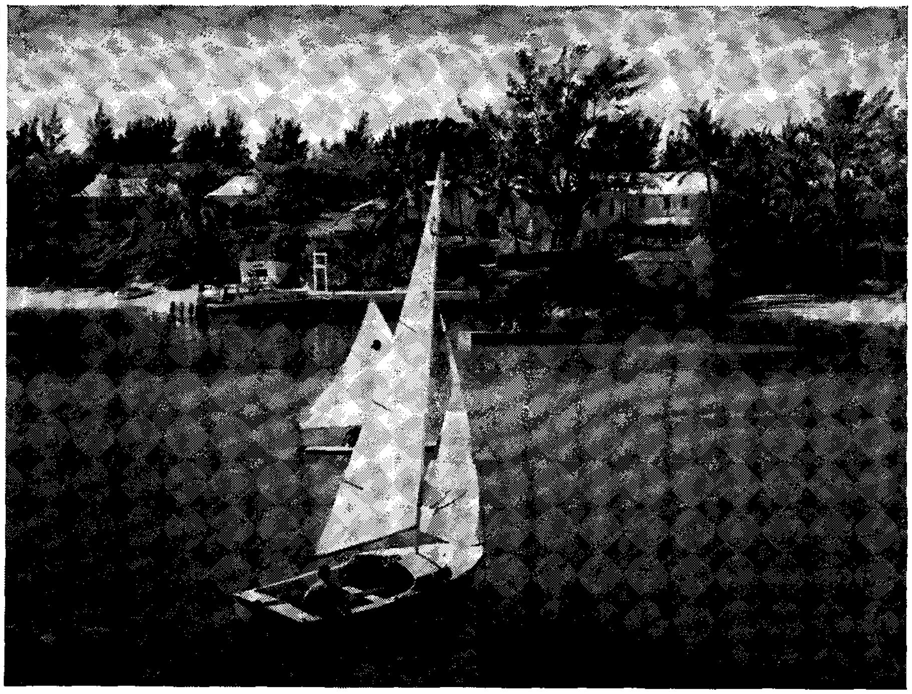
Only Colorado Carnations wear a registered trademark seal . . . your guarantee of finest quality have the *right* to stop it, and that is why I am in this lawsuit and that is why I am sitting here and that is why I am trying to defend my right in this contract. Up to this point (*now Preminger pronounces each word slowly and emphatically, spacing out the words*), there . . . is . . . no . . . picture . . . where . . . I . . . had . . . these . . . rights. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Columbia Pictures Building, at 711 Fifth Avenue. The seventeenth floor, which is the top floor. A row of five elevators with green-painted doors, at right angles to the entrance to Preminger's office. The office has a large door, painted black, and a brushed-aluminum doorknob. On the upper left-hand side of the door, in Saul Bass modern letters of brushed aluminum, is the name "OTTO PREMINGER."

One elevator door opens. Preminger hurries out, his hands clasped behind his back, and Barnes follows. Preminger opens his door and enters his office.

INTERIOR. Reception area, the secretarial office, behind glass windows, and the corridor leading to Preminger's private office, which has a walnut door. Various assistants sit at clean-looking modern walnut desks and at white Formica-topped typewriter tables on which are midnight-blue I.B.M. Executive typewriters. There are many symmetrically arranged filing cabinets, light beige. The assistants look up as Preminger rushes in, to the accompaniment of office music—crisp, neat figures on the strings and wood blocks, with oblique references to Leroy Anderson's "The Typewriter." The camera dollies with him as he nods to everybody and hurries along the corridor, which has a thick, very light-gray carpet and is hung with paintings and lithographs by Miró, Picasso, and Ben Shahn. Preminger takes off his topcoat as he walks.

INTERIOR. Preminger's private office. The same light-gray carpet. Large windows on two sides of the room, with vertical white Venetian blinds like the ones on the windows of his house. The blinds of one window have been left open, showing a view of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and a fragment of skyline. Beneath a Picasso, a long sofa upholstered in black-and-white tweed stands against another wall, and between it and the entrance are white folding doors, partly open, revealing a bar, and a dressing room nearby. Preminger's desk consists



Sailboats, beach, fishing cruiser, sunshine... that's Bermuda. Shown: Cambridge Beaches.

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

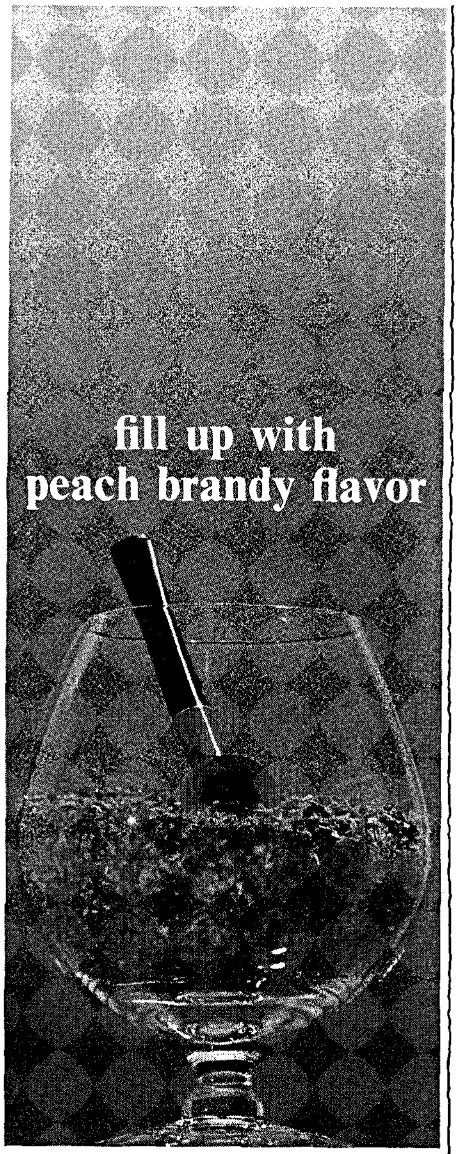
Glencoe

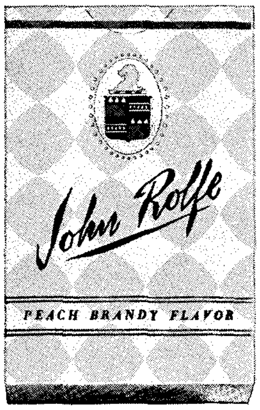
A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2
111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto





John Rolfe Mixture

Here's peach brandy by the pipe bowlful. For John Rolfe Mixture weds finest tobaccos with exclusive peach brandy flavor and aroma. A pleasure break-through for smokers and everyone around them. For a free pack (one to a customer), send name, and address to John Rolfe,
Dept. N, P.O. Box 3-AC,
Richmond, Virginia 23208

FROM THE HOUSE OF Edgeworth

Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

of a long, rectangular slab of white marble resting on two brushed-aluminum cylinders, and it stands with its back to a row of windows. In the middle of the room, another marble-topped table is more or less wrapped around a white pillar. At it are several laminated-plastic-backed, black-leather-cushioned swivel chairs—the same kind as the chairs in Preminger's dining room. On the wall near the entrance are built-in bookshelves, the top shelves occupied by leather-bound sets of Goethe and Schiller in German; the lower shelves are occupied by modern novels, encased in their paper dust jackets. Hanging on the pillar with the wraparound table and facing the desk and illuminated by a spotlight is a delicate abstract painting by Kandinsky with a pure, clear deep-blue background. On the walls, in addition to the Picasso, are paintings by Klee, Diego Rivera, and Graham Sutherland. Spaced along the walls or on shelves in the windows are: a potted plant; a Puritron machine; a large color photograph of Mrs. Preminger with Mark and Victoria; a black suitcase, bearing the initials "O.P.;" a large photograph of Franklin Delano Roosevelt inscribed in ink, "To Otto Preminger, with warmest regards, Franklin D. Roosevelt;" a half-filled box of Kleenex; a color photograph of Mark and Victoria, shown holding hands, at the age of three; and a photograph of Preminger's father, shown with his head resting against one hand. On Preminger's desk, in addition to a set consisting of a black leather ashtray, a black leather pencil holder, and a black leather memo pad, are: a photograph, in a black leather frame, of Mark and Victoria as babies; a white telephone, with a white speaker and amplifying box that permit one to talk and listen to his caller without picking up the telephone; and copies of motion-picture trade papers, including the *Hollywood Reporter* and *Film Daily*, the second with a headline reading, "PREMINGER COURTS ATTENTION TO HIS 'ANATOMY' ON VIDEO." The chair behind Preminger's desk, which is also of black leather, is very substantial and comfortable-looking. Preminger enters, with Barnes, who closes the door. Preminger tosses his coat on the sofa and sits down at his desk. Barnes stands beside him as they talk.

PREMINGER: Fighting for this principle is costing me a fortune, but to me it is worth it. Actually, I am very detached about this trial. What amazes me is Columbia's attitude of complete disrespect for the pictures. Not that I feel that any film I make is such a great

"Take your sprouts to Brussels"

Rent a villa this year and make it a family holiday at your favorite playground in Europe or the Caribbean. 3000 villas to choose from. Maid service included. Nannies a trifle extra. Other domestics for a pittance. Yachts for rent, too.

Send for our intriguing free brochure or ask your travel agent.

ivy™

International Villas & Yachts, Inc.
Dept. N1, 28 Church St.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
(617) 868-0500

Why is THE RICE Houston's traditional host?

Because the atmosphere and accommodations are superb, the food and wines are excellent, and the staff is dedicated to making your visit enjoyable.

Located on the site of the first Capitol of the Republic of Texas, The Rice is in the center of activities in downtown Houston. You'll enjoy being our guest!

Singles from $8.00; doubles from $11.50

THE RICE HOTEL
Area code 713, CApitol 7-2111
Teletype 713-571-2143

Member of
Independent Innkeepers International
Free Out-Of-Town Reservations
at Member Hotels

UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS
OF INTIMACY
and
COMFORT

AUTHENTIC
HUNGARIAN
CUISINE

gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas
Restaurant

307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382
Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Closed Mon.

You can't run a bad ad in TV Guide

They won't let you

Not if you judge an ad on how many people see it and read it—and what it costs you.

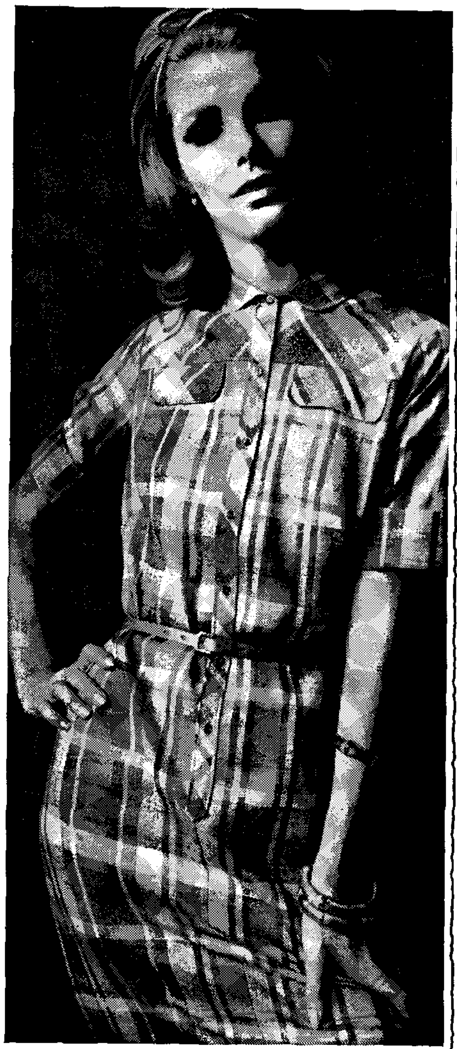
Ads in TV Guide attract more readers per dollar than the same ads do in any other mass magazine. And they do so consistently. Starch scores say so.

Another advantage: a page in TV Guide costs much, much less than one in most other mass magazines. With 23 million interested people reading TV Guide, think what one of your good ads could do.

TV GUIDE

Source: Simmons, 1965.

Fortrel, the fiber that makes a crisp plaid machine washable



A cool one—the shirt shift with a
linen-like touch and snapping colors.
Fortrel makes it washable, easy to
iron—keeps the plaid tones bright.
A Cos Cob classic, little
collared, belted in leather.
In Crown's linen-like blend of
Fortrel polyester, rayon and flax.
Blue/gold/red. 8-16. About $15.
At Bloomingdale's, New York;
The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C.;
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

work of art. Only, I do feel you should not *do* this to anybody!

BARNES: What happens now?

PREMINGER (*with a sadly incredulous air*): Now the lawyers are busy with their post-trial briefs. We have summarized our contentions, and now they summarize *their* contentions, then we reply to their contentions, and then *they* reply to *our* contentions, and then the judge gives his decision, which will be that I am right. (*He laughs sadly.*) Meanwhile, we catch up on the work. We have two pictures to prepare. Who comes today? (*His manner changes quickly to one of businesslike efficiency.*)

BARNES: Those young actors you wanted to see. And Tim Clark. Remember him? That young high-school boy with that film workshop? And some others.

PREMINGER (*looking unimpressed by the schedule so far*): Is that all?

BARNES: That new writer started working this morning. I gave him an office across the hall. He's very particular. I never *saw* anybody that particular. I gave him some of our "Bunny Lake Is Missing" memo pads, but he said he couldn't use them. He needs *blank* memo pads!

PREMINGER: Get him what he wants. When you work with a writer, you must adjust yourself to the writer.

BARNES: And I had to go out and get him a special kind of pencil sharpener. And he had to have these special bookends; he couldn't use ordinary bookends.

PREMINGER: I like to do what *they* want.

BARNES: I understand all that. With these creative people, you've got to extend yourself. I'm ready to comply. By the way, both "Thunderball" and "A Thousand Clowns" have arrived at your house for tonight. What time do you want the projectionist for?

PREMINGER: Seven-thirty. I like to have him there as soon as we finish dinner. And tomorrow I have been promised "Life at the Top," with Laurence Harvey.

BARNES (*surprised*): But that's a *Columbia* picture!

PREMINGER: I wanted to see it. (*Gives Barnes a Machiavellian smile.*) I also wanted to test how powerful certain people are. So I called up Larry Harvey in Palm Springs. I said, "Larry, I want to see your picture, but Columbia won't give it to me to show in my screening room." And Larry told me, "That is so silly. I will call them, and I will call you right back." But before he could call me back, Leo Jaffe called me. He sounded so sad. And he said, "The picture will be in your house tomorrow afternoon."

(*Preminger's intercom buzzer sounds, and a woman's voice is heard over the telephone speaker.*)

WOMAN'S VOICE: Roger Smith is here.

PREMINGER: Send him in.

(*The door opens, and in walks Roger Smith, a handsome young actor currently starring in the "Mister Roberts" television series. He has a California sunburn, and he is, in the latest fashion, smoking a thin cigar. He is decked out in a Glen-plaid jacket, gray flannel slacks, a red vest with silvery buttons, and a striped tie. As he strides toward Preminger, he extends a hand. Preminger stands up, shakes it, sits down, and, after Smith has shaken hands with Barnes, waves him into one of the black leather swivel chairs. Barnes sits down near Smith.*)

ROGER SMITH: Mr. Preminger, it's a pleasure to know you. (*He projects evenly.*)

PREMINGER (*quickly, without elaborate preliminaries, eager to get to the point*): You live here?

SMITH: No. In California. I'm here to see about being in a play.

PREMINGER (*wasting no time*): We wanted to see you. We are doing two films, with two good parts for a young man. But I haven't seen you in films or on television. I wanted to see you mostly on Mr. Barnes's recommendation. What have you done?

SMITH: My last picture was "Auntie Mame." When I was still a juvenile. I've stayed out of films, because—

PREMINGER (*interrupting*): Who's your agent?

SMITH: William Morris. (*Goes on, talking fast.*) And I did about five years on "77 Sunset Strip." Not the lead. I supported Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., who played the lead. After that, I wanted to do a play, so—

(*Intercom buzzer buzzes.*)

WOMAN'S VOICE: Joe Friedman calling.

PREMINGER (*having pushed a button, picked up the telephone, and listened awhile, smiling*): You're very sweet, and I wish the same to you. Success and health first, and then the winning of *your* lawsuit. Goodbye. (*He hangs up.*)

SMITH (*smoothly picking up again*): Anyway, when I left "Sunset Strip" I played in a West Coast production of "Bye Bye Birdie." I found I had trouble getting the right parts in Holly-

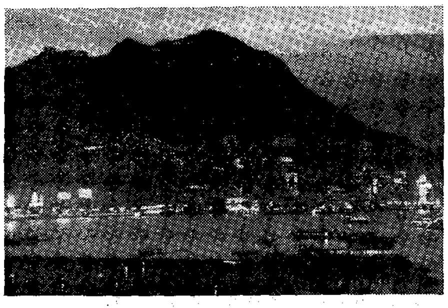
What's a beautiful car like you

Winning rallies, what else? In this case it's the East African Safari, considered the world's roughest test of a stock car. Cars have to plow through hub-deep mud, dodge angry elephants and smash through underbrush to finish the tortuous 3000-mile course. And very few do finish. In the 1965 Safari, for example, only 16 out of 85 cars finished—five of them Peugeots! 21 out of 94 starting cars managed to cross the finish line in 1964—six of them Peugeots! And the year before that 7 out of 84 finished—three of them Peugeots! Peugeots score so well under difficult conditions because they're built to last. They're known as The Indestructibles. You can buy one of the seven best made cars in the world for surprisingly little. Think about it.

For brochure or overseas delivery, write
Peugeot, Inc., Department NY-19,
97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, N.Y.,
or see your local dealer.

PEUGEOT
75 Years of Quality

doing in a place like this?

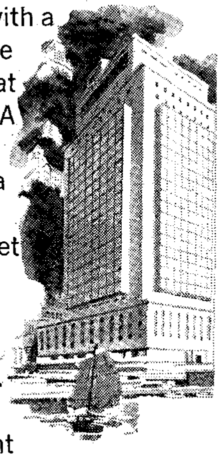


Hong Kong is the magic island of the East.

And nowhere is the enchantment greater than in the fairy-tale Mandarin Hotel, with a standard of service and hospitality that is sheer wizardry! A rooftop pool 300 feet above Victoria Harbour . . . a choice of 4 gourmet restaurants . . . regal bedrooms, each with its own private balcony . . . a private junk to take you moonlight cruising. There's one shopping center right in the hotel—and another just across a covered bridge—together they make the colony's most exciting treasure trove of bargains.

Come and enjoy life at The Mandarin—where a courteous staff is ready to grant your every wish.

THE Mandarin —member of Intercontinental Hotels



THE MANDARIN—Anthony Ross, General Manager. Member of the 31 incomparable Intercontinental Hotels. Call your Travel Agent, Representatives: Robert F. Warner, Inc., Glen W. Fawcett (in the West) or Intercontinental.

wood. I turned down four series on television. I felt I had to prove I can be a leading man. When they offered me the lead in "Mister Roberts," I took it for that reason. They offered me the title role. Actually, the shows that are popular are the bigger-than-life shows like "The Addams Family" and "The Munsters." By comparison, "Mister Roberts" is an old-fashioned show. But I'm glad I did it, because—

PREMINGER (*apparently trying to wind up the meeting quickly*): Where can we *see* you?

SMITH: I'm going to be on "Hullabaloo" next Monday night.

PREMINGER: You *sing*?

SMITH: I'm the m.c. It's going to be—

PREMINGER (*getting up abruptly, without seeming to be rude, and dispensing with elaborate goodbyes as well as hellos*): Best way to see you would be a test. (*Indicates Barnes.*) He will make the arrangements.

SMITH (*beginning to talk as he stands up, and talking very fast as Barnes stands up, too*): I've admired you for a long time. I loved "The Moon Is Blue," and "Laura" is the best and most effective mystery I've ever seen. I was glad to see they have finally given "The Moon Is Blue" a seal.

PREMINGER (*nodding, and speaking in a very dry manner*): Posthumously!

(*Smith leaves. Barnes sees him out and returns almost immediately. He and Preminger exchange looks signifying their interest in Roger Smith.*)

BARNES: I thought he looked very Episcopalian.

WOMAN'S VOICE (*over intercom*): Stanley Darer is here.

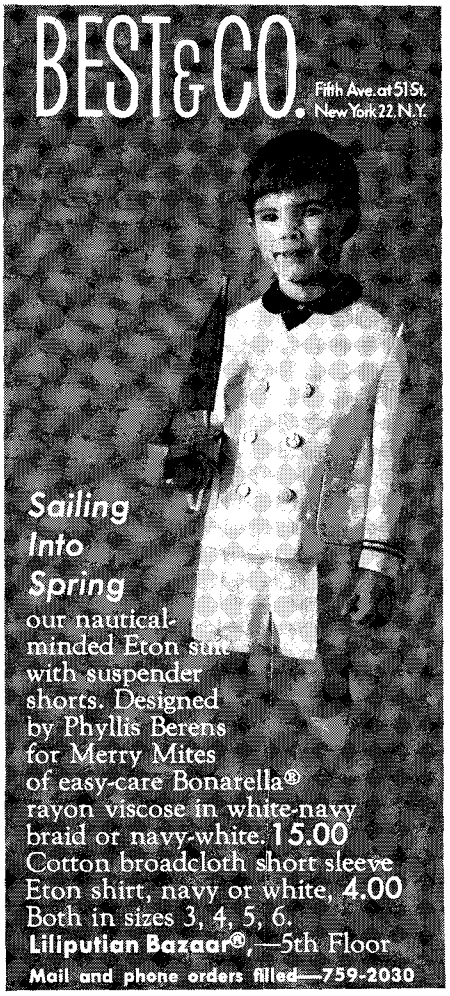
PREMINGER: Send him in.

(*Stanley Darer enters. Darer is dark-haired, and is wearing a dark suit and a dark Paisley necktie. He is a young man with an older-than-his-years look of the kind seen on the faces of many businessmen. Barnes says hello to him and leaves.*)

PREMINGER (*again without preliminaries*): Sit down. Let me tell you what it is about. What is the name of your company?

DARER: The Darer Corporation.

PREMINGER: All right. I bought these two pictures of mine back—"The Moon Is Blue" and "The Man with the Golden Arm." I get these calls from agents in Germany, in England, in Japan, and they want to make deals. They say: Twelve thousand dollars for Korea. But what do I know about Korea? (*He laughs. Darer laughs.*) If you are interested in handling these films, and if agents send me letters, I



BEST & CO. Fifth Ave. at 51 St. New York 22, N.Y.

Sailing Into Spring
our nautical-minded Eton suit with suspender shorts. Designed by Phyllis Berens for Merry Mites of easy-care Bonarella® rayon viscose in white-navy braid or navy-white. 15.00
Cotton broadcloth short sleeve Eton shirt, navy or white, 4.00
Both in sizes 3, 4, 5, 6.
Lilliputian Bazaar®,—5th Floor
Mail and phone orders filled—759-2030

two minutes to lift-off...

We're that close to Sugarbush Valley. Take our Volksbus shuttle to Vermont's most exciting skiing—and back to après ski parties and cocktail dancing in the Suffering Boar. A dining room with early American charm and a continental flair. Warm welcome for more than 100 guests in delightful rooms, suites and chalets.

THE SUGARBUSH INN
WARREN 7, VERMONT • PHONE 496-3301 (802)

You can learn to write in the Italic hand, if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $2.50 at art materials and pen shops or send check or money order to Artone Color, 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterise the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid. Artone Color, division of H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238.

would send them to you, and you take over. I know your father-in-law. He's an old friend of mine. He knows the foreign market.

DARER: Well (*clears his throat*), I'd be very happy to work with you.

PREMINGER (*quickly, in his manner of accomplishing the purpose of the meeting as directly as possible*): What would your terms be?

DARER: Well, I wasn't trying to hedge. What would you suggest? I wouldn't travel. I would work from here. It should be a percentage. And are there prints available?

PREMINGER: There are seventy prints available for each film.

DARER: Well, let me throw out a figure. Fifteen per cent.

PREMINGER (*smiling but looking taken aback*): Ten is much better. Where do you get fifteen?

DARER (*with a small laugh*): Where do you get ten? (*Laughs harder.*) O.K. Ten. I'd like to start with you. (*He stands up, extending his hand. Preminger shakes it.*)

PREMINGER: I have only one stipulation. There are to be no cuts in the films. I don't want the pictures ruined.

(*Darer leaves. Preminger picks up the* Film Daily *and begins to read* "PREMINGER COURTS ATTENTION TO HIS 'ANATOMY' ON VIDEO." *Barnes enters carrying a paperback book whose front cover bears a photograph of Preminger, wearing glasses and looking pensive, within a design featuring the bracket holes on film strips.*)

BARNES (*handing the book to Preminger*): It just came in.

PREMINGER (*examining the book*): Charming.

(*Closeup of the front cover of the book shows: "Otto Preminger par Jacques Lourcelles—Cinéma d'Aujourd'hui. Éditions Seghers. No. 34." On the back cover is a listing of other subjects in the series, by number:*

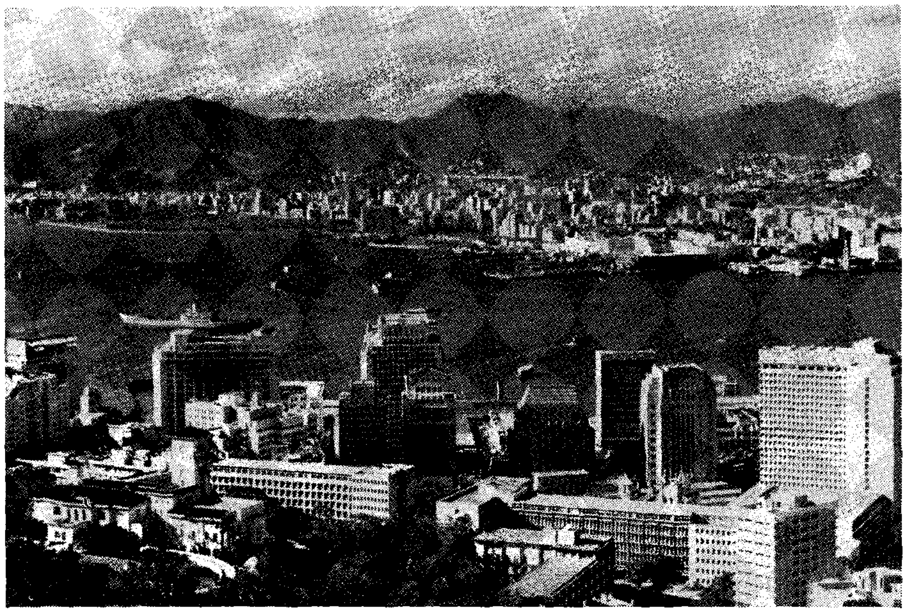
1. Georges Méliès
2. M. A. Antonioni
3. Jacques Becker
4. Luis Buñuel
5. Alain Resnais
6. Orson Welles
7. Jacques Tati
8. Robert Bresson
9. Fritz Lang
10. Alexandre Astruc
11. Joseph Losey
12. Roger Vadim
13. Federico Fellini
14. Abel Gance
15. Roberto Rossellini . . .)

(*Intercom buzzes.*)

WOMAN'S VOICE (*over intercom*): I have your call to Nelson Gidding in California.

PREMINGER (*pressing the button*

why people come to HONG KONG again and again . . . and again



THE SCENERY—BREATH-TAKING! 1,800 feet below The Peak of Hong Kong Island liners and cargo ships berth in one of the world's most spectacular harbours. Beyond the Dragon Hills of Kowloon the peace of rural areas of the New Territories contrasts sharply with the excitement of the city. Water tours around the busy harbour offer an unusual view of Hong Kong to the visitor. Organized and individual tours are easily arranged.

THE LANGUAGE . . . ENGLISH. You'll have no trouble getting what you want and going where you please, whether it's shopping on a "ladder street" (which isn't a ladder at all, but a series of easy steps), or taking a 2-hour harbour cruise on an authentic Chinese junk. That's because Hong Kong has been British for 123 years and everywhere you go English is fluently spoken.

NOTE TO GOURMETS: *Hong Kong has more different and exciting kinds of restaurants than practically anywhere else in the world. There is Portuguese food and Balinese food; African and Danish and Hindu and, naturally, American and a dozen others . . . and if you think you've had Chinese food and haven't been to Hong Kong—you just don't know!*

THE BARGAINS—FABULOUS. Because Hong Kong is a free port prices are far below those in other parts of the world. You can buy cameras from Germany and Japan, perfumes from France, shimmering silks from Thailand and India, linens from Ireland, watches from Switzerland and tweeds and worsteds from Britain. But the best bargains of all are those made by Hong Kong's own craftsmen; delicate ivory figures, exotic textiles, rattanware, camphorwood chests, beautiful scrolls—to mention only a few.

The facts of life in Hong Kong are fascinating. Come see them for yourself! For a colour brochure see your travel agent or write Hong Kong Tourist Association, 291 Geary St., San Francisco, California 94102.

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

See
BERLIN
on your next trip to Europe

BERLIN is Europe's most exciting city

BERLIN is easy to reach by air, rail, bus and private car

BERLIN has more than 90 hostelries ranging from deluxe hotels to inexpensive pensions

BERLIN is the cultural center of Germany

BERLIN affords a revealing peek behind the Iron Curtain

BERLIN is a fashion center and a shopper's paradise

BERLIN is famous for its fine restaurants and gay scintillating night life.

DON'T MISS BERLIN!

Consult your travel agent and write for illustrated folders to:

GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036
Chicago • San Francisco • Montreal

that permits him to hear the caller over the speaker without lifting the telephone): Look, I got a letter from your agent about your expenses. Can you decide what low expenses you need when you come here to work on the script?

Gidding's Voice: Low?

Preminger (*laughing*): Low. And can you come here this Sunday?

Gidding's Voice: Sunday?

Preminger: Yes. We must decide the mood and the structure.

Gidding's Voice: Let me come Monday. It's better.

Preminger: Why?

Gidding's Voice: I'll have to tell Hildy. And my mother-in-law is here. And the boy goes back to school. And one thing and another.

Preminger (*laughing again*): It doesn't matter. See you on Monday. (*He presses a button turning off the speaker.*)

Barnes: Then he'll be here Monday?

Preminger: Yes. (*Shrugs.*) I don't want to pressure him. I hate people who pressure me. (*Taking on the manner of a sage teaching a younger man.*) One of the secrets is to organize your life so that you can do what you want to do. Here is another example of how, when I work with a writer, I adjust myself to a writer. It is like not insisting that a writer give me a treatment first of what he is going to write. Some producers insist on a treatment. I do not ask for a treatment. Writers do not like to do it, because it takes some of the bloom off it. I do what *they* want. (*Barnes nods, and leaves.*)

Woman's Voice (*over telephone speaker*): Mr. Romaner is calling.

Preminger: Yes, Mr. Romaner?

Romaner's Voice: I'm at the Plaza Hotel with the taxi.

Preminger: I don't need the taxi now.

Romaner's Voice: O.K. Take care.

(*Barnes returns with Tim Clark, the high-school student with the film workshop. Tim Clark is very serious and watchful, and a bit nervous. He wears black-rimmed spectacles, and he has a short, old-fashioned haircut, a mottled complexion, and a thin face still in the stage of being formed.*)

Preminger (*shaking hands with the boy and motioning him to a chair*): How is your workshop?

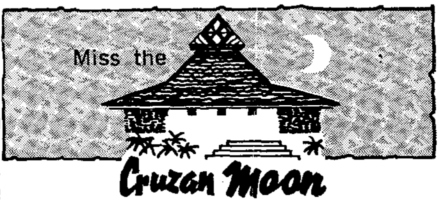
Clark: We're making this film about a boy and his homework.

Preminger: How much has it cost?

Clark: About a hundred dollars. And we want to make another film. We're trying to find someone to finance it, and you're the only man—

Her Majesty®
Softly flaring skimmer slip with triple tiers of 100% nylon sheer edged in scalloped lace. Innerslip of fine cotton with lace edging. White only. Sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, 6X, 8 and 10, $4. At Jacobson's, Michigan; and other fine stores.
Her Majesty®, 130 West 34th St., New York.

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL
A Renaissance of Graciousness
A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.
THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402 or see your travel agent.



and, boy, have you missed it!
NEW TROPICAL DISCOTHEQUE
St. Croix
Virgin Islands
VICTOR GILBERT
Skinker

Preminger: How much do you need?

Clark: Two hundred dollars.

Preminger: But I do not finance films. I am like you. I am a man who needs financing.

Clark: Maybe the unions would finance it.

Preminger (*respectfully*): I do not think that the unions would like non-union-made films. It is only the foundations that put up money. Or very rich people whom I do not know. How old are you?

Clark: Seventeen.

Preminger: You are going to go to college?

Clark: Yes.

Preminger: Why, if you are going to college, do you want to raise money for the workshop? You will not be in it?

Clark: It gave me a lot. I'd like to see it continued.

Preminger: How come you wear your hair so short?

Clark: I don't know.

Preminger: Do the students in your high school wear their hair long? Do they take drugs? Do they take LSD?

Clark: They take everything.

Preminger: I'll tell you what I will do. I will match whatever money you can raise by yourselves. If you raise fifty dollars, I will give fifty dollars for your workshop. If you raise more, I will give whatever you get. (*He stands up to say goodbye, and Clark is ushered out by Barnes, who returns as the intercom starts up.*)

Woman's Voice: Howard Felsher is here.

(*Felsher, a writer and television producer, walks in and sits down, very much at ease. He and Preminger seem to be old friends. Felsher looks to be in his late thirties, and he looks well adjusted and happy. He is wearing a tweed jacket and flannel slacks.*)

Felsher: Well?

Preminger (*smiling at him and shrugging*): Well.

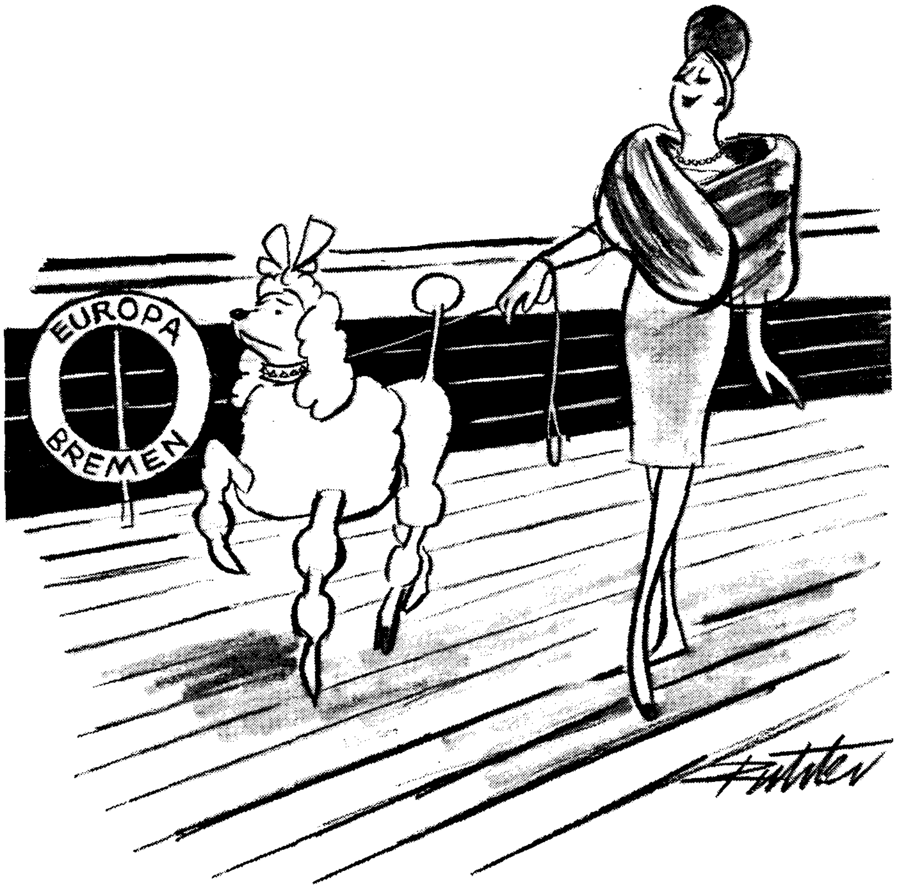
Felsher (*to Barnes*): I'm trying to sell him a novel I wrote. But he's not interested. The novel is about a President of the United States. And Mr. Preminger thinks Presidents are passé.

Barnes: Is the novel finished?

Felsher: I haven't started it yet. I wanted to wrap up this unique package, sell the screen rights to it *before* I start it.

Barnes: Isn't that what Harold Robbins did? Isn't that what—

Felsher (*his face suddenly taking on a glow of enthusiasm*): Exact-



Status Symbol

Going to Europe used to be a status symbol. It still is if you go by ship. Particularly an NGL ship.

It's smart, too, because aboard NGL's floating resorts you get an extra vacation for the price of your ticket. Five gourmet meals a day. Sports and spa facilities to keep in trim. Also, first-run movies, dances, parties, bridge, games, libraries, nurseries, beauty salons—even a kennel for your dog. Above all, the Lloyd regards every passenger as a VIP and service aboard is in the grand manner.

For those who must work, the Bremen provides multi-lingual secretarial service. All NGL ships have hostesses to smooth every detail of your trip.

Perhaps you don't give a rap about status. But you'll find that NGL ships are symbols of luxurious travel and have preserved the tradition of gracious living.

GO BY SHIP—GO NGL

TS BREMEN MS EUROPA MS BERLIN

From New York to England, France and Germany
See Your Travel Agent

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019, PL 7-9300
Chicago—Los Angeles—Toronto

NGL Ships are of West German registry

Imagine playing on one of San Juan's loveliest beaches.

Welcome to the exciting Puerto Rico Sheraton.

Splash in the surf on our lovely beach and swim in our tremendous pool a few steps away. Relax on golden sands under swaying palms and sun on our poolside terrace. Play tennis, golf, go deep-sea fishing nearby and sightseeing in San Juan. Have dinner with a view 21 stories up in La Alhambra restaurant. Enjoy dancing and entertainment in our nightclub. Each air-conditioned room and suite has a balcony. Come soon!

From only $15 per person per day two in a room. Suites from $60.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Sheraton Reservation Offices: In New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

puerto rico Sheraton
SAN JUAN

ly! And that's what I— Anyway, what's new?

PREMINGER: I am suing Columbia. (*He picks up a printed copy of a post-trial memorandum drawn up by his attorneys and waves it at Felsher. It is a booklet entitled "Supreme Court of the State of New York—County of New York—Special and Trial Term, Part II—Otto Preminger and Carlyle Productions, Plaintiffs Against Columbia Pictures Corporation and Screen Gems, Inc., Defendants—Plaintiffs' Post-Trial Memorandum."*) Printed! I feel like a publisher! I paid for it.

FELSHER (*sympathetically*): You didn't want Columbia to sell "Anatomy of a Murder" to television?

PREMINGER: It was stupid of them to sell it so fast! Next year, television will need pictures even more than now. They are running out of pictures to show.

FELSHER (*enthusiastically*): Time is absolutely on your side! You have everything going for you. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's private office. Preminger is alone, and is looking without too much interest at the book about himself. The door opens and Barnes walks in.

BARNES: Carolyn Larson is here. You told Arthur Israel, at Paramount, you would be glad to meet her.

PREMINGER: Bring her in. (*Barnes returns with Carolyn Larson. She is young and pretty, with a lot of dark-brown hair, done up in beehive style. She wears a white wool two-piece dress that comes to just above her knees. There is a pause, during which Preminger seems to be trying to decide whether or not to stand up.*)

PREMINGER (*standing up, and, as usual, dispensing with a drawn-out hello*): How are you?

MISS LARSON: Fine, sir. (*There is another pause.*)

PREMINGER (*his face taking on a benevolent expression*): Speak!

MISS LARSON (*quickly*): My name is Carolyn Larson. I was born in Stockholm, Sweden. My father was a sea captain. As a youngster, I travelled back and forth with him between Sweden and the United States. As a matter of fact, we have something in common. I am European, and you, too, are of European background.

PREMINGER (*smiling*): There is something we do *not* have in common. (*Miss Larson looks questioning.*) I have an accent. You have *no* accent. (*Miss Larson laughs.*) What are your plans?

MISS LARSON: My plans are to

THE RARE SMALL SIDEBOARD

From Our Collection of Dining Room Furniture

Most unusual . . . this bow front sideboard that meticulously follows every graceful line of the treasured antique which inspired it. Fashioned in old mahogany with delicate tulipwood inlays, with all the rich warmth and mellow color of the original. Easily one of the finest pieces we have ever made. Length 46", height 40", depth 19", with wine drawer on one side.

Shipped F.O.B. New York City. $395
Add $20 crating beyond normal delivery area.

A visit to Lloyds is a rare shopping experience. For here, unhurried, you can browse through an exceptional collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories and many pieces from fine estates. See the things that reflect your own good taste . . . and your desire for unusual values. No other shop in town is quite like it.

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y. • PL 9-7313

RESCUES DRY SKIN...
pampers your complexion
Hershey Estates
IDEAL GIFT

THE ONLY COCOA BUTTER SOAP

Only Hershey Estates soap is made of highly-refined cocoa butter, a nearly perfect skin conditioner. Excellent for dry skin because it conditions as it cleanses . . . leaves skin soft and refreshed. All-vegetable oil soap makes rich, velvety lather in any type of water. Delicately perfumed. GIFT BOXED. 3 cakes of toilet soap or 2 cakes of bath size or 10 cakes of guest size for $1.50, postpaid.

SPECIAL: 6 boxes (your selection) $8.50; 12 boxes for price of 11, $16.50, ppd. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

HERSHEY ESTATES, DEPT. 30, HERSHEY, PA.

EUROPE by CAR

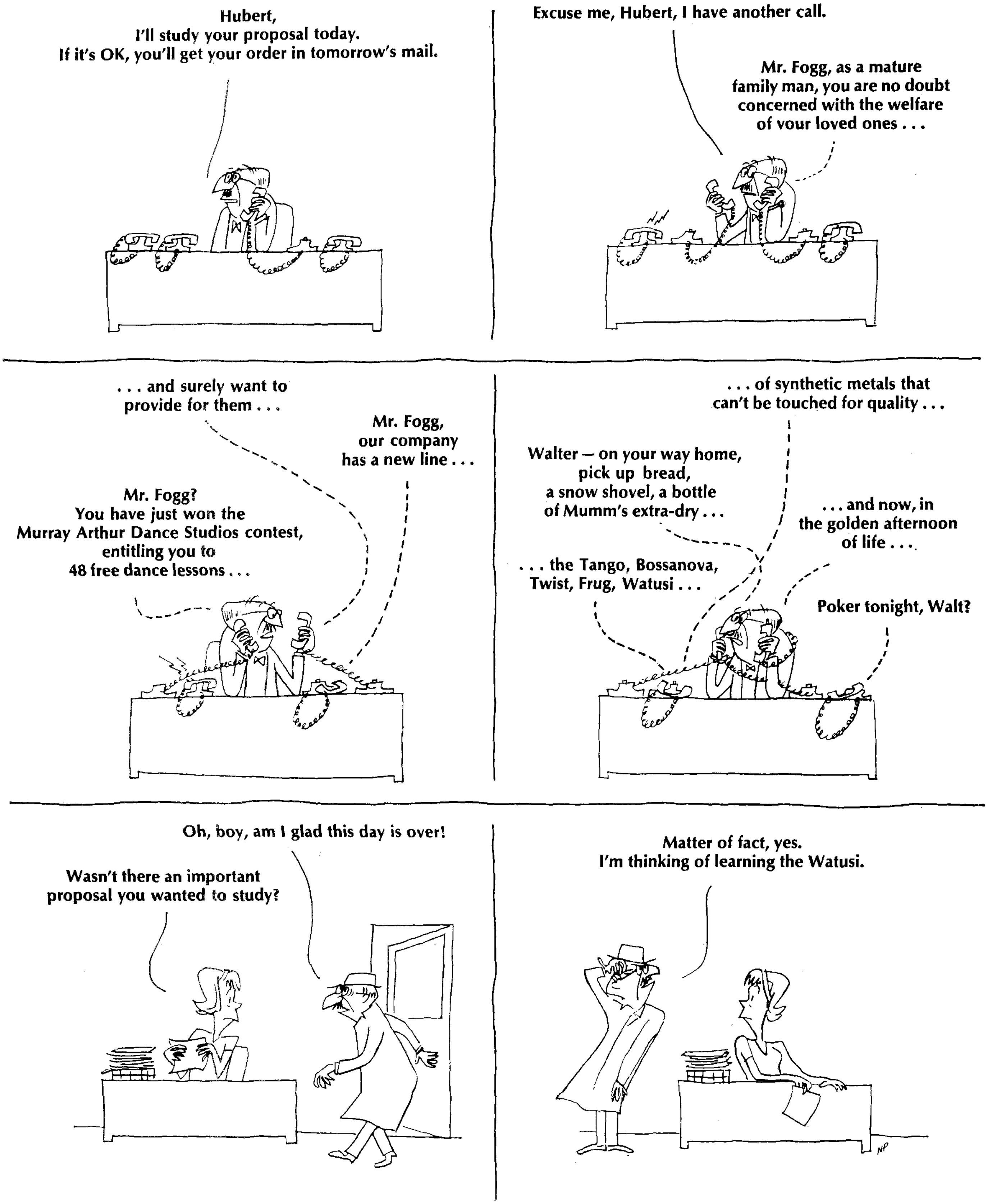
Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN SIMCA
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424

CAR (S) __________
Name __________
Address __________
City __________ State ____ NE-19

(*Advertisement*)


Hubert,
I'll study your proposal today.
If it's OK, you'll get your order in tomorrow's mail.
Excuse me, Hubert, I have another call.
Mr. Fogg, as a mature family man, you are no doubt concerned with the welfare of your loved ones . . .
. . . and surely want to provide for them . . .
Mr. Fogg, our company has a new line . . .
Mr. Fogg? You have just won the Murray Arthur Dance Studios contest, entitling you to 48 free dance lessons . . .
. . . of synthetic metals that can't be touched for quality . . .
Walter — on your way home, pick up bread, a snow shovel, a bottle of Mumm's extra-dry . . .
. . . and now, in the golden afternoon of life . . .
. . . the Tango, Bossanova, Twist, Frug, Watusi . . .
Poker tonight, Walt?
Oh, boy, am I glad this day is over!
Wasn't there an important proposal you wanted to study?
Matter of fact, yes.
I'm thinking of learning the Watusi.
NP

What do you think of — when you think of competition? Chances are, you think of the people who make the same kind of product you do. And battle you for sales.

But there's another kind of competition as tough, if not tougher. It's the endless impact on the industrial buyer's mind of all kinds of products and problems. These pressures never let up. Neither can you. One of the most effective — and economical — ways to hold onto the buyer's mind is through consistent advertising in McGraw-Hill publications.

Ask yourself whether you're advertising often enough — in the kind of magazine that talks business to the people you're trying to sell.

McGRAW-HILL
market-directed®
PUBLICATIONS

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?
ANSWER:______

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed (with vibrator—1966 addition) in every room?
ANSWER:______

What hotel is the only one in the world with a BarcaLounger Chair in every room?
ANSWER:______

IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio? ______
Bathroom extension phone? ______
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator? ______
Electric Shoe Polisher? ______
Air-Conditioning? ______
Irish Linen Towels? ______
Silent Valet? ______
"Catnap Throw"? ______

ANSWER:

THE Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) 686-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

MAY WE SEND YOU A BOOKLET?

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS
AROUND THE WORLD with SITA
33rd Year

☐ ROUND THE WORLD 30-80 Days incl. air. fr $2081
Weekly Departures. Fully Inclusive.
☐ EUROPE 22-80 Days $740
☐ ORIENT 20-30 Days $1588
☐ AFRICA 26-62 Days $1900
☐ SO.PACIFIC 12-65 Days $678
☐ HOLY LAND 22 Days $1313
☐ SO. AMER. 18-46 Days $1094
☐ HAWAII 8-15 Days $286
☐ MEXICO 7-39 Days $220
☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 68 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.

Ask Your Travel Agent
SITA WORLD TRAVEL
50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. Y. New York 20

Check folders desired.
Name______
Address______
City______State______

break into motion pictures. I played the lead in one film. It is called "The Feel of the Thing." It is about a very talented artist who just gives it up.

PREMINGER: Who plays the artist?

MISS LARSON: Al Muscari. It was directed by David Pokotilow. (*Preminger gives Barnes a look signifying that he has never heard of either one.*)

PREMINGER: Maybe we can see the film. We need films for my projection room. I am like television. I never have enough films. How old are you?

MISS LARSON: Twenty-three.

PREMINGER: What are you doing now?

MISS LARSON: I am studying under Lee Strasberg.

PREMINGER (*kiddingly*): Who is *he*?

MISS LARSON: Why, he is the father of The Method.

PREMINGER: He is not the *father*. The uncle, maybe. Or the cousin. But not the father.

MISS LARSON (*without a pause*): To me he's like a father.

PREMINGER (*even more benevolently*): What has he done for you?

MISS LARSON: I take private lessons—

PREMINGER (*interrupting*): Why private lessons? Why not the Studio? How much do private lessons cost?

MISS LARSON: Thirty dollars a month.

PREMINGER: What *has* he done for you?

MISS LARSON: He has dug into my mind, he has dug into my soul, he has dug into my spirit. He has helped me become a person. He has given me confidence and belief in myself as a human being.

PREMINGER (*dryly*): Interesting. Has *he* any problems?

MISS LARSON: He's a human being, too.

PREMINGER: Interesting. (*Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's private office. Preminger is now reading a printed booklet. A closeup shows it to be another post-trial memorandum. Barnes enters, bringing with him Scott Glenn, a handsome, dark-haired young man whose walk seems to indicate considerable independence and spirit. Preminger shakes his hand and looks at him with approval.

BARNES: Scott went to William and Mary. We come from the same part of the country.

PREMINGER: I am going to do a

POCONO'S NEWEST SKI RESORT
poco North
AT LAKE WALLENPAUPACK
HAWLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

T-BAR AND CHAIR LIFTS * SKI INSTRUCTION AND RENTALS * SNOW MAKING EQUIPMENT * Up-to-the-minute snow reports: New York (212) 925-7724. So. Conn. (203) 482-4350. Philadelphia (215) 923-0119. Trenton (609) 695-3898. Allentown/Bethlehem (215) 434-0614. Scranton/Wilkes-Barre (717) 342-7833. For information, Box 150, Hawley, Pa. Telephone: (717) 226-4595.

JULES PODELL PRESENTS
THE SUPREMES
STANTON & PEDDIE
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.25 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 · PL 8-0900

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard
RESTAURANT

RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

Superlative Setting for gracious Dining
AL FARBER'S
CHÂTEAU LE BOEUF
OPEN 5 p.m.
CHICAGO
in the BELDEN-STRATFORD HOTEL 2300 N. LINCOLN PARK WEST LA 5-7375

picture with a lot of young, good parts.

GLENN (*speaking in a soft voice somewhat suggestive of the South*): I understudied Ben Piazza in "The Zoo Story." And now I'm playing in "The Impossible Years."

PREMINGER: What is it?

BARNES: It's a play, a hit play, on Broadway. With Alan King.

PREMINGER: I'll come to see you in the play.

GLENN (*with a young grin*): It's a small but flashy part.

PREMINGER: All right. We will come to see you.

(*Glenn gets up and leaves, walking at a leisurely pace. Preminger and Barnes watch him go out. Then they turn to each other.*)

PREMINGER: He's nice-looking. And he will be a good-looking man. He has a Gary Cooperish quality. I *like* him. (*Dissolve.*)

EXTERIOR. Sidewalk. In front of Preminger's house. Early morning, in the middle of the third week in January, 1966. Preminger stands in front of his door, holding each of his children by the hand. All three are wearing navy-blue raincoats. All three look clean, shining, impeccable. The children are wearing their navy-blue knitted caps. Preminger grimaces at Edward Durell Stone's house across the street, then toward Park Avenue. Romaner's taxicab comes toward them, moving fast, and draws up at the curb. Romaner's hair is shaggier than before. Preminger opens the door of the taxi, ushers the children in, and climbs in after them. Then the door of his house opens, and the butler, in his white jacket, comes out carrying the large Picasso painting that ordinarily hangs over the sofa in Preminger's office, and hands it to Preminger. The taxi heads for the children's school.

INTERIOR. Taxi. Rear seat. Preminger keeps one hand balancing the painting against his legs and the other hand on Mark's shoulder.

MARK: Daddy took me to the St. Regis barbershop, Mr. Romaner, and we got a haircut.

PREMINGER: Only Mark got a haircut. (*Laughs.*) I do not have much hair to cut. I shave my head. Myself. But I got a manicure.

VICTORIA: We want *you* to get a haircut, Mr. Romaner.

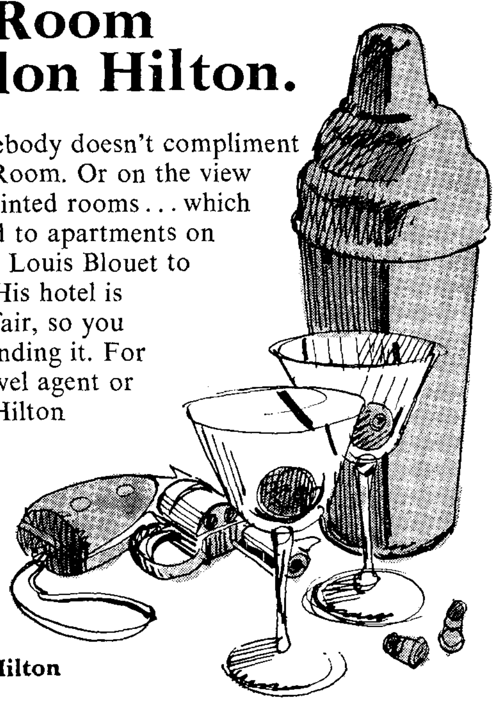
ROMANER (*looking at her in the rearview mirror*): I can't. I've got to look this way for your daddy's

In London, have a vodka martini (shaken—not stirred) in the 007 Room at the London Hilton.

It's a rare day when somebody doesn't compliment us on the intriguing 007 Room. Or on the view from the beautifully appointed rooms... which our guests have compared to apartments on Park Lane. Ask Manager Louis Blouet to have one ready for you. His hotel is right in fashionable Mayfair, so you won't have any trouble finding it. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

London Hilton

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton



A Celebrity travel kit contains all your secrets (except the microfilm)

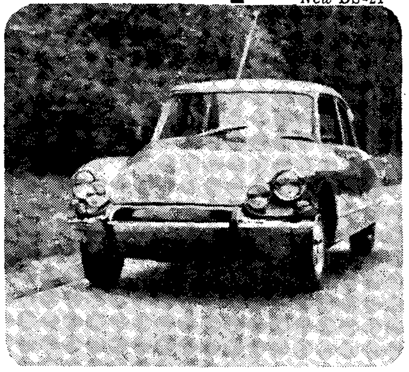
You can't forget a thing. Creams, lotions, soap, toothbrush...everything has its own little plastic container. And everything stows away neatly in a Celebrity travel kit. In your choice of handsome fabrics, $5. Others from $3. to $15. Your contact is the cosmetic or notions department at fine stores only.

It's amazing how many
women love a Celebrity

CELEBRITY INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

a car is a must in europe!

New DS-21



Citroen is your best choice with a car for every need, and a plan for every budget. Purchase your Citroen at your Dealer here and save as you take tax-free delivery abroad. Mail coupon for full information.

CITROËN

Citroen Cars Corp., Dept. NY-2
East: 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Please send me complete information on European Delivery of Citroen cars direct from factory.

Name____________________
Address____________________
*City*________*State*______*Zip*______

5 MINUTES TO
18 HOLE LONGBOAT
KEY GOLF COURSE

Club-like setting. Safe private beach or new swimming pool. Tennis. Superb food.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462

Lido Biltmore
CLUB HOTEL
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

LIZA MINNELLI
is the heiress apparent in the
PERSIAN ROOM
February 9-March 8
Performances at
9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

next picture. I think he's writing me in.

PREMINGER: I may have news for you soon. About your part, Mr. Romaner. (*Romaner is so startled that he almost runs the taxi into the car ahead of him.*) But in the meantime, Mr. Romaner, it really would be all right for you to get a haircut. The picture does not start for two months yet.

ROMANER: O.K., O.K. (*He seems dazed.*)

MARK: I got *my* hair cut. At the St. Regis.

VICTORIA: The hairdresser comes to the house and does Mommy's hair, and then he does Nanny's hair, and then he gives *me* a little trim.

ROMANER (*regaining his calm and throwing Preminger a significant look in the mirror*): Whatever will be will be.

(*He draws up in front of the school. Preminger and the children get out and start toward the door of the school. The painting is left in the back seat of the taxi. The camera follows Preminger, over the painting, through the taxi window.*)

INTERIOR. Taxi. Preminger returns and gets back into the rear seat. He places the Picasso on his lap as the taxi heads for Preminger's office.

PREMINGER (*thoughtfully*): At my age, when I look at my children and listen to them talk, they seem like a miracle. (*He casually adjusts the Picasso on his lap.*) The painting I took home from the office for one day, because we needed to put it where the Matisse was, for background, for a color photograph for an R.C.A. color-television ad.

ROMANER: You really meant it—what you said about the part in your picture?

PREMINGER: Yes. You will be very good for a part I have in mind.

ROMANER (*looking euphoric*): What will be will be.

INTERIOR. Columbia Pictures Building. An automatic elevator, at ground-floor level. The elevator is packed. Preminger is the last one in before the door closes. He is carrying the Picasso under one arm. He nods at one of the other occupants, a short man wearing horn-rimmed glasses.

PREMINGER: Good morning, Mr. Jackter. I hear you have a new job at Columbia, and are no longer the sales manager.

RUBE JACKTER (*who seems to be*

Ready for Florida fun?
Get set...
Go Seaboard!

...aboard a modern, comfortable Streamliner. Enjoy delightful Pullmans and coaches, roomy lounges, excellent food and friendly, helpful service staff, including a Registered Nurse. *Exclusive morning and afternoon departures to both coasts of Florida.*

SILVER STAR SILVER METEOR

For reservations
in New York: Circle 5-7380
Seaboard Office: 12 W. 51st St.

DISCOVER AMERICA

Seaboard
RAILROAD
THE ROUTE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

Barrie Ltd.
OF NEW HAVEN

Classic Moccasin

FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Made from soft Scotch-grained calf * Fully leather-lined * Genuine hand-sewn vamp * Hand antiqued and polished * Double leather sole and heel * in Golden Tan Grain ☐ or Light Weathered Ivy Grain ☐ - $19.95 postpaid.
Order by mail, state shoe size—
Barrie Ltd., 260 York St., New Haven, Conn.

STRAPARAMA®

A fine watch deserves a fine watchstrap—an inexpensive watch needs one. 25 thousand classic watchstraps of precious supple leathers. Exclusively ours, made in Switzerland. All sizes, all colors, for men and women. Attached in one minute. $3.50 to $15.00.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?
425 MADISON AVE., NYC 17—Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

sucking a cough drop): How are you feeling?

PREMINGER: Fine. You didn't know that I am really ruling Columbia now? That I am responsible for your new job?

JACKTER (*smoothly*): I told you long ago you should have taken over.

PREMINGER (*laughing*): And sue *myself*?

JACKTER (*as the door opens on a lower floor and he starts moving out of the elevator*): Take care of yourself. Everything will be all right. (*He glances at the Picasso as the door closes. Dissolve.*)

INTERIOR. Preminger's private office. He is standing on his sofa, rehanging his Picasso. He gets down, steps back, and looks at it, and appears satisfied. His secretary, an attractive young woman, brings in a large cup of black coffee in white Rosenthal china and sets it on his desk. As she leaves, he sits down at his desk, takes a sip of coffee, and starts reading the film trade papers. His buzzer buzzes.

MAN'S VOICE (*over telephone speaker*): Otto? Nat.

PREMINGER: Where are you?

MAN'S VOICE: At your house, putting in a new screen. The old screen had a wrinkle in it.

PREMINGER: Nat, this will be an important day. Today we get the judge's decision in the case. This morning. (*He finishes with Nat and talks to his secretary over the speaker.*) Get me Dr. Seligman. (*Nelson Gidding, a rather heavy man with a large, fluffy mustache, and a friendly manner, comes into the office, in shirtsleeves, and walking in his socks. He takes a chair across the desk from Preminger. Intercom buzzes.*)

SECRETARY'S VOICE (*over the intercom*): Dr. Seligman is tied up, giving a physical.

PREMINGER: Let me talk, please, to someone in his office. Anyone.

WOMAN'S VOICE: This is Dr. Seligman's secretary, Mr. Preminger. Dr. Seligman is tied up, giving a physical.

PREMINGER: Look. Just find out. Please. Does Dr. Seligman want me to continue with the antibiotics? It's due in half an hour. (*To Gidding*) I've been fighting a virus.

WOMAN'S VOICE: I'll do the best I can, Mr. Preminger.

PREMINGER: Thank you. (*Presses button for his own secretary.*) See if you can get Mr. Schwartz or Mr. Cooper for me. (*Turns to Gidding.*) Did you know that you don't say

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE SKUNK AND HIS SPOUSE

Haled into court for non-support, a shiftless Skunk was told by the judge: "You're a drunk, a no-good, a disgrace! I'm giving your wife a hundred dollars a month." Said the Skunk: "Great, Judge. I'll try to slip her a few bucks myself from time to time!"

MORAL: not always easy to know what future income will be . . .

Unless, of course, like many shrewd people, you invest in tax-free municipal bonds. You then know your pay-off exactly. No tax bite. That's right . . . Uncle Sam lets you keep all the interest they earn.

If you are in the 37½% or over tax bracket you'll enjoy . . . and, possibly, profit from reading our booklet "WHAT TAX-FREE BONDS CAN MEAN TO YOU." A copy is yours at our nearest office. Or write:

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 • DI 4-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK AND PACIFIC COAST STOCK EXCHANGES AND OTHER PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES · OVER 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.

Riding bareback
or in the jag,
At a concert
or cabaret,
You're part of
the smart set,
Like your sportswear,
"Way Out" Westerns
by White Stag.

KIDS OF DISTINCTION
WEAR PICCOLINO

Piccolino *American Edition:* a superior collection of children's wear in all sizes, knitted of Orlon in the U.S.A. At Cerutti in New York, and distinguished stores everywhere. Or write Piccolino, a division of Gino Paoli, 112 West 34th Street, New York, New York 10001.

THE
Crown
ROOM

jewel of a restaurant in a most unusual setting

Easily New York's most unique restaurant, 42nd Street overlooking the Hudson River in the Sheraton Motor Inn. Motorists take West Side Highway south to the 46th St. Exit. **FREE INDOOR PARKING.** Reservations suggested: OX 5-6500.

The complete experience in dining

Chateaubriand

Continental cuisine
for luncheon and dinner
131 East 54th St.
Call Charles...755-5260

"square" anymore? It is now square to say "square." You now say "straight."

Gidding: That so? (*The phone buzzes.*)

Secretary's Voice: Dr. Seligman is on the line.

Preminger: Hello.

Dr. Arthur Seligman's Voice: How are you doing?

Preminger: Shall I continue with the antibiotics?

Dr. Seligman's Voice: I think you can knock it off. Let me know if there's any problem about it.

Preminger: Thank you. (*Tunes out Dr. Seligman. Buzzer sounds again immediately.*)

Secretary's Voice: Mr. Schwartz is not in. Mr. Cooper is not in. Mr. Schwartz's secretary would like to speak with you.

Preminger: Put her on. . . . Yes?

Voice of Schwartz's Secretary: Mr. Preminger, Judge Klein's assistant called and left word that the judge is disposing of the case this morning. The judge is dismissing it without prejudice to a renewal.

Preminger (*almost without pause or reaction*): Does that mean we have lost it?

Voice of Schwartz's Secretary: I don't know.

Preminger (*still not changing his tone*): Please. Ask Mr. Schwartz to call me. (*Turns to Gidding, with no change in expression.*) We will live.

Gidding: You lost a round, that's all.

Preminger: I really didn't feel we could lose. I felt we were so right.

Gidding: You'll appeal, of course.

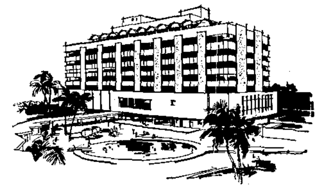
Preminger (*maintaining his calm without apparent effort*): We will live. It is good for the character of people to lose from time to time.

Gidding: It isn't *you* who have lost. It's all of us—everybody in films. Every writer, every actor, every director. (*He looks militant.*)

Preminger: A few years from now, the whole thing will look ridiculous. There will be *no* interruptions for commercials. It seems so simple. (*Barnes enters.*) Bill, sit down. We lost the case.

Barnes: I don't believe it. How? (*The telephone buzzes.*)

Marvin Schwartz's Voice: The news is bad. (*He sounds depressed.*) The judge decided it's the custom in television to make minor cuts and interrupt for commercials when a picture is shown, and that you were aware of that practice when you granted the television rights.



The Racquet Club
Hotel
Isla Verde, San Juan
PUERTO RICO

You are cordially invited to enjoy the unique facilities and friendly atmosphere of our new Racquet Club Hotel, opening in Puerto Rico on April 1st. Features include: magnificent swimming pool with wading area for children; 8 tennis courts; luxurious suites, each with dressing room, bath and ocean or mountain view. Our cuisine is superb. We welcome your inquiries as to reservations and rates.

Cordially,
W. Hanford Harris
W. Hanford Harris
Managing Director

See your Travel Agent or our Representatives:
Leonard Hicks, Inc., 532 Madison Av.,
New York 10022 • MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D.C.

enjoy life among
the Four Hundred

Many of America's best-known names appear on our register. Why not yours? Accommodations, cuisine and service are unexcelled. And, all this seaside luxury is so easily affordable!

Assuredly, one of the world's finest
THE
CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City, (609) 345-1271
Michael T. McGarry, V.P. & Gen. Mgr.

NSU

FREE reprint "How to pick a new car for below $2,000—a factual comparison of 18 imported automobiles." Write for free reprint to: Exclusive U. S. Importer: Transcontinental Motors, 421 East 91st Street, New York, New York 10028. Tel: (212) 876-7010. (NSU—German)

IN SUNNY MIAMI BEACH
IT'S
JunioRs
4 RESTAURANTS
THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE MEETS

PREMINGER: And what is a *minor* cut? They might cut one word or one minute and change the whole meaning of the picture. There is only *one* picture, and it is the picture I made, the way I cut it.

SCHWARTZ'S VOICE: I know.

PREMINGER: What can we do now?

SCHWARTZ'S VOICE: Let me read the decision. Let me think about it overnight.

PREMINGER: Don't feel so depressed. You can only have a certain percentage of success.

SCHWARTZ'S VOICE: I'm very sorry.

PREMINGER: *You* did the best you could. But if we can appeal, we should appeal. And can we extend the injunction to continue keeping them from cutting the film on television? Until the appeal is decided?

SCHWARTZ'S VOICE: Let me think.

PREMINGER (*decisively*): If we can extend it, we should extend it. I do not like to give up if I feel I am right. (*Presses button to turn off speaker.*)

BARNES: It's the principle of the thing.

PREMINGER: I must now console my wife and children. What will Mark say?

GIDDING: A lot of people and a lot of films of a lot of people are affected.

PREMINGER: I think we *must* appeal. (*Sounds puzzled.*) The very fact that a custom goes unchallenged doesn't make it law. I think the judge is wrong. This judge *acted* like a movie fan, but he decided against me.

BARNES: But it's a violation of your contract! It's the principle of the thing.

GIDDING (*still militant*): It's everybody's fight.

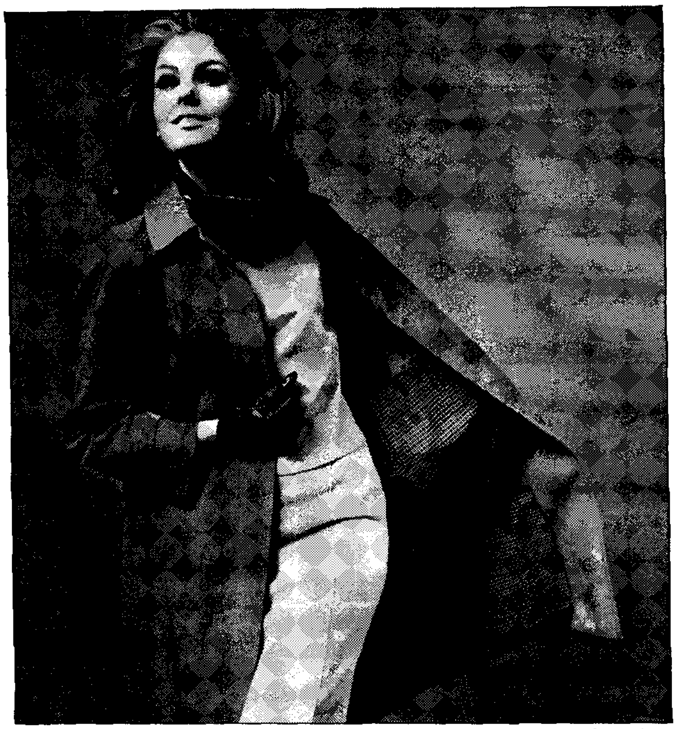
PREMINGER: It could be worse. Don't forget, when you go into court, there are only two possibilities: One, you win. Two, you lose. I thought I would win, because I felt I was right. I still feel I am right. But losing is not so important. It's more important to get the wrinkle out of the screen.

(*As the camera pans from Preminger's face to Barnes's face and then to Gidding's face and then to the Picasso and then to the view from Preminger's window, we again hear—now played by a full symphony orchestra—the city music, starting pianissimo and building up, with mingled references to "There's No Business Like Show Business," "The Blue Danube," and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," to a deafening fortissimo.*)

THE END

—LILLIAN ROSS

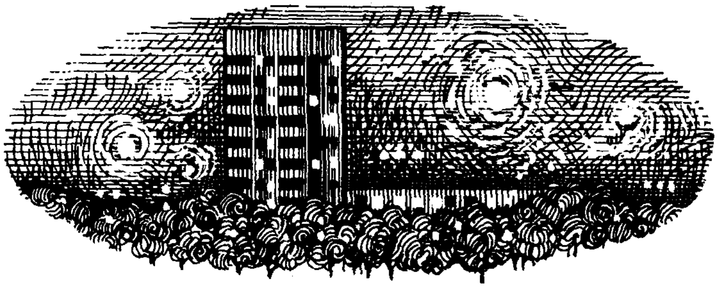
WEATHERBEE®



Weather, weather everywhere. Doesn't matter which kind in this snug Balmacaan. Worsted-look Dacron® polyester/Avril® rayon poplin. Fresh spring shades, basic colors. Misses, Petite, Junior sizes. $35.00* at these and other fine stores. *Rogers Peet Co., New York; Chas. A. Stevens Co., Chicago; Wolf's, Des Moines; Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; Goldwaters, Phoenix; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Nicholas Ungar, Portland, Ore.; The Globe, Scranton.* Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 10018.
*Slightly higher Far West

When do they light up The Carlton Tower?

The Carlton Tower is a hotel in Knightsbridge, London.
But it's also a pillar of light that brightens the entire city.
It's made up of such incandescent intangibles as
laughter and music, fashion and gaiety, appetite and luxury.
These lights never go out. In fact, they burn brighter
every day to light your way to The Carlton Tower!



THE CARLTON TOWER
Cadogan Place, London S.W. 1
New York: PL 2-9100 • Chicago: 782-1119 • Washington, D.C.: DI 7-3000
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA AND WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

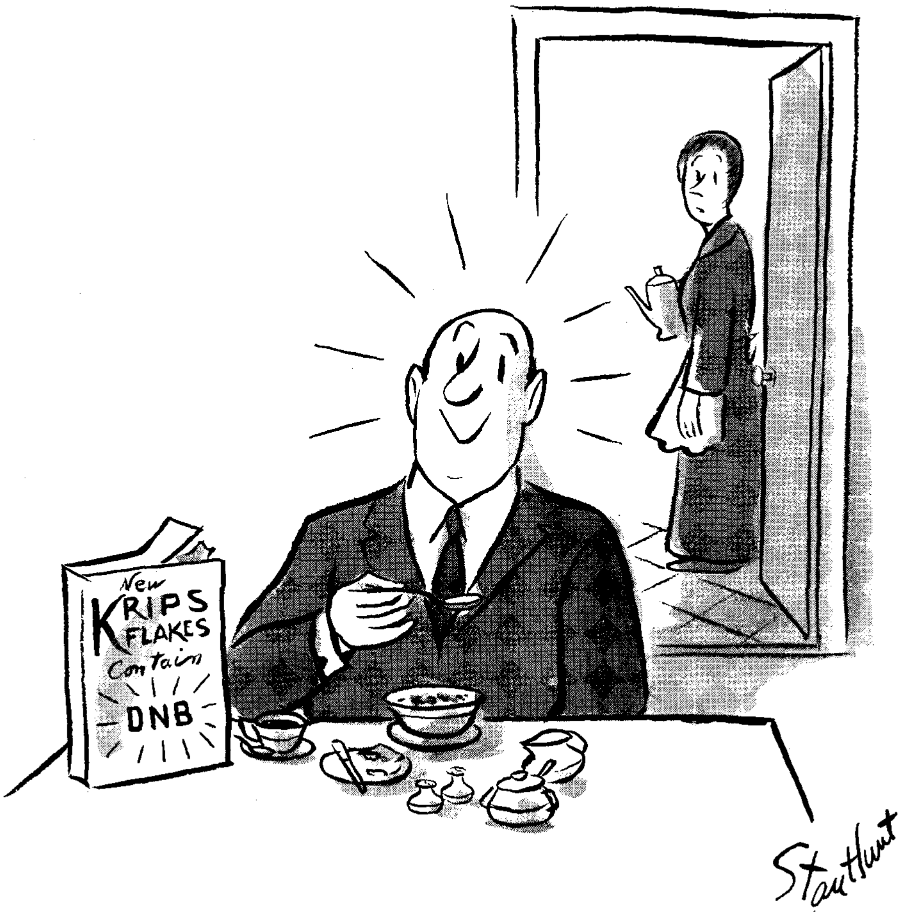
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE production of Racine's "Phèdre," in William Packard's translation, at the Greenwich Mews is extremely well-bred, even genteel, but it is not at all tragic. Restful is more like it. No one on the stage interrupts anyone else or raises his voice or moves when anyone else is speaking. Mr. Packard has turned Racine's classical French rhymed couplets into rhymed couplets of colloquial English; the de-dum, de-dum, de-dum gets awfully trying after a while, and many of the rhymes are downright silly. They sound especially silly because the actors—or most of them, anyway—tend to chant them rather than speak them. It is hard to take very seriously someone who says, "You are in love, you *burn./* You hide a fatal pain that no man can dis*cern*," or to care much when Mildred Dunnock, as the Queen's nurse, chaperon, and dispenser of bad advice, urges Beatrice Straight, as the Queen, not to kill herself because of her children with the lines "Hippolyte is glad to see the end of you./ For by your dying you support his point of view." All that misery and suffering by way of all those jingles! To be fair, the performance, under the direction of Paul-Émile Deiber, of the Comédie Française, is always clear, graceful in movement, and decorative. What it is not is stirring or touching or interesting. There is no catharsis on West Thirteenth Street. Although the playing has a kind of unity, there is no real style, either—just an approximation of it. The clarity should not be dismissed, though, for the plot is complicated, and every actor carries quite a burden of exposition. To sketch it in briefly, Phèdre, a Grecian queen, is dying of secret love for her stepson, Hippolyte, and she reveals it to him after she hears that her husband, King Theseus, who has been away for some time, is dead. Hippolyte, whom she has always treated as an enemy, is appalled at her confession and turns from her. He has made himself a model of chastity because of the unbridled amorousness of his father, whom he otherwise admires, but he, too, has secretly fallen in love—with a girl named Aricie, a prisoner of the state. Phèdre is not pleased at being rebuffed. News comes that the King is alive and on his way home. Phèdre, afraid that Hippolyte will betray her, wants to commit suicide, but the nurse persuades her to reverse the facts instead and accuse him of having tried to seduce her. She refuses at first, but when she hears about Aricie, she agrees. The King enters. Faced with her story of what I suppose could be called statutory incest—Phèdre and Hippolyte are not related—Theseus banishes his son, and the Prince is dragged to his death when his horses are frightened by a sea monster. Phèdre poisons herself and, dying, confesses her lie. There are political ramifications and much talk throughout the play about tainted bloodlines and everybody's dead relations, and the gods are invoked from time to time.

Even through Mr. Packard's pedestrian translation, one can sense that "Phèdre" must be a tremendous play, spare and powerful and rich in its details of character and motives. But the actors have to supply the tension and emotion, and these actors, although they comport themselves well, cannot rise to the occasion. Never does one get the impression of strong feelings held in check or suddenly released. Miss Straight looks lovely and is always self-possessed, but her scenes with Miss Dunnock, as the misguided faculty adviser, are particularly trying, since the ladies pick up each other's tones and rhythms of speech to lulling effect. No one else goes off the track, but the men lack strength and conviction. The one exception in the company is Anne Draper, as Aricie. She is not required to be tragic, but she is charming, and she delivers her lines without singsong. Geri Davis's setting, a mélange of Greek pillars and French wallpaper, seemed fine to me, and Sylvia Kalegi's seventeenth-century French gowns are pretty and extremely becoming.

—EDITH OLIVER



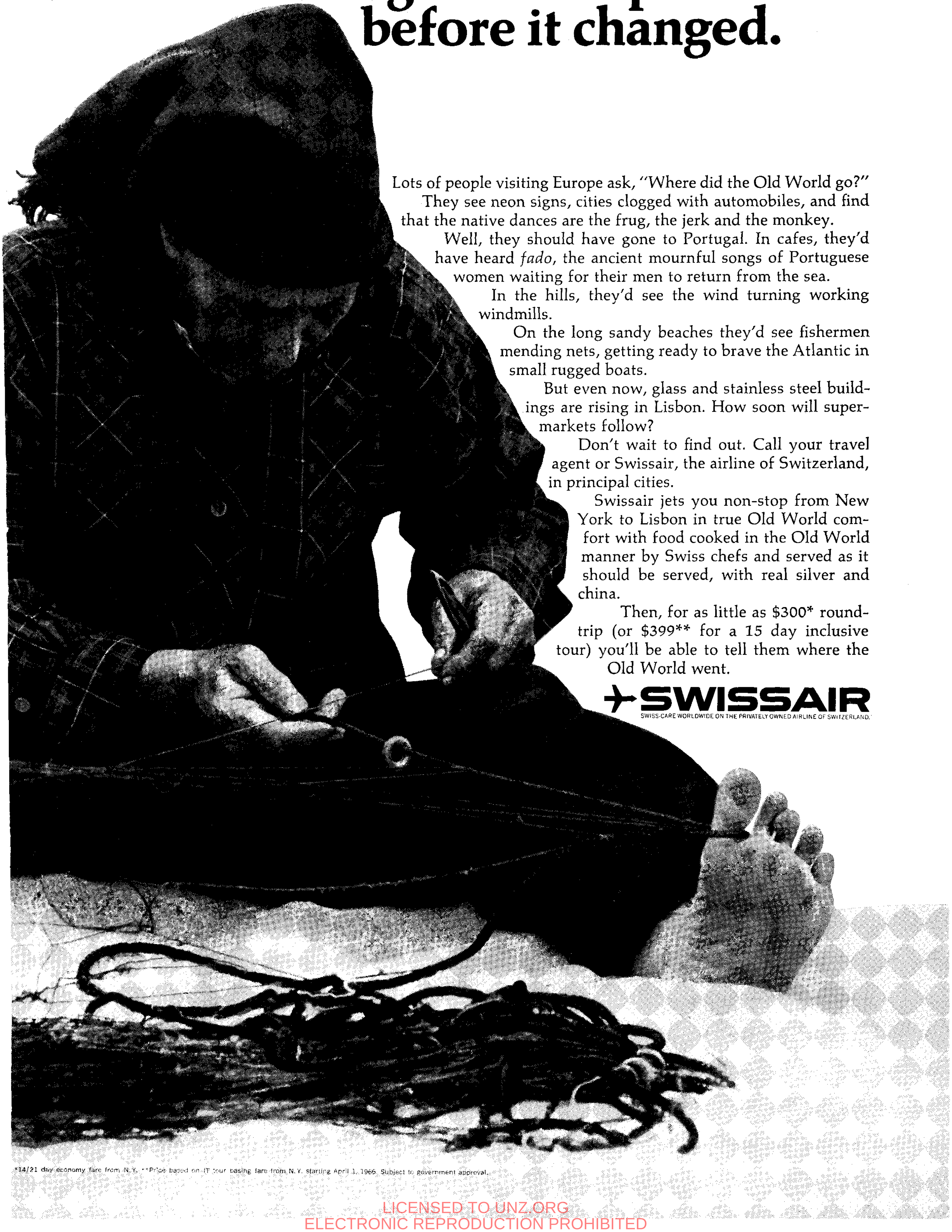
•

Anyone in the world is eligible for the poetry professorship. Sir Maurice said he had picked Mr. Lowell strictly on the merits.

"You don't have to be a man or a woman or a poet or anything," Sir Maurice said.—*The Times.*

You going to take that lying down, Mr. Lowell?

Portugal is Europe before it changed.



Lots of people visiting Europe ask, "Where did the Old World go?"

They see neon signs, cities clogged with automobiles, and find that the native dances are the frug, the jerk and the monkey.

Well, they should have gone to Portugal. In cafes, they'd have heard *fado*, the ancient mournful songs of Portuguese women waiting for their men to return from the sea.

In the hills, they'd see the wind turning working windmills.

On the long sandy beaches they'd see fishermen mending nets, getting ready to brave the Atlantic in small rugged boats.

But even now, glass and stainless steel buildings are rising in Lisbon. How soon will supermarkets follow?

Don't wait to find out. Call your travel agent or Swissair, the airline of Switzerland, in principal cities.

Swissair jets you non-stop from New York to Lisbon in true Old World comfort with food cooked in the Old World manner by Swiss chefs and served as it should be served, with real silver and china.

Then, for as little as $300* round-trip (or $399** for a 15 day inclusive tour) you'll be able to tell them where the Old World went.

SWISSAIR

SWISS CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

*14/21 day economy fare from N.Y. **Price based on IT tour basing fare from N.Y. starting April 1, 1966. Subject to government approval.

know

"What is the end of study?" Biron asked in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Smith, Barney & Co. fully agrees with the King's reply: "Why, that to know, which else we should not know."

The more than thirty members of our Research Department spend their full time in study—toward exactly that end.

They are constantly engaged in the examination of individual companies, industries, the quality of management, and market and economic trends. They maintain a continuous and considerable flow of current information to our organization and our clients...to provide those clients with knowledge and judgment to guide them in their investment decisions.

They study continually...to the end that we and our clients may know that "which else we should not know."

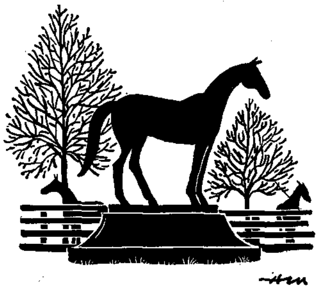
If you'd like to see some recent examples of their published reports, demonstrating the helpfulness of their studies, just send us a note. We'll be happy to hear from you.

Smith, Barney & Co.
Incorporated
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading exchanges
20 Broad Street, New York 5, N. Y.
529 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Philadelphia • Chicago
Boston • San Francisco
Albany • Allentown • Cleveland • Dallas
Hartford • Milwaukee • Minneapolis

THE RACE TRACK

Comeback

Hill Rise, who's had a lot of ups and downs, is on the ups again. Last Saturday, he won the San Antonio Handicap, at Santa Anita, thus taking dead aim at another victory in the Big 'Cap, as they call the Santa Anita in Pasadena, ten days hence. Finishing with a great rush, in the course of which he disposed of Terry's Secret, he won by half a length. Terry's Secret was two and a half lengths ahead of Bold Bidder, the favorite, as they passed the post. Only six runners paraded, but they were the best of the older horses at the meeting. According to the chart, Native Diver went right to the front, as he likes to do, with Bold Bidder hot after him for three-quarters of the mile and a furlong. Then Native Diver, who carried top weight of 128 pounds, began to tire. Bold Bidder held on a little longer, but he was no match for Hill Rise or Terry's Secret. California-bred Hill Rise, who runs in the colors of George Pope, Jr.'s, El Peco Ranch and is trained by the veteran Bill Finnegan, hadn't won since he returned to his home grounds, but he's making up for lost time.



Although the field for it was distinguished more by quantity than by quality, the Bougainvillea Handicap, at Hialeah last weekend, was far from dull. Fourteen ran lickety-cut for the mile and three-sixteenths over the turf course, and the race ended in a dead heat between Lord Date and Kentucky Jug, with Point du Jour, who had led most of the way, a close third. The next thing you knew, Turcotte, who rode Point du Jour, lodged a claim of foul against both Lord Date and Kentucky Jug, charging that they had crowded his mount on the turn into the stretch. Both claims were dismissed. Watching the race on TV, I thought that Lord Date, who raced beside Point du Jour through the last quarter, might have been ridden a bit close, but how Kentucky Jug, who went around them, figured in it was beyond me. Still, a boy does not often get a chance to claim against both horses in a dead heat.

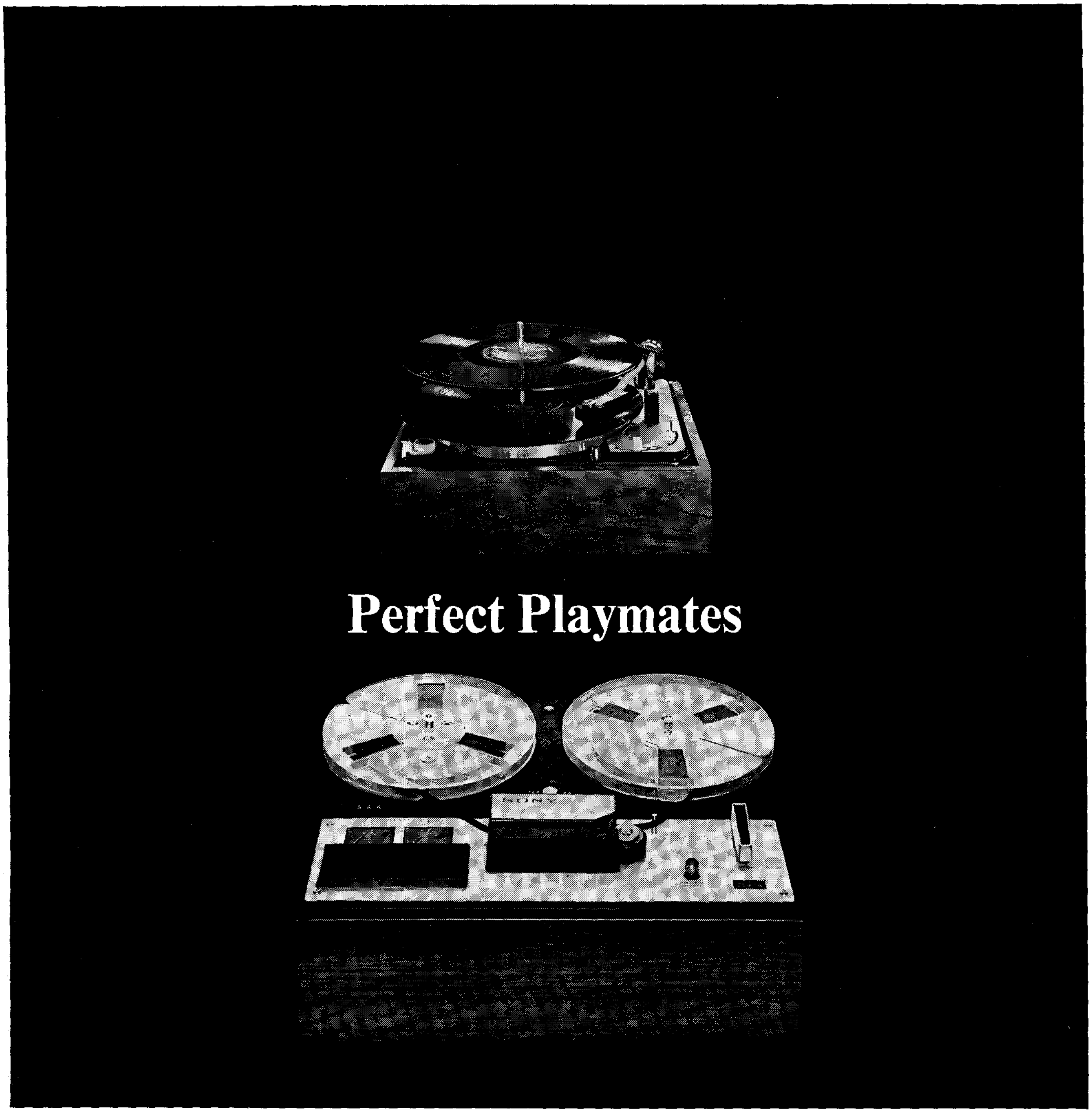
Just when I was thinking that it was going to be a quiet week at Hialeah as far as the three-year-olds were concerned, along came Eddie Neloy with a live wire named Bold and Brave, who ran so impressively that some observers figured he might be better than Buckpasser. (Maybe they had tickets on him.) Neloy, who trains both horses, disagreed emphatically but admitted that the colt does have his points. One of these is whopping early speed, and I've a notion that Bold and Brave is going to be Buckpasser's pacemaker when the chips are down for the meeting with Graustark. Later the same afternoon, Neloy sent Queen Empress out for a sprint at seven furlongs, and she beat Tosmah by a nose, with What a Treat third, a neck behind, and four other starters down the course. Next day, he saddled Destro and My Boss Lady for the new Mimosa Stakes, and they ran one, two.

It isn't roses all the way for Neloy, though. Dapper Dan, his candidate for the Widener Handicap this weekend, has gone lame. Roman Brother is out of the race, too. Burley Parke, who trains him, says the 1965 Horse of the Year injured an ankle in the Seminole Handicap. From where I sit, the Widener looks like a big scramble.

As predicted months ago, they'll be off and running at Big A earlier this year—on March 14th, if you care to make a note of the date. As the law stands, racing wouldn't have begun until the third Monday in March, which would be the twenty-first, but bills to lengthen the season were introduced in Albany last week and the Aqueduct management has already scheduled the Swift Stakes, the customary main event on opening day, for March 14th. And the amendment to the state constitution legalizing a lottery in New York passed both houses of the legislature for the second time last week. (The first time was at the 1965 session.) Now it will go before the people in November, and their ratification of it is a foregone conclusion.

Speaking of early early openings, Bowie, despite blizzards and other untoward incidents, did so well financially that the Maryland Racing Commission has set the opening of the 1967 season for the day after New Year's.

—Audax Minor



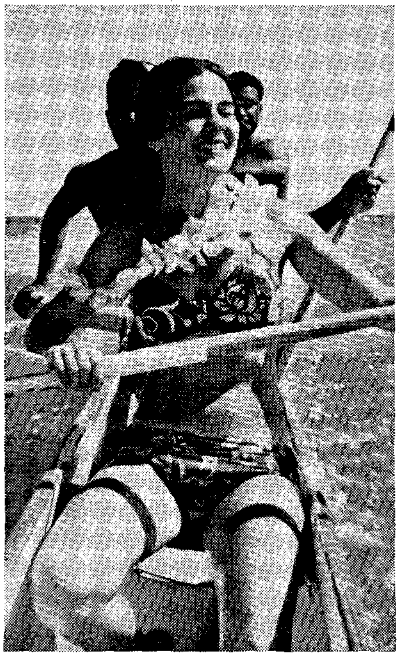
Sony adds an exciting new dimension to home entertainment for less than $149.50

Now, from World-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center and create your own tapes from records, AM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—6¼ hours of listening pleasure on *one* tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony. *All the best from Sony for less than* $149.50. Send today for our informative booklet on Sony PR-150, a sensational new development in magnetic recording tape. Write: Sony/Superscope, Magnetic Tape, Sun Valley, California.

For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Dept.46, Sun Valley, California.

SONY SUPERSCOPE *The Tapeway to Stereo* ®

Sheraton Hotels' Royal Welcome:



A breathless ride on an outrigger — one of the thrills you can enjoy with Sheraton at Waikiki.

...as Hawaiian as an outrigger!

Sheraton's Royal Welcome means you have four times the fun in Hawaii. Only Sheraton has four beautiful hotels right at Waikiki Beach. Stay at one, play at all four!

As a Sheraton guest, you're welcome to use the beaches, the lovely Orchid Pool, dine, nightclub, dance in the moonlight — and enjoy credit privileges at all four hotels.

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, see your Travel Agent, or call any Sheraton Hotel.

Sheraton Hotels Hawaii
AT WAIKIKI BEACH
ROYAL HAWAIIAN / PRINCESS KAIULANI / MOANA / SURFRIDER

NEW LOW JET FARES! ONLY $100 FROM WEST COAST TO HONOLULU

MUSICAL EVENTS

Three of Today

LEONARD BERNSTEIN's series of concerts devoted to symphonic forms of the twentieth century—with its implied question "Is tonality necessary?"—is becoming more and more absorbing. At last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert, in Philharmonic Hall, he presented his audience with three completely tonal compositions by three contemporary American composers, and one of these compositions, Leo Smit's Symphony No. 2 in Six Movements, showed something of a new departure within the tonal system. The work is, in fact, not only tonal but built entirely on the diatonic scale, otherwise known as do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si. There is, to be sure, a great amount of defensive armor around this simple concept—nearly all of it in the form of complicated embellishments in the field of orchestration—and this makes it seem "modern" in the sense in which this word is understood in musical circles. (There is that influence of Stravinsky that one can still detect in three out of four contemporary works.) But I had the feeling that if Mr. Smit would only come out from behind all that barbed wire, he would stand forth as a composer of real communicative power. There are passages here and there that indicate a genuine lyric gift.

The next item on the program was Mr. Bernstein's own Serenade for Solo Violin, String Orchestra, Harp, and Percussion (after Plato's "Symposium"), with Zino Francescatti in the solo violin part, which he played with exemplary taste and purity of tone. This work is so good that I felt sorry it is not just a bit better. As a composer, Mr. Bernstein is apt to show every aspect of distinction except the capacity for self-criticism, and that is the case here. If there are any influences to be discerned in this composition, they are those of Strauss and Mahler—to my mind, the two healthiest influences that a contemporary composer can have. There is one episode in the work—an adagio entitled "Agathon"—that can be truly described as beautiful, and it is beautiful partly because it is simple and heartfelt. Though this Serenade is very uneven in quality, it is, as a whole, a work to be taken seriously. Mr. Bernstein's writing for the violin is knowing and effective. Whether or not the Serenade will call up in the listener's mind anything like the work of Plato's that is said to have inspired it is questionable, and unimportant. In the last movement, which is rather long for my taste, Mr. Bernstein gives way to the temptation to introduce his Broadway style, thus striking, in my opinion, an incongruous and slightly vulgar note.

The last of the three compositions was Aaron Copland's Third Symphony, a fairly familiar item. This was the most coherent of all three, from the standpoint of form, and it had its points. Its long slow movement is its weakest part, mainly because of Copland's lack of a gift for sustained melody of any emotional power. But the other movements seem to hold up well.

Just to lump similar things together, I shall comment here on Elliott Carter's Variations for Orchestra, which appeared on the program of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra the night before, under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. This particular contemporary American composition turned out to be a good example of the methodical atonal idiom, which I hope we are outgrowing. It is a complicated work, lasting about half an hour. A considerable effort has been expended on its intricacies. There is, however, more art in the average Broadway tune than there is in all its excruciatingly tortured workmanship. It is what one ordinarily calls an "interesting" composition. But we have a plethora of "interesting" compositions around today. What we need is expressive ones.

THE concert of the Minneapolis Symphony, which took place in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, was otherwise not terribly eventful. The orchestra, as I believe I have remarked before, is a good one. Mr. Skrowaczewski showed himself to be a master technician in dealing with Mr. Carter's Variations, but he demonstrated very little feeling for sonority, color, or elegance in dealing with Debussy's "Iberia," which was set forth with hard lines and no subtlety at all. Szymanowski's Symphonie Concertante for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 60, proved to be typical Szymanowski—that is to say, one nice theme and then a lot of

This is the new Porsche.

We've been thinking about it for 17 years.

Ever since the classic Porsche was introduced in 1948, many have thought of it as the ultimate car for getting from here to there in the fastest, safest, most enjoyable manner possible.

But time is a great teacher.

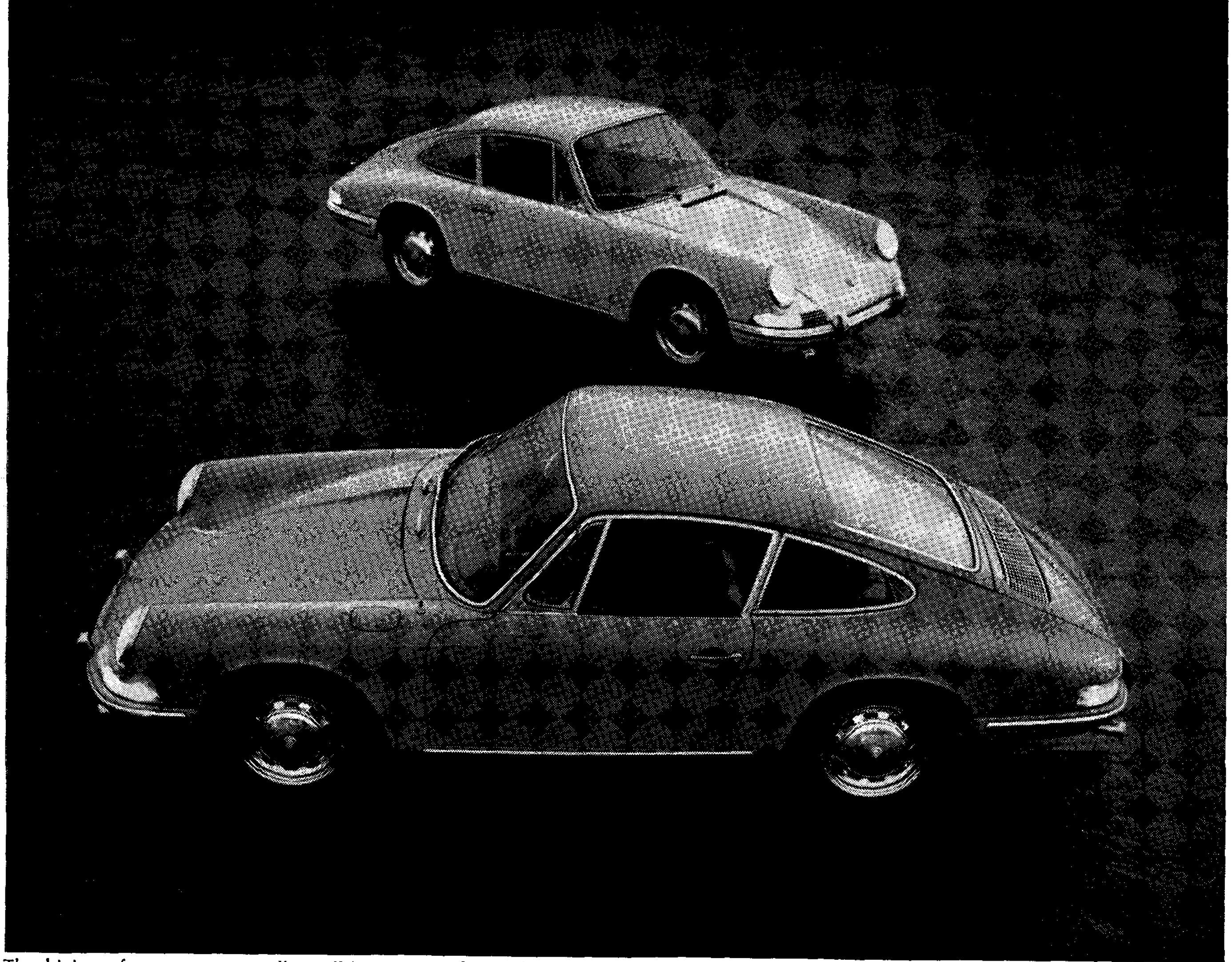
All we have learned in a generation of racing and testing has gone into the new Porsche.

It is faster. More nimble. More beautiful. Far roomier.

Even the famous Porsche ride—one of life's great pleasures—has been improved.

A new generation of Porsche has been born.

Go ahead. Drive it. You'll never forget it.



The high-performance, unusually well-instrumented Porsche 911 has new 6-cylinder, air-cooled, 148-hp rear engine, new 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 130 mph. The lower-priced Porsche 912, sister to the 911, has famous SC, 4-cylinder engine, new 4 or 5-speed gearbox. Top speed 115 mph. New Porsche fastback design offers 75% more field of vision, even better suspension, far more elbow room and under-the-hood luggage space. Superb 4-wheel disc brakes, precise handling, welded body make Porsche one of world's safest cars. Complete interior safety package is standard. For domestic or overseas delivery, see dealer or write Porsche of America Corp., 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

PORSCHE
STUTTGART

Name the 5 most expensive coffees in the world.

Fromme's!

A SUPERLATIVE BLEND OF FIVE GREAT COFFEES
Fromme's Finest Coffee
COLOMBIA GUATEMALA BOURBON MOCHA

Most fine food departments carry Fromme's.
If not available at your store write to:
Fromme's, 520 Secaucus Road, Secaucus, N. J.

Inn-the-SWIM!

Make a splash with your stay at Cherry Hill Inn. Resort attractions include enclosed and heated year 'round pool. Modern accommodations, old-fashioned charm. 300 rooms, fine food, cocktails. 4 miles from N.J. Tpk. Exit 4. Write for color brochure or call (609) NO 2-7200.

Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Road
Cherry Hill, N. J.
15 minutes from downtown Phila.

Luxury in the New York manner

Regally spacious guest rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms. Two notable restaurants

Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

rhapsodic stuff, going on and on without getting anywhere in particular. It was well performed, and the piano part was done with a good deal of fire by that admirable artist Eugene Istomin. The concluding item was Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Weber, one of the few works of Hindemith that I do not find boring, and Mr. Skrowaczewski gave it a spirited reading.

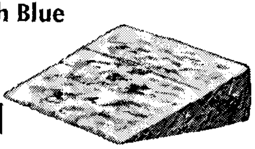
ON Tuesday evening of last week, in Carnegie Hall, Robert Shaw conducted the Cleveland Orchestra and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus—a superbly trained group of more than a hundred and fifty singers—in Haydn's "The Seasons." The soloists were Phyllis Curtin, Cesare Valletti, and John Reardon. I have always considered "The Seasons" the most likable of oratorios. There isn't a measure of pomposity in it; it is pure golden inspiration, and though it contains some complicated fugal writing, the complexities never get in the way of its lyric flow. Here and there, in fact, it seems to consist of Austrian folk song, polished for artistic purposes. Mr. Shaw gave it an appropriately gentle reading. Miss Curtin sang her part with fine vocal tone and the complete assurance we have learned to expect from her. Mr. Valletti's part is written rather low for a lyric tenor of his type, but he managed it very well indeed. Mr. Reardon had some trouble with the quality of his bottom register, but otherwise did well.

On the same evening, I had time to sneak up to Philharmonic Hall to hear Eugene Ormandy conduct Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde," a composition that invariably casts a spell over me, though I have heard it countless times. Mr. Ormandy's interpretation was not the most profound I have heard, but the Philadelphia Orchestra was at its impeccable best, and the soloists—Lili Chookasian and Richard Lewis—were excellent, Mr. Lewis handling his difficult high passages about as well as I have ever heard them handled.

MONDAY night of last week offered one of those conflicts that are the curse of New York music critics. At the Metropolitan Opera House, the conductor Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, new to the Metropolitan, though not to me (I had heard and praised him in San Francisco a year and a half ago), was making his local début with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," and Leontyne Price

Husbands who snitch DANISH BLUE CHEESE get caught empty-handed!

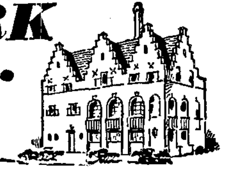
Turn your back for half a sec — and it's gone! He just melts over those tantalizing little nibbles. Creamy-white — flecked with heavenly blue. So zesty. Tangy. Lively. And on salads, burgers and pie — Danish Blue will leave him empty-forked!



Imported DANISH BLUE CHEESE

Year 'round choice of particular people
HOTEL TECALI
In Mexico City
To entertain the discriminating visitor, Mexico's most luxurious hotel offers:
25 Two-Level Suites
for two or four persons
On lower level: spacious living room, bar, kitchenette, small bathroom with shower, and terrace. On upper level: bedroom, dressing room, big marble bath with steam cabinet and shower. At star level, on the 16th floor, restaurant and bar command a thrilling view, and a famous continental cuisine conspires to help you enjoy it.
See your travel agent, or write for illustrated folder.
HOTEL TECALI
Mariano Escobedo 736
Mexico 5, D.F. Mexico
Cable Address: HOTECALI

KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED COMEDY HIT!

2nd Hilarious Year!
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 STREET, N.Y.C. 246-5969

BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM

You won't gasp at New Zealand's geysers.
Not after you've seen
New Zealand's alps, fiords, glaciers,
fern forests, lakes and
beautiful beaches.

Fiordland covering two and a half million acres; a glacier miles long and centuries old; fifty-foot ferns; a grotto lit by the fires of a thousand glow-worms; beaches curving lovely, uncrowded miles. For sheer scenic splendor, New Zealand is unmatched by any country on earth. For warm hospitality, you can't meet the match of the friendly New Zealanders. If you're thinking of going anywhere in the South Pacific, head to your travel agent. He'll head you to New Zealand. Meanwhile, drop a line to one of the New Zealand Government Travel Commissioners: 153 Kearny St., San Francisco; 630 Fifth Ave., New York; or 510 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles. They have some exceedingly informative literature they'd be glad to send you.

John Meyer of Norwich®
Bon Voyage

©JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.

All prices are "about."

Forget-Me-Nots for a pleasant holiday, tailoring as only the skillful John Meyer knows how. The bon voyage blue tussah "Girl's" suit $30. Matching bag $9. Wedding ring dress woven in racy red and white country toile $23. Wellesley coat in natural color tussah $30. Its complementary double-breasted dress $23. Taffy fly-fronted yoke skirt in heatherspun $13. Tucked shell $8. Each in a bon voyage bouquet of colors. Tailored with infinite care—typically John Meyer. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

was returning after a considerable absence to sing the role of Amelia. At Carnegie Hall, the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, was presenting the gigantic Busoni Concerto for Piano, Orchestra, and Male Chorus, Opus 39—a remarkable work that had its première here a couple of weeks ago with the American Symphony Orchestra under Daniell Revenaugh, with the pianist Gunnar Johansen as soloist. I did the best I could. The first act and a half of "Un Ballo in Maschera" showed that this was going to be one of those great evenings of Italianate song that occasionally blossom at the Met. Mr. Molinari-Pradelli is, of course, a conductor of authority and taste. (At last, in the fifteenth year of his reign, Mr. Bing is acquiring some first-rate maestros for the Italian wing; I hope he is able to keep them.) The vocal casting was all-star and altogether magnificent. Miss Price's singing was as glorious as it ever has been, which is pretty glorious. I need only name the other principals in the cast for you to have an idea of the quality of the singing that evening. They were Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, Roberta Peters, and Mignon Dunn, with John Macurdy and Louis Sgarro as the two conspirators. Moreover, they were all in fine voice. The one imperfection in this performance was the silly-chic, and really rather awful, scenery by Ita Maximowna.

I heard only a few minutes of the Busoni concerto at Carnegie Hall. It was being given a taut, exact performance, and Mr. Szell had on hand another of those percussive piano players—one Pietro Scarpini—who seem to be the only ones available for this particular work. From what I heard, I am not sure that, apart from the wonderful basic elasticity and discipline of the Cleveland Orchestra, this was an immeasurably better performance than the one conducted by Mr. Revenaugh. But then I didn't hear much. I got back to the Met for the last act of "Un Ballo" and found the old place still reverberating with splendid vocalism.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

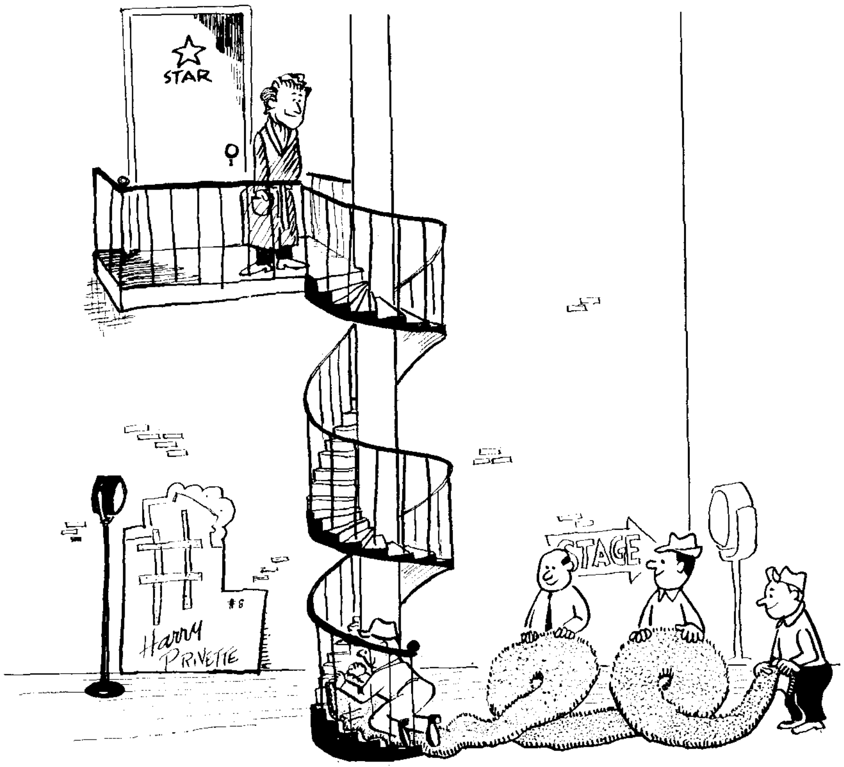
•

ATTENTION!
DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL,
THE JOSEPH STELLA LOAN EXHIBITION
SCHEDULED TO OPEN FEBRUARY 30
HAS BEEN CANCELLED

—*Notice in "Newsketches," a bulletin of the Westchester Art Society.*

It's probably just as well.

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor

When your star is near the top of the spiral, shouldn't you act like it? The steps to even further advancement may be carpeted by a Bigelow. When the spotlight's on your office, a Bigelow can be an important stage in your success story. Bigelows are available in special designs, colors, and textures. Write for our colorful, free brochure on commercial carpets to Bigelow-Sanford Inc., Dept. A, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. *People who know...buy Bigelow.*

Mason & Hamlin

response ability

Touch the keys of the Mason & Hamlin. The action is pure *reaction*—swift, smooth, sensitive. For *responsiveness* is part of Mason & Hamlin appeal. So is *tone*—unequaled by any other. And *style*. See it. Play it. Hear it. When you are looking for the finest, Mason & Hamlin will have the last word.

BROCHURE ON REQUEST
Mason & Hamlin, East Rochester, N.Y. A Division of Aeolian Corporation

GURNEY'S INN

If I were a harried executive...

I would brush all the alka-seltzer, aspirin, tranquilizers, dramamine, ice bags, etc., off my cluttered desk, grab one of the company planes and fly out to Guney's Inn. . . "Unharrying" harried Executives is a specialty at Gurney's Inn. Great care goes into creating an atmosphere designed for conferences, seminars, creative workshops and sales meetings . . . where an aura of dignified leisure without interference or pressure allows ideas to be conceived and developed so naturally.

. . . Gurney's Inn is a true hostelry . . . Steeped in the European tradition of gracious hospitality and personalized service. . . . Where the most minute and exacting detail is carefully planned and executed . . . transportation, recreation, billing, audio visual aids, meeting room set-ups, dining functions . . . from coffee breaks to lavish buffets, room assignments . . . registration . . . cocktail parties . . . and hospitality suites are custom tailored to your particular needs. Yes, if I were such an Executive, I would let the Keeper of Gurney's Inn handle all the myriad details of my next meeting . . . and I would leave the Inn so relaxed and "unharried" that I might even become Chairman of the Bored . . .

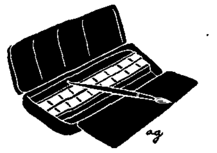
Gurney's Inn
Open all year
Convention Season—mid-September to mid-June.

GURNEY'S INN, OCEANFRONT COTTAGES AND HOSTELRY, "ON THE BRINK O' THE BEACH" AT MONTAUK, LONG ISLAND. FOR MEETINGS WHOSE SUCCESS IS FELT LONG AFTER. JOYCE AND NICK MONTE, KEEPERS OF THE INN. ROLLIE WATERMAN, DIRECTOR OF SALES. N.Y. OFFICE UL 8-0200.

THE ART GALLERIES

The Light Touch

ALEXANDER CALDER'S new exhibition at the Perls Gallery—made up almost entirely of works done in the past year—differs in some respects from his other showings. (I'm excepting the most recent one of all, at the Guggenheim, since it was a retrospective.) For one thing, there are a great many more graphics than customary—twenty-five or thirty, against eight sculptures—and this lightens the mood considerably. And Calder has introduced a new form—or one new to me, at any rate—which he calls a "standing mobile" and which represents a kind of wedding between the stabile, his stationary abstract structures in welded steel, and the mobile, his earlier invention, which is made up of aggregations of counter- and again counter-balanced cross-members descending one from another, and all swaying and revolving as the breezes move them. The new pieces are smaller than the older ones, particularly those of six or eight years ago, at a time when he was doing that series of huge "walk-in" stabiles (one of which, I recall, was so big that it took up a whole room of this same gallery), and though this is a fact that I neither applaud nor deplore—for the big stabiles not only had an emphatic effect of true monumentality but testified to Calder's ability to cope with large-scale designs—it does add to the pleasant impression of intimacy one gets almost instantly at the present affair. To my mind, there is a fairy-tale quality about the atmosphere. It would be reaching far out indeed to try to compare these productions with the figurines in that wirework "circus" of Calder's of so many years ago. But there is some of that carnival quality, just the same, and, as I said at the start, it is helped along by the graphics—specifically such lighthearted pieces as "Macromask," with its spiralling, clownlike face, the woozy "Red Elephant," the colorful "Banners and Signals," and "Red Sun," shown dramatically on a field of black.



The sculptures, though, are the heart of the show, and here I was interested particularly in the works in the new form, the standing mobiles. Faced with the contrast between the flutteringly moving lightness of the mobile part and the solid structure of the stabile that serves as base, Calder seems to have been drawn to the landscape (or, say, landscape-and-sky) suggestion that arises almost automatically from the combination, and the majority of the pieces—among them "On the Great Steeple," in which the steeple impales a mare's tail of skittering clouds; "Sunrise Over the Pyramid," which exploits somewhat the same pattern, but more dramatically; and the wholly charming, playful "Blue Moon Over Steeple"—are conceived along these lines. I enjoyed, too, among the hanging mobiles, the big, spreading "Roxbury Front" and the more compact and smaller "Ghost." Fairy-tale landscapes, all of them.

THE light touch appears here and there, too, in the paintings, all new, by Hans Hofmann, at the Kootz, though in less exuberant fashion. Hofmann likewise—in his case at age eighty-five—has started changing the artistic furniture around. Specifically, he appears lately to have become fascinated by the compositional possibilities in the juxtaposition of severely geometric and usually rectangular forms with an Abstract Expressionist background. In fact, so many of the canvases in the present collection fall into this category that the affair might have been subtitled "Homage to the Square" if Hofmann's old compeer, Josef Albers, hadn't preëmpted the phrase.

Hofmann's approach, as might be imagined, is less reverent, less strict in its insistence on the purity both of the concept and of its formal development, and his choice of textures is much more varied and venturesome, which is what chiefly lends lightness and spontaneity to the affair. (By contrast—and then let us have an end of comparisons—there are times when Albers' dedication to his subject seems almost saintly.) In Hofmann's case, too, the textural range is such—from absolutely flat-to-the-canvas matte surfaces (these usually in geometric areas) to the most wildly erupting passages of coruscating impasto—that probably no one but an old master of the techniques of paint application and brushwork like Hofmann himself could have got away with the pyrotechnical effects he set out to accomplish. There are times, indeed, when even he does not entirely succeed. In "Bedeutungvolles Ahnen" (which translates as "Meaningful Presentiment"), the two tiers of squares that

DON'T KNOCK THE 6,884,000 PEOPLE WHO READ THE NEWS. ONE OF THEM MAY BE YOUR MOTHER.

FINAL DAILY NEWS 7¢

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

MEG LIKES OUR 'VIBRANT CITY'

Warm as Our Town's Toast.

Every day and Sunday, more mothers, more fathers, more people read The News than read any other paper in New York.

What does The News have? Reports of Viet Nam, conflict in Washington, agreement in Rome, a rendezvous in space. Playboys in N. Y., lost babes in the woods, Broadway shows, holiday menus, Doris Blake and Mr. Magoo.

The News is as full of life as the 6,884,000 people who read it. People with more money to enjoy life. More than 3 million suburbanites read The News. One in every five readers owns his own business or manages one or is a professional man. Almost a quarter of a million News readers are in families whose annual income is over $20,000. In a year, News readers buy almost 3 billion dollars worth of groceries.

You may not read The News. But if you have a product to advertise and your mother lives in New York, 2 to 1 she'll see it in The News. If not, then your mother-in-law will.

THE NEWS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

The Woman Who Demands Individual Perfection

chooses the Delineator, with the incomparable fit and matchless comfort for which J. Berlé is famous. Foundations, lingerie, bathing and play suits made to order, in the finest Parisian fabrics.

J. Berlé

DELINEATOR ©

15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

C.&M. CARON
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

A distinguished store of impeccable reputation

Large French evening bag, entirely handmade; caviar beads framing petit-point design $135.00. French Opera glasses, gold, mother of pearl and cloisonne; telescopic lorgnette handle $54.00 (*postage not included*).

Also perfume, gloves, jewelry, watches
Price lists on request

P.O. BOX 1735, ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

center the design look too big for the rest of the composition, and so sit awkwardly in it; in "California, Land of Bliss and Wonder," both title and arrangement seem heavy-handed. Others, though, are exquisite. At his best, Hofmann can move, as if effortlessly, and in the shortest of spaces, from the subtlest to the most dramatic of evocations, and this he does in a number of the paintings in the show—notably in the beautifully balanced "Night Spell;" the big "Fragrance," filled with splashes of color, like a bowl with flower petals; and—not to make too long a list of it—"Rising Moon," the best of them all, in which the geometric and the Abstract Expressionist motifs combine to give a magically evocative sense of airiness and space to the settling in of night.

AT the Kraushaar there is a first New York showing of works by Dennis Leon, an English-born sculptor now settled in the United States. It must be said that at first glance the pieces do look a trifle odd. Essentially, and particularly in mood, they have a little the aspect of "happenings"—in the sense of Giacometti's "The Palace at 4 A.M." or some of Duchamp's early compilations—while in form they are mostly flat, giving the appearance of compositions in high, and occasionally horizontal, relief. The choice of subjects is often whimsical. The square, shallow "Swimming Pool," for instance, is just that, complete with bronze diving board, while "Landscape with Bench" is equally literal in make-up. Others, such as "Wall" and "Bicycle Relief," each featuring a frieze of figures against a flat background, seem to me to be more suited to painting than to sculpture. Yet the more one looks at the sculptures the more one perceives in them a queer, poetic quality of their own. Even the just-mentioned "Landscape" (a small, bare-branched bronze tree with a suggestion of lawn, and an empty bench facing it) has an eerie evocation of loneliness—unquestionably deriving from the perfect justness of the composition—and there are others (I am thinking of the pair called "Spelunca I and II," highly simplified symbolic celebrations of cavern exploration, as well as the enigmatic and effective "Giotto," most simply described as a relief within a relief) that offer one the sharp, stimulating impression of a wholly new creative mind at work. The sculptures are all in metal—some cast, some welded—and throughout the treatment of surfaces is superb.

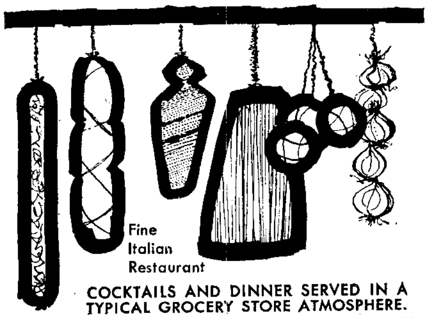
—ROBERT M. COATES

mirror
those
magic
hours

Bluebeard's Castle
ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tropical gardens, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. 100 air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for dancing, calypso. New Dungeon Bar. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's own Beach Club with air conditioned studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V.I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or our representatives, LEONARD HICKS, INC.
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 MU8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D. C.



COCKTAILS AND DINNER SERVED IN A TYPICAL GROCERY STORE ATMOSPHERE.
LA "GROCERIA"
WEST 4th STREET and 6th AVENUE • CH 2-3200

THE RESTAURANT ON THE MOUNTAIN

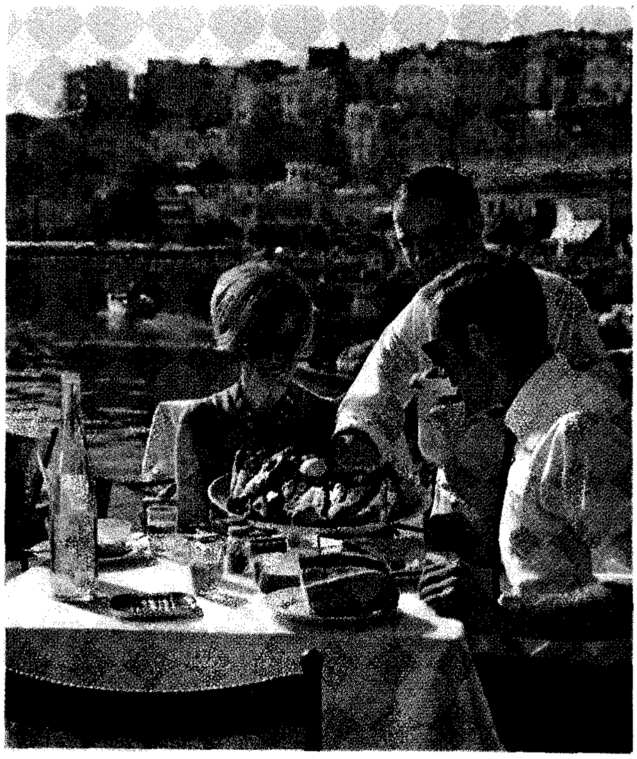
A mountain retreat just a pleasant ride away. Superb food. Modest price. Japanese decor. Dick Handle at the piano nightly. **The Restaurant on the Mountain.** Suffern, N.Y. Exit 15 N.Y. Thruway. Call 914 EL 7-1500.

The Baroque
LUNCHEON • DINNER
French Cuisine Closed Sunday
14 East 53rd St. • ELdorado 5-4195

Europe the 2nd time.

You've run rings around the cities. Now point yourself toward Sabena's Europe-by-the-sea. Island hop. Sail from Athens' port of Piraeus (after an Aegean seafood lunch) to Andros. Mykonos. Naxos. Rhodes. Crete. This is Europe with its sunnyside up. The Europe that's better the second time around.

If you're a first-time traveler, Europe bound, don't wait till you go to Greece to fly Sabena. Your travel agent will tell you there are 55 Sabena cities in Europe alone. If you've seen enough of Europe to write a book, you can fly to Africa. Or to the Middle East. How far will Sabena take you, this time around?



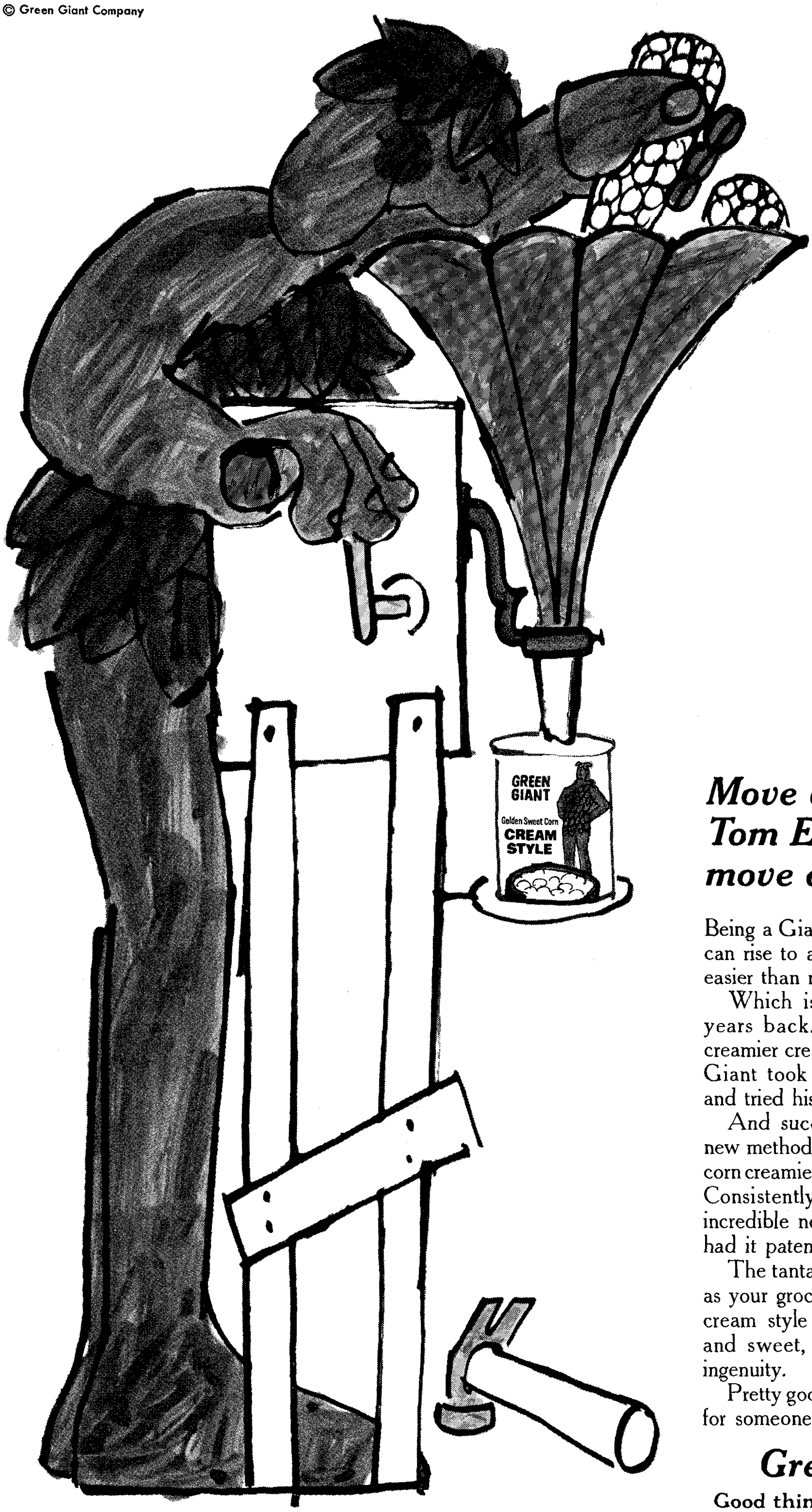
Sabena.

Europe's most helpful airline.

SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

© Green Giant Company



Move over, Tom Edison, move over.

Being a Giant, the Jolly Green One can rise to an occasion a whole lot easier than most people.

Which is what he did several years back. To aid the cause of creamier cream style corn, the Green Giant took to the drawing board and tried his hand at inventing.

And succeeded. He created a new method for making cream style corn creamier. Significantly smoother. Consistently consistent. Such an incredible new process, he actually had it patented. Officially.

The tantalizing results are as near as your grocery store. Green Giant cream style corn. Always smooth and sweet, thanks to the Giant's ingenuity.

Pretty good at the inventing game, for someone who's still green at it.

Green Giant®

Good things from the garden

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Black and White

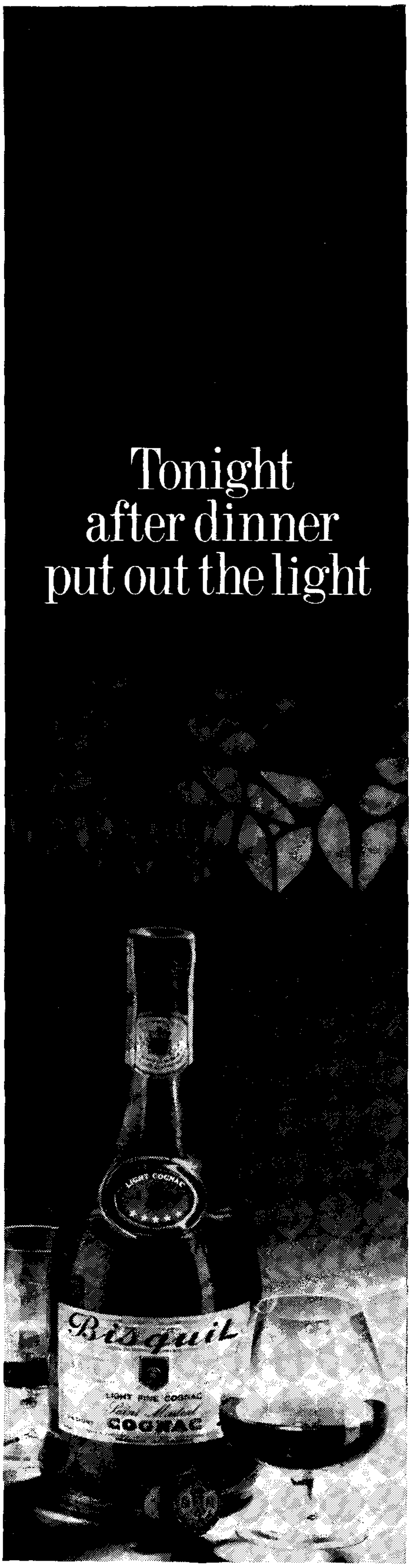
THERE are several things to be said about Sir Laurence Olivier's movie version of "Othello," most of them unfavorable. Before getting around to my chief complaint, which is Sir Laurence's utterly daft reading of the title role, I may mention that this "Othello" is so minimally movielike as to be almost outside my jurisdiction—granted, it exists on film, but what has been filmed is little more than a recording of a celebrated stage production. As such, it is a valuable addition to our theatrical archives, but as a cinematic work of art it is like a literal translation of a poem, playing us false by remaining all too grimly true to the original. One gets the impression that much of the picture was shot by a single camera fixed in Row G in the orchestra of some enormous, old-fashioned theatre; closeups are rare, and so are long shots, and I was well into the drama before I was allowed to observe that Sir Laurence had feet, he being in most scenes cut off with horrid surgical precision just below the knees.

Still, it is Sir Laurence's perverse interpretation of Othello that turns the production into a memorable catastrophe. This time—and, one fears, largely for the sake of novelty—we have an Othello who is neither noble nor a Moor; he is, instead, an effeminate and querulous West Indian beachboy, to whom one might entrust the beating of a steel drum but to whom one certainly wouldn't entrust a plumed troop or a big war. Olivier's jet-black Othello minces about the stage with a rose at his very red lips and his hands fluttering, and when he speaks (with an echo-chamber resonance that must owe more to sound engineers than to the human chest), it is in the accents and rhythms of calypso. In the opening scene, he is cheeky and obtuse, and in the closing scene he is cheeky and obtuse, which is to say that, far from being an account of a superior man's precipitate fall from virtue and high place, this "Othello" is the monotonously reiterated exposure of a nonentity who never even discovers that he is a nonentity. Where does that leave Iago and his supposed deviltry? As for poor Desdemona, who seems none too bright under the best of circumstances, what is she here but the coarsest-fibred ninny for having lost her heart to such a man?

Within the limits of his outrageous conception of the role, Olivier gives a performance well worth going to see. His pleasure in his naughty whim is so great that one almost forgives him for having blown Shakespeare's play to smithereens. Frank Finlay makes an understandably bored Iago and Derek Jacobi's Cassio is fresh out of Harrow, while that admirable actress Maggie Smith is sadly miscast as Desdemona, looking older and stouter than she is, and *much* older and stouter than a sheltered Venetian of tender years. The stiff direction is by Stuart Burge, and the practically frozen photography is by Geoffrey Unsworth.

PHILIPPE DE BROCA is one of my favorite directors. He has made five full-length pictures that I know of, all comedies—"The Love Game," "The Joker," and "The Five Day Lover," starring Jean-Pierre Cassel, and "Cartouche" and "That Man from Rio," starring Jean-Paul Belmondo. Here is his sixth picture, again a comedy and again starring Mr. Cassel, surrounded by more pretty girls than even the most durable Don Juan would know what to do with. Mr. de Broca's handiwork is distinguished by a butterfly lightness of touch and a pace that approaches benign delirium; his new picture, which bears the infelicitous title of "Male Companion," is in the accustomed silly and joyous vein. Its plot is at once too trifling and too complex for me to attempt to describe. It concerns a young man who has the honorable intention of never doing a day's work in his life; he devotes his energies to the pursuit of women who not only are adorably compliant as conquests but are nearly always in a position to help maintain him in his idleness. Mr. Cassel has a nimble and saucy way with him, which renders his amorous activities and secular inactivities more appealing than in real life they would probably be thought to be. Confusing and enriching Mr. Cassel's life in "Male Companion" are such female companions as Catherine Deneuve, Irina Demick, Annie Girardot, and Sandra Milo, and such male colleagues as Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean-Claude Brialy. The ravishing camerawork is by Raoul Coutard, and the music is by the indefatigable Georges Delerue.

—BRENDAN GILL



Bisquit Saint Martial
the light Cognac

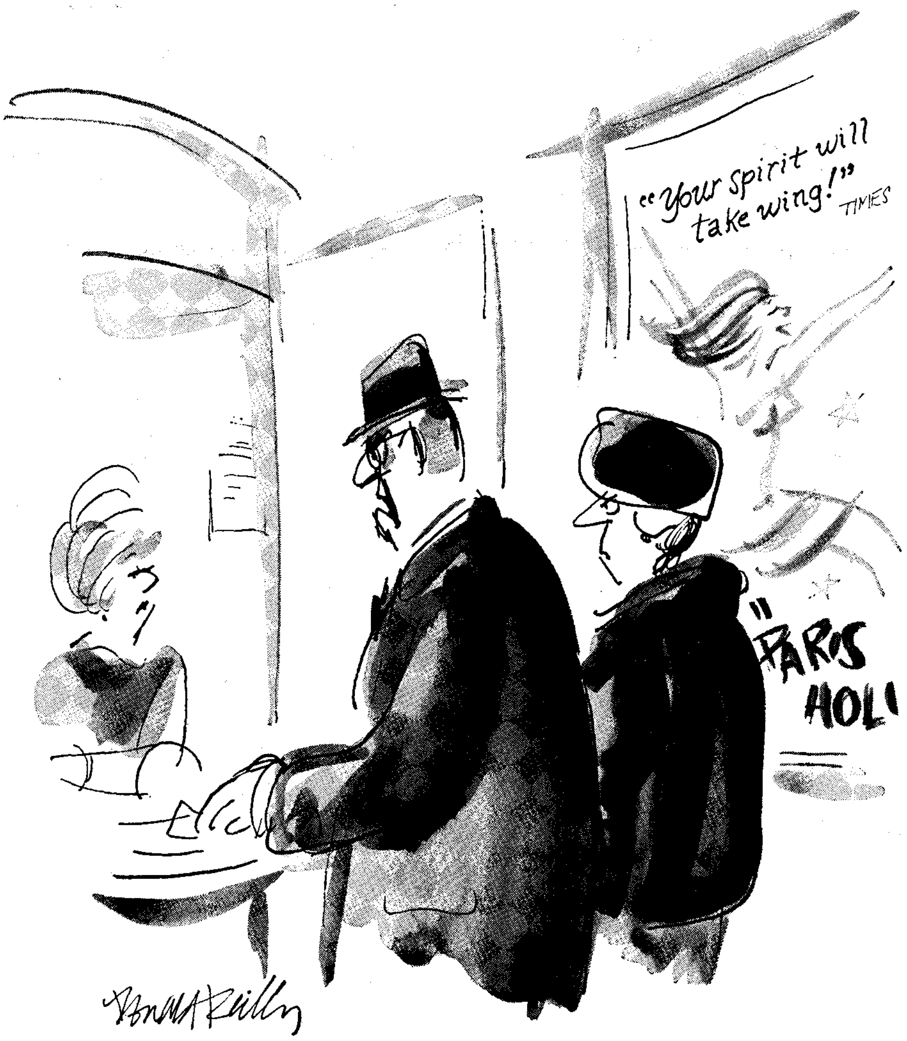
Aged in barrels of flawless oak and carefully blended for a lighter, gentler, more natural taste in Cognac. Savour it neat or with a dash of soda. Really quite a distinctive light taste in Cognac. Bisquit® Saint Martial Cognac.
80 PROOF. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 11

AT his press conference today, the President said that if he correctly understood the proposals made before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee earlier in the week by Lieutenant General James M. Gavin and former Ambassador George F. Kennan, "there is not a great deal of difference between what [Gavin] and Kennan are saying and what the government is doing." What Gavin and Kennan have been saying is that American power in South Vietnam should be used primarily to hold and maintain security in certain selected strongholds, mainly along the coast, until the violence has subsided and the contending Vietnamese parties have found some way of coming to terms with one another. And what the government is doing, or attempting to do, is precisely what Gavin and Kennan maintain that it should stop doing; in the hope that force will lead the Vietcong and its supporters and suppliers in Hanoi to sue for peace, it is waging war against the Vietcong throughout all of South Vietnam. There would thus appear to be a radical—and, at least on the face of it, irreconcilable—difference between the policy that the distinguished witnesses advocated and the policy that is in fact being pursued, which they characterized as both hopeless and perilous. It is significant, however, that the President chose to say that he and those people who think of themselves as his critics are not very far apart. It is plain that he is not yet willing to concede that his consensus has been broken, or even badly chipped. He knows, of course, that it has been damaged—that, indeed, there is no precedent in modern American history for the present situation, in which a majority of the governing party on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is in open revolt against the diplomatic and military policies of the President and Commander-in-Chief. But his unwillingness to make any public acknowledgment of this must be read as evidence that he proposes somehow to repair the damage. It promises to be quite an undertaking. Earlier in the week, in Honolulu, he appeared to be telling the world that he stood shoulder to shoulder and saw eye to eye with Marshal Cao Ky, who was meanwhile telling an American television network that in his opinion "coexistence is suicide." Now, in Washington, the President is saying he is in basic agreement with a school of American thought that holds coexistence to be the only alternative to suicide.

No imaginable consensus could stretch all the way from the military directorate in Saigon to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. And in view of all that has happened this week, it would seem that there is not much chance of reconciling the President's declared positions with those of Democratic leaders in the Senate. It is being pointed out here, though, that it would not require any impossible, or even unprecedented, changes in military operations in South Vietnam to put the Gavin-Kennan strategy into effect. Gavin and Kennan wish to defend enclaves. This is already being done. The enclaves exist. They contain, in addition to most of the American power in South Vietnam, the larger part of the country's population and most of its wealth. And all reports reaching here indicate that they are being adequately defended. Thus, what is generally regarded as the main feature of the Gavin-Kennan strategy is at least a major feature of present administration policy, and it is possible to assert, according to some military authorities, that something like eighty or ninety per cent of our total effort is devoted to the defense of Saigon and other enclaves. In this arithmetical sense, then, the President could easily uphold the view that there isn't very much difference between the Gavin-Kennan proposals and "what the government is doing." Actually, the main feature of the proposed new strategy might be described as a recommendation that the government cease ten or twenty per cent of its operations in South Vietnam and explain our mission there in somewhat different terms. To bring American policy completely into line with the Gavin-Kennan proposals would require just two changes—one of them operational, the other rhetorical. It would require an abandonment of our effort to pursue the Vietcong in every quarter of South Vietnam and harass and disrupt its communications and supply lines in North Vietnam. (There is precedent for this in the Christmas truce and the bombing pause.) And it would require some kind of statement by the appropri-


"Your spirit will take wing!" TIMES
PAROS
HOL

"And if our spirits don't take wing, we'll be back for our money."

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The Pussycat.

For people who are fed up with tigers.

There are a lot of ferocious cars around these days. If their names don't take your breath away, try their price tags.

The Volkswagen Karmann Ghia is a different kind of car. It's a Pussycat.

Sort of a tiger that's been housebroken.

It was designed by an Italian designer, famous for classic style, but it's powered by a Volkswagen engine, famous for classic economy.

It takes 185 workers in a European coachmaking house to hand-weld and hand-shape its body, but a single Volkswagen mechanic anywhere in the U.S. can take it apart and put it back together again.

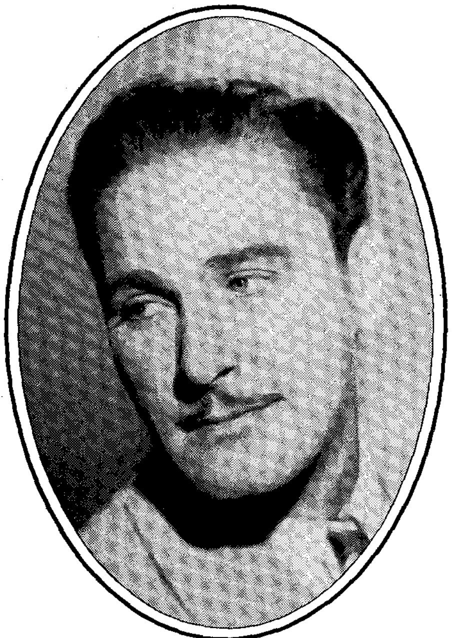
It will cruise at 80 and round corners like a racer (each wheel has its own torsion bar suspension system). Yet its rear-mounted engine is air-cooled, never overheats, never freezes, and averages 30 mpg.

That's our story. Some cars are big on looks and others are built strictly for economy.

Then there's the Pussycat.

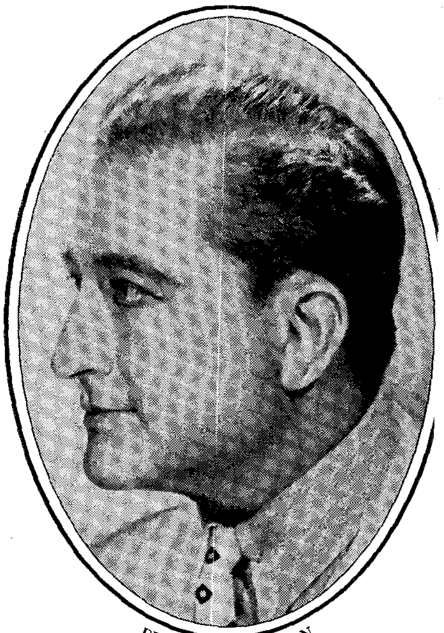
It's the one car you can choose without making a choice.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA



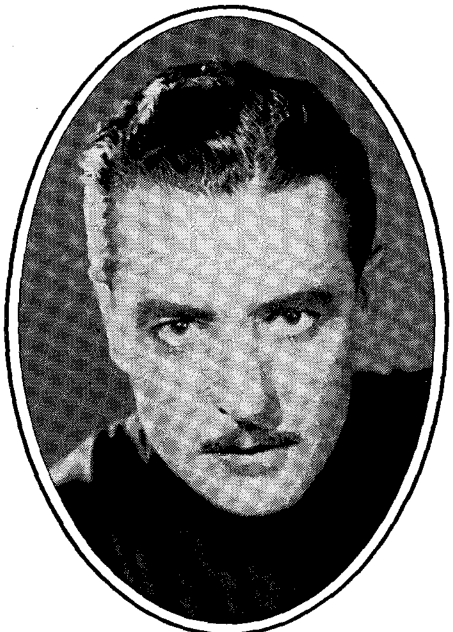
ERROL FLYNN

RUDOLPH VALENTINO



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

CLARK GABLE



JOHN GILBERT

JOHN BARRYMORE

It was a hopelessly romantic idea.

We wanted to take whiskies that come along as often as a Valentino comes along and roll them into one.

We were after the Strathislas, the Glenlivets, the Balmenachs, and others.

Some distillers are very happy if they can get one or two of these rare key whiskies in their Scotch.

We were out to get them all.

As you can imagine, we had a few heartaches along the way.

Finding them was hard enough.

But combining them into the Scotch of our dreams was even harder.

All in all, it took us more than 20 years, 530 different combinations and more money than we like to think about.

But we're bottling it now in Scotland and while it's priced accordingly, we think you'll agree it's well worth it.

You may not find it as smooth as Barrymore, of course, but then Barrymore wasn't Scotch.

EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF.

ry to imagine all these lovers rolled into one.
hat's what we did with a Scotch.

100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram

Abfahrt
Schnellzug
Liestal-Olten
Burgdorf-Bern
Interlaken
EURAILPASS
21

See more of Europe for less by train with a new 21-day Eurailpass. Just $99. One ticket gives unlimited 1st class rail travel throughout Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland. 1 month Eurailpass: $130; 2 months: $175; 3 months: $205. At your travel agent. For free map & folder: Eurailpass, Dept. C2, Box 191, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y. 10010.

ate American authorities to the effect that the nature of our commitment had changed. For what distresses many people and governments almost as much as what the United States government has been doing is what it has been saying.

In Honolulu, and in Los Angeles on his return from the summit meeting with Marshal Ky, the President seemed to be saying that as long as Hanoi and the Vietcong showed no desire for negotiations he had no choice but to continue and intensify offensive action. Yet no sooner was that interpretation placed on his words than officials here began warning correspondents that they might be mistaken in assuming that the President had made or was preparing to make any new or irrevocable commitments. The officials offered no satisfactory explanation of what useful purpose the meeting had served, or why it had seemed, from here, to breed so much confusion. (Some correspondents in attendance at Honolulu described the affair as the White House Conference on Nurses' Training, it being their considered and melancholy judgment that the most that might be hoped for from it was a few more trained nurses in South Vietnam.) The explicators of policy pointed out—quite gratuitously, in the view of most observers—that there were certain delicacies in the relationship between Saigon and Washington; that this particular meeting was, after all, a conference of war leaders; and that just as the President must take into account the views of certain politicians here, so Marshal Ky must bear in mind the attitudes and ambitions of certain colleagues of his in Saigon. The officials insisted that despite anything the President or anyone else said in Honolulu, it would be the President and not Marshal Ky who would decide on the deployment and the mission of American troops.

This, as it turned out, was the basic message of the President's press conference today, and while he has sound political reasons for doing all he can to blur the differences between himself and the dissident senators, the general view now is that he has by no means rejected the option proposed in the hearings before the Foreign Relations Committee. He said that he had no present plans for escalation, and that while "additional" troops would undoubtedly be dispatched from time to time, their numbers would be determined in Washington after he and his advisers had "carefully considered" General Westmoreland's re-

We've just spent a small fortune de-modernizing our hotel.

All over New York, those big 2,000-room hotels are getting rid of their lounges. Uneconomic. In our nice little 186-room hotel we've just put ours back in. (Where else can you serve afternoon tea?) We've even added a concierge, a European-style superman who can get you things like plane tickets, flowers, and theater seats. And you'll find wood-burning fireplaces in most of our remodelled rooms. In short, we've re-done our hotel and added lots of nice little, old-fashioned conveniences. But you'll be relieved to know we haven't changed our pleasantly out-of-date rates.

Sheraton Russell
37th and Park Phone 685-7676

SUBSCRIPTION

ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

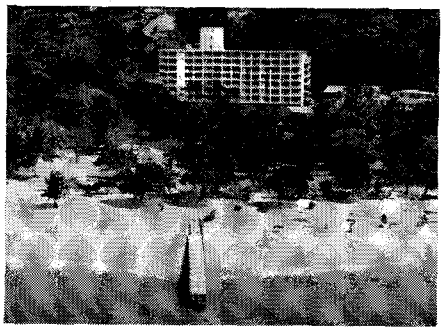
NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

(Please include ZIP code number)

JAMAICA



ONE WAY ROOMS

There just aren't any rear view or side view rooms. They all face famed Doctor's Cave Beach and the blue Caribbean. You'll love your big private terrace and the luxury facilities of your room, not to mention the food and the daytime/nighttime round of fun. So live it up, the Montego way on Montego Bay!

CASA MONTEGO
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, W. I.
James M. Tapson, General Manager
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR
ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.
630 5th Ave., N.Y. JU 6-4500
also in Boston/Washington
Chicago/Miami/Toronto

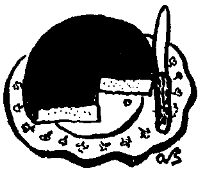
What flower will you have?
Coolie Beach Jacket $4.95
sizes S-M-L
Fine cotton · Sanforized ·
Red
Natural
Aqua
Lime
Avocado
Pure White
Shocking Pink
Chinese Gold
Turquoise
Orange
Jet Black
Powder Pink
Sapphire Blue
Imported!
send for catalog
Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave. at 52 St. N.Y.C.

ZIP CODE: 10022

Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.

THE
Sheraton
Gladstone
114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.

quests. He left most people with the impression that he planned no major changes in strategy for another five or six months, and that he was trying to reserve this period for a restudy of the whole range of problems—domestic as well as diplomatic, economic as well as political—created by our presence in South Vietnam and by the failure thus far of that presence to produce much beyond death and destruction. In June or July, probably again in Honolulu, he said, there would be a new and perhaps decisive reckoning—"kind of an examination, like Luci's finals that she takes." If the time is indeed to be used for study, it can mean only that the Gavin-Kennan strategy will continue to be regarded as an available option. For as far as anyone here can see at the present time, it continues to be—short of unilateral withdrawal—the only available option to our present course.



The enclave, or Gavin-Kennan, strategy has had a relatively long history and a quite peculiar one. It was under discussion for at least a year before it became widely known that either the former Army Deputy Chief of Staff for Plans and Research or the former chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Committee favored its adoption. There were people in the government who proposed it as an alternative to escalation before the first large-scale commitments of combat troops last year. They looked upon it as at once a measure of deëscalation (even if it required a heavier commitment of manpower) and a suitable variant for Asia of the "containment" strategy with which George Kennan's name has always been identified. In fact, when the buildup of troops got under way last July, many officials here insisted that the policy was at last being adopted. The whole purpose, they said, was to hold enclaves and make it possible for the South Vietnamese Army to deal with the Vietcong. We were merely making certain, it was stated, that the war would never be Americanized. From that point on, the combat would not be between Americans and Vietnamese, or between white and colored forces, and no matter how many American troops were committed to South Vietnam, their mission would be specific and limited. Things did not turn out that way, and it has never been clear whether those who put out the misinformation were themselves misinformed or whether the idea was scrapped once the troops had begun moving in. Conceivably, there were indications that the morale of the South Vietnamese Army and government would be so adversely affected by the contemplated division of labor that it would not work; in any case, this is the principal argument being made against the strategy today. But even after it was evident that the strategy was not the one being put into effect, it continued to have partisans, and they were unimpressed when they were told that the South Vietnamese would not or could not hold up their end of things without Americans at their side. If that was so, they said, it only strengthened the argument for a severely limited American commitment. They recalled, approvingly, John F. Kennedy's observation in 1963: "In the final analysis, it's their war. They're the ones who have to win it or lose it. We can help them, give them equipment. We can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it." And they quoted President Johnson's words in the 1964 campaign, when he said he did not like to be called upon "to send American boys to do the job that Asian boys ought to do." George Kennan, in his testimony yesterday, repeatedly made the same point. He said that we went into South Vietnam in force when the major problem there could still be described—as perhaps it might be described today—as one of maintaining "internal security." On general principle, he said, he doubted the wisdom of one country's ever committing itself to the internal security of another.

In the hearings this week, the main emphasis was on the dangers inherent in our present commitment, which is, to be sure, a limited one from our point of view but which, according to some senators and witnesses, is subject to endless enlargement on the initiative of Hanoi and Peking. Restricting our commitment to the defense of coastal enclaves was presented as essentially a safety measure—a means of avoiding a military confrontation with China or the Soviet Union while at the same time demonstrating that we cannot be compelled to withdraw from Asia by Hanoi or Peking. Little was said of what the strategy might accomplish beyond this. In earlier discussions, some of its advocates argued that it could have important social and political consequences. If we have any responsibility at all in Vietnam, they said, it is to the human beings there, and not to their besieged territory. We are there to see to it, as best we can, that the Vietnamese are not ruled by terror.

Since terror prevails over large parts of the country, we are not currently doing a very good job of fulfilling this responsibility. As long as we held the enclaves—and what has been envisaged are sizable areas, including agricultural lands—we could offer sanctuary to all Vietnamese who felt themselves threatened and who could make it, with or without our help, to the defended areas. Within these areas, which already include a majority of the people and nearly all the industry, we could devote as much energy as we wished to education and to the development of sound economic and political institutions. It might even be possible to hold free and democratically valid national elections within them.

Opponents of the enclave strategy have found plenty of weaknesses to address themselves to. The offer of sanctuary, they point out, would be altogether meaningless for great numbers of Vietnamese. They could not get to the protected zones without our help, and in many cases we could not help them even if we wished to. Moreover, the opponents say, though it is perfectly true that we are committed to people rather than acreage, it is cynical, especially when talking of peasants, to speak of people apart from their land. Peasants generally feel bound to their land whether or not it is ruled by terror. The strategy would involve a clear abandonment of our commitment to a large and suffering minority of South Vietnamese. And there are military men who accuse the enclave advocates of having "fortress" or "Maginot Line" mentalities, and insist that there can be "no defense without offense." To those who say that the strategy is cruel or cynical because it would not give protection to a great many people who might desire it, the advocates reply that there is much cruelty and cynicism in what is going on in South Vietnam right now, and that in any event we are not being of any use at all right now to those whom we might later on be "abandoning." To the military critics, the advocates say that we have been defending the enclaves right along, and that it is a prime tenet of the doctrine of guerrilla warfare that forces like the Vietcong cannot operate effectively against cities or strongly fortified military bases. Their training and equipment are for combat in the countryside. The Vietcong would assault the enclaves, as they have been doing all along, but there is no reason to suppose that they would enjoy more success than they have enjoyed in the past, which has been relatively little. Furthermore, there is nothing about the

Buying Life Insurance?

Put a Mutual Benefit agent on the job

A Mutual Benefit agent will help you develop a plan for achieving your financial objectives. As a Mutual Benefit agent he offers you a superior product. He's the one your family will rely on for advice.

The service he performs is an important reason why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

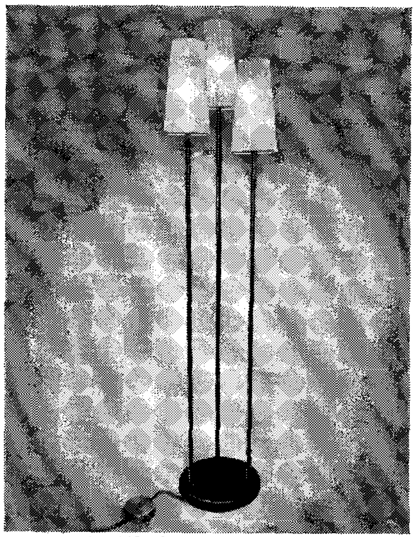
Savor the Suntory "Mist with a Twist"

What is the mystique of this most splendid of drinks? Suntory—a superb whisky pot-distilled of golden Kanto barley and crystalline artesian water. Aged in sherry-cured oak, in a cool, silvery valley where even the scenery makes delightful drinking-in. Enjoy this piquant potable in the after-dinner candlelight. And insist it be made with . . .

SUNTORY

the classic whisky from Japan

86.8 proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan by Suntory Ltd., established 1899. Suntory Importers Ltd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



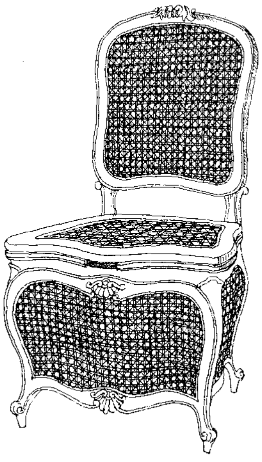
A FLOOR LAMPS.

It's one lamp. But it looks like more. 3 slim black stems sprout independently from the black metal base. Each stem accommodates a 100 watt bulb. Each stem is topped with a handsome handmade Belgian linen shade. The shades come in yellow, gold, light blue, brown, orange, olive green, off white, or natural. You can mix or match the colors. The lamp is 63" tall. It has a handy footswitch. A singularly fine value at $69.

NEW 56 PG. CATALOG. . .ONLY 25c.
Mail orders and browsers are invited.

GEORGE KOVACS
WE'VE MOVED TO A GREAT NEW STORE
Dept.N-52 831 Madison Ave. - 69th St.
N.Y.C. 21, UN 1-8955, Open Thurs. till 8.

CHAISE PERCÉE



Magnificent Louis XV bathroom chair. Hand-carved solid Italian beech. Hand-caned. Fits most standard commodes. H40"xW21½"xD18½"xStHt19". Our price, well below the market, $159, ready-to-finish. If we finish, add $40, state color. No COD's. Shpd. Exp. Coll. Complete catalog: Send 50c.

DOOR STORE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.
Dept. N2, 3140 M St., N.W., Wash.D.C., 20007

CONTENTED LEATHERS LOVE LEATHERCRAFT!!

They know that experts clean them best!! COATS • JACKETS • HANDBAGS • GLOVES . . . Cleaned & Reconditioned Like New! Send $2.00 ppd. for SUEDECRAFTER® Suede *Spot Cleaner for home use.* Mail Order Svc. Pick-up 50 Mi. Radius N.Y.C.

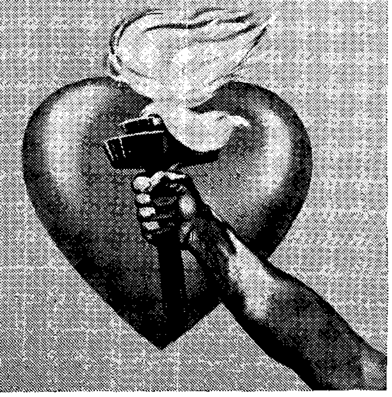
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUdson 6-3737

enclave strategy that would prevent the South Vietnamese Army from seeking as much combat as it wishes with the Vietcong, which continues to be vastly outnumbered by the Army. There is an eminent Vietnamese soldier and diplomat in this city—a man very much at odds with Marshal Ky's government but nevertheless in full sympathy with the struggle *against* the Vietcong—who is persuaded that the Gavin-Kennan strategy is the only one that offers his countrymen any real hope of an end to their present agony and the beginning of something resembling a free society. It is his conviction that the strategy is militarily and politically sound, and he has recommended to officials here that they consider putting it into operation by means of a treaty between Saigon and Washington. In such a document, he has proposed, the United States might pledge itself to the maintenance and defense of certain military bases and certain non-military areas in South Vietnam for specific periods of time—three years, perhaps, or five—with the treaty being renewable and amendable by mutual consent for as long as South Vietnam is under siege. This, he suggests, could provide a firm legal basis for our presence and might resolve some of our own Constitutional difficulties over what Senator Morse has called an "executive war." With the Senate's consent, it might obviate the whole issue of congressional authority for declarations of war.

THERE is no assurance that the President will be allowed the several months he wants for study and reappraisal. For the present, he is bound to the so-called Declaration of Honolulu, and if this murky document means what it seems to mean, we will go on as we have in the past, which is to say that if Hanoi or Peking offers new challenges during this period, we will accept and counter them. The intransigence of these two capitals in recent weeks has led most people here to reaffirm what had earlier seemed an inescapable conclusion: that Hanoi and Peking consider it very much in their present interest to have the United States at war in South Vietnam. The war disrupts our lives and our alliances while doing little damage to theirs. This is particularly true of China. All *it* would gain by a settlement is peace in another country; it would lose the opportunity to attribute its own failures to what it claims is the threat to its security posed by the United States. Keeping alive the idea of an American threat is

Your Heart Fund Fights

HEART ATTACK • STROKE
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE
INBORN HEART DEFECTS



Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"My all-time favorite . . . the ultimate in steak with all the trimmings . . . attracts the pick of the stars of the entertainment world."
– *Earl Blackwell, International Epicure*
Originator of Celebrity Service in Hollywood, New York, Paris, London and Rome.

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660
John C. Bruno

HISTORY REPEATS!
ROSELAND, where the big bands of history played (and many were made!) is still New York's home of

THE BIG BAND BEAT
BUDDY KIRK ORCHESTRA
ARGUESO Latin Rhythms
Nightly exc. Mon. • Mats. Thur. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30

ROSELAND DANCE CITY
WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM • RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

clos normand
FORMERLY
LOUIS AND ARMAND
OPEN FOR
LUNCH AND DINNER
42 EAST 52, PL 3-3348

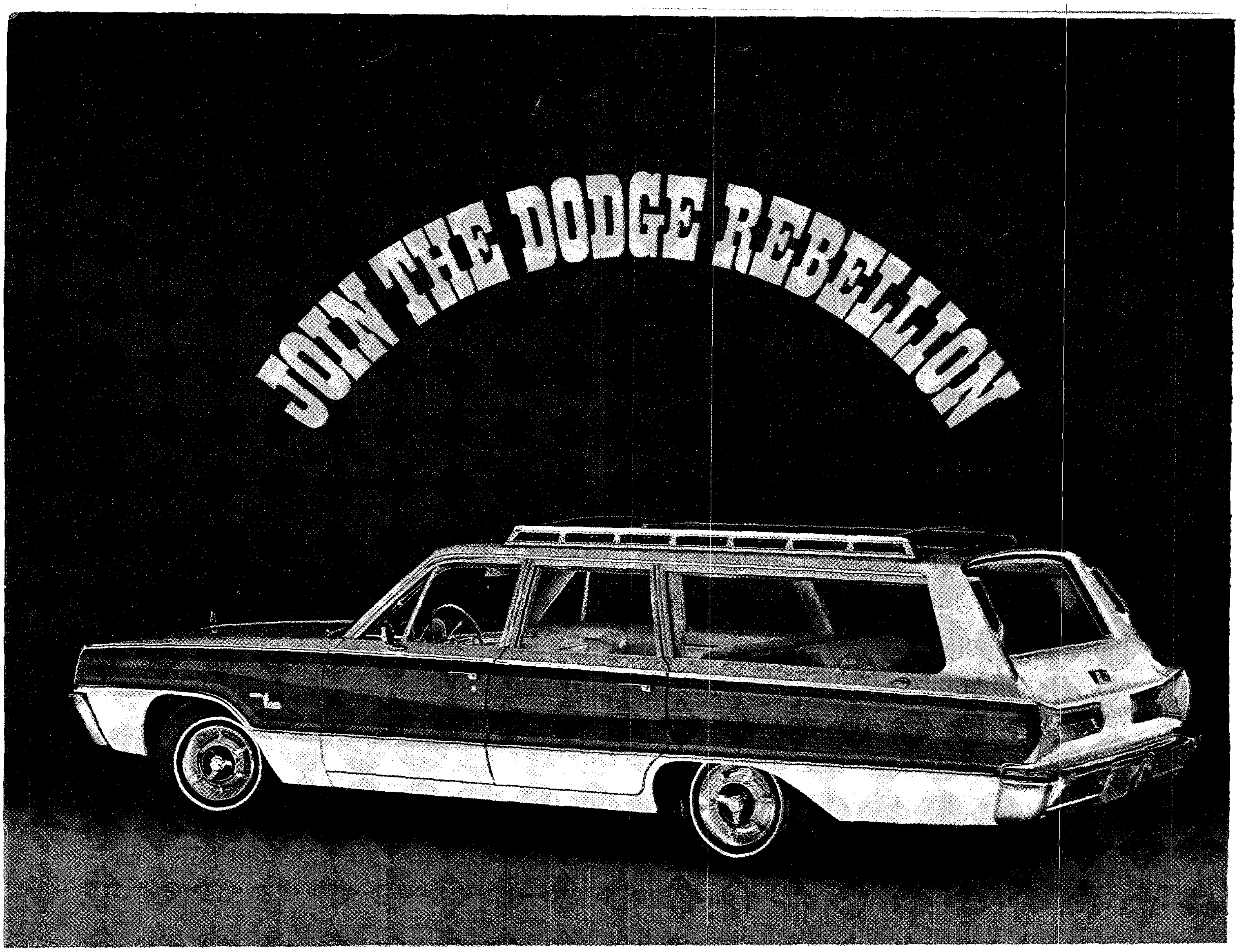
Paris is for gourmets.

Air France is for gourmets who can't wait to get there. Air France is famous for its food because it's really French. We don't mean just French names on the menu ...we mean authentic French cuisine prepared by authentic French chefs. Gourmets whose appetites won't wait invariably fly Air France. They know that waiting on board are the fruits of 2000 years of French culinary triumphs...and that should be authentic enough for anybody. So, food lovers of the world, arise! Come home with us to Paris on Air France. We fly more miles...to more destinations...than any other airline. See your Travel Agent or call us.

AIR FRANCE FLIES FROM NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, MEXICO CITY, MONTREAL, LOS ANGELES, AND BEGINNING APRIL 1st, BOSTON.

à Votre
Service

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



When you take your wagon shopping, do people mistake it for a pickup truck? And when you pull up to the club, does the doorman say politely, "All deliveries in the back"? With Monaco for '66, you can change all that. This is one wagon that handles society and shopping with equal ease. Monaco's graceful styling and beautiful side effects of simulated wood grain panels make every public appearance an attraction. Out back, there's almost eight feet of vinyl-covered room that takes packages as well as punishment. And Monaco's 383 cu. in. V8 pays no attention to the load. Meanwhile back at the club, the doorman admires the interior as he opens your door. "This is a wagon?" he says. This *is* a wagon . . . Dodge Monaco for '66. The Dodge Rebellion wants you.

'66 Dodge Monaco

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION

Wipe out boxy-looking wagons with one clean sweep . . . Monaco.

also helpful in cementing Chinese national unity. It would seem likely that China would also find regrettable such a move toward deëscalation as the adoption of the Gavin-Kennan strategy. For this would unquestionably meet with favor among the more critical and fearful of our allies, and it would surely improve our currently deteriorating relations with the Soviet Union; it might, in fact, open the way to some joint Soviet-American venture in the containment of Chinese power in Asia and elsewhere. If China decided to make it impossible, or at least extremely difficult, for us to deëscalate within the next six months, it could do so quite simply—and without committing large forces on the ground, which is what most people here and elsewhere have been worried about. For example, a few fighter planes manned by Chinese crews could create what the President would undoubtedly have to regard as a new situation.

If Mr. Johnson has the time he wants, though, it is reasonable to assume that he will spend a good part of it exploring whatever possibilities there are for deëscalation. Whether he will regard himself as free to make use of any of them is another question. There has been this week a formidable and dramatic presentation of the case of the doves. The response of the hawks will not be long in coming. It is probably a fact that if the country were polled today the hawks would be in the majority. But the President knows the fickleness of majorities. In the period ahead, he will find himself under mounting pressure from both sides, and he may decide to stay right where he is, or where he thinks he is—firmly in the middle. He would be true to at least part of his nature if he solved the problem this way. But he also, one can assume, knows that the only "problem" he can "solve" this way is that of what passes in this city for public opinion. This has little to do with the wisdom or unwisdom of policy on the other side of the world. He would be true to another part of his nature if he sought deëscalation. For despite much of the world's impression of him as a short-tempered and bellicose product of a frontier culture, a man who relishes conflict on behalf of simplistic ideologies and moralities, just about everyone who has watched him in action acknowledges that almost the precise opposite is true. He is functioning as a war leader, but he shows no zest for the role. This is a war that would try the buoyancy of a Franklin Roosevelt, and its principal effect on

Give him his daily bread!

OMAR EMILIO NINO, COLOMBIAN, AGE 5. One of six children. Father ill. Works as shoemaker occasionally. Earns about $30 a month. Mother lame. Surgery four times. Leg in cast now. Live in one room. Barely furnished. Brick floor. Cardboard ceiling. No facilities. Wash clothes in public washing place. Diet limited. No meat or milk. Children undernourished. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot adequately shelter, feed and clothe. Help to Omar means help to entire family.

You or your group can become a Foster Parent of a needy child. You will be sent the case history and photo of your "adopted" child and letters from the child himself. Correspondence is translated by PLAN. The child knows who you are. At once he is touched by love and a sense of belonging. Your pledge provides new clothing, blankets, education and medical care, as well as a cash grant of $8 every month. Each child receives full measure of material aid from your contribution. Distribution of goods is supervised by PLAN staff and is insured against loss in every country where PLAN operates. **Help in the responsible way. "Adopt" a child through Foster Parents' Plan. Let some child love you.**

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development of the United States Government and filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. **Check your charity—we eagerly offer our financial statement on request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.** PLAN helps children in Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru.

© Foster Parents' Plan, Inc. 1966

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower
Loretta Young

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. NY-2-66
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex............, age............, nationality.............................
I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).
Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.......................

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $ ....

Name...
Address..
City.............................. State.............................. Zip..............................
Date.............................. Contributions are income tax deductible.

"WRITE ANY THREE BROKERS —and Merrill Lynch, of course"

That's the advice we gave the other day to a man who couldn't make up his mind what to do about his investments—what to buy, what to sell, what to hold.

We still think it was a pretty sensible suggestion. We don't know what kind of replies he may get . . . whether they'll be good, bad, or indifferent ... whether they'll reflect an interesting consensus or a challenging divergence of opinion.

But we *do* know that we're quite willing to be judged as a firm wholly on the basis of the kind of well-reasoned reply, geared to his own particular circumstances and objectives, that we know he—*any investor—gets who* writes to our Research Division.

Want to see for yourself? Just write to Research about your own investment situation and ask for their suggestions. There's no charge or obligation, but may we ask you to address your inquiry to

Dept. SB-10 *(That's a code which enables us to tell in what newspaper or magazine you saw this offer.)*

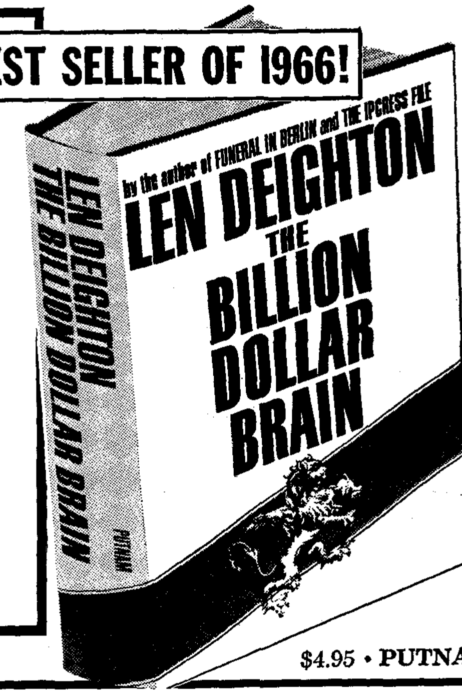
MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

FIRST FICTION BEST SELLER OF 1966!

A stunning new novel of espionage that screams across the roof of the world — from deepest Texas to darkest Leningrad.

"Deighton has surpassed his earlier success, FUNERAL IN BERLIN!"
— *N. Y. Times*

"High-grade reading with speed, suspense, sex and savoir-faire in just the right proportions."
— *Philadelphia Bulletin*


by the author of FUNERAL IN BERLIN and THE IPCRESS FILE
LEN DEIGHTON
THE BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN
LEN DEIGHTON THE BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN
PUTNAM

4th LARGE PRINTING $4.95 • PUTNAM

Chateau Madrid
Presents
AN EXCITING
LATIN REVIEW
Shows 9 & 12 • Also 2 A.M. Sats.
2 Shows Sun. 9 & 12
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

ONLY $1
Brand new 1966 book of pictures, facts, prices, featuring island homes, tax-free investment properties for sale in the Caribbean. Plus hundreds of homes in Florida, the South and New England, castles in Spain, villas on the Riviera; many more. Inspect before you travel miles just to look. Send $1 to YN-19. PREVIEWS Inc., 49 E. 53rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10022 —Plaza 8-2630.

Lyndon Johnson has been a dispiriting one. He knows that while circumstances may compel him to push on and on in quest of some kind of "victory," there can be no glory in any conceivable outcome. When he became President, he was clearly determined to leave his mark on history through large undertakings within the United States. He came close—perhaps to everyone's disadvantage—to ignoring Vietnam until Senator Goldwater forced him to declare himself, and he then declared himself to be stoutly opposed to the escalation he subsequently authorized. There is every reason to believe that as he moved toward enlargement he did what he did on each occasion because he was convinced, mistakenly or not, that he, as President and Commander-in-Chief, had no alternative. But he recognizes that the whole course of events is destructive of his fundamental purposes. This bloody war merely gets in the way of all the bloodless wars he is eager to wage. Reflecting on the case of the Yale professor who a few weeks back had some audiences with the leaders of North Vietnam, one White House correspondent recently offered the view that "Staughton Lynd simply is not in it with Lyndon Johnson when it comes to wanting to get out of Vietnam." Though Staughton Lynd and most of the rest of the world may think this a preposterous opinion, it is widely held in this city. Thus, there are few here who doubt that the Gavin-Kennan strategy will get another hearing or who discount the possibility that it, or something like it, will be adopted if the Chinese, the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong, and both the hawks and the doves in this country (for the doves have often shown that they are capable of killing the thing they love) do not somehow combine to make it impossible for him to change his and our course.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

WOODBRIDGE, N.J., Jan. 25—(AP)—The Garden State Parkway says that more than 130.6 million vehicles used the toll road in 1965, traveling a total distance of 1.66 million miles.—*Birmingham (Ala.) News.*

Let's see, that's about 22 yards, 1 foot, 1⅓ inches.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel*]

The date was Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1931. At No. 1 Linton Place, in Methuen, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Francis Martin and their 12-year-old daughter Linda were watching television.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Allenby of Arabia, Lawrence's General, by Brian Gardner, with an introduction by Lowell Thomas (Coward-McCann). Mr. Gardner, an English historian, is interested in more than just Allenby's life story, though he tells it well. He is concerned with the great military problem of the First World War—how to break a stalemate and maneuver. Allenby, who had been a cavalryman and had handled cavalry well in the Boer War, was as nonplussed as any general by the static Western Front but was quicker than most to realize that mounted men were of little use in trench warfare. When military politics transferred him to the Middle East, he was able to get moving. The Allies had been stuck in the sand for years, but Allenby changed all that. He started at Gaza. When he reached Damascus, "the British front had been moved forward 350 miles in six weeks," Mr. Gardner says, and offers as a comparison—with the reminder that Allenby's forces moved on horseback, camelback, or foot—the statement that "the farthest stretch of the German Blitzkrieg . . . in 1940 was some 225 miles, accomplished . . . in seven days." Allenby's great achievement was appreciated at the time, especially since he was the first Christian general to take Jerusalem after it fell to Saladin in 1187, but later on his fame was overshadowed by that of one of his officers—T. E. Lawrence. Mr. Gardner, without denigrating Lawrence, insists that his contributions were made possible by Allenby. Both men, and the tactics of the force in which they served, left a tradition in the British Army. In an epilogue that is a brilliant combination of exposition and narrative, Mr. Gardner traces the effects of their teaching on battles of the Second World War.

Samuel Adams: The Fateful Years: 1764-76, by Stewart Beach (Dodd, Mead). The author of this thorough biographical and political study wants to correct the common opinion of Adams as a rabble-rouser and a secret instigator of mob violence. Mr. Beach believes—as do other biographers and historians—that Adams was as firmly committed to his theory of the constitutional relation between Great Britain and Massachusetts as he was to his religious orthodoxy, and Mr. Beach is also willing, and even proud, to admit that Adams was a shrewd, persuasive politician. But Mr. Beach insists that Adams never played dirty, and that the chipper, decorous, plain-spoken man who won the respect of solid citizens fully deserved it. A very interesting book indeed, but the author's thesis tends to make his hero less so; Samuel Adams the paragon is not nearly as fascinating as Sam Adams the legendary finagler.

A Choice of Weapons, by Gordon Parks (Harper & Row). The evolution of a *Life* photographer. Mr. Parks, who was born in 1912 and raised on a tenant farm in Kansas, attended high school in a St. Paul slum for a couple of years and then dropped out to work—at odd jobs, as a busboy, as a pianist with a dance band, as a C.C.C. forester, as a waiter, and finally (inspired by a providential glimpse of an exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute and equipped with a twelve-dollar pawnshop camera) as a free-lance photographer. Such climbs are always hard, but Mr. Parks's was doubly so, because he is a Negro, and a black one at that. His memoir, however, is not a complaint. He tells us who got in his way, but he also tells us who befriended him, and he recounts his story in a level voice that carries absolute conviction. The weapons that he chose to see him through were "those of a mother who placed love, dignity, and hard work over hatred."

The Politics of Socialism, by R. H. S. Crossman (Atheneum). The earliest essay in this collection dates from the late nineteen-thirties; the rest were written between 1951 and 1964. Mr. Crossman, a member of the present Labour Government, attempts, sometimes by discussing an immediate practical problem and sometimes by considering abstract or general questions, to work out guidelines—they amount to less than a philosophy but to more than a mere legislative program—for English So-

Don't go abroad this year without your new

FODOR'S GUIDE TO Europe 1966

FODOR'S
1966 GUIDE TO
EUROPE

The smart traveler's favorite
ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS • $6.95

. . . and for
country connoisseurs

FODOR'S GUIDES
for 1966 to:

SOUTH AMERICA
$6.95

AUSTRIA
BELGIUM-LUXEMBOURG
BRITAIN-IRELAND • FRANCE
GERMANY • GREECE
HAWAII • HOLLAND • ITALY
SCANDINAVIA
SPAIN-PORTUGAL
SWITZERLAND
$5.95 each

CARIBBEAN, BERMUDA,
AND BAHAMAS
JAPAN AND EAST ASIA
INDIA
$6.95 each

MOROCCO
$4.95

NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

McKAY

"Wicked and witty.
Funny as the devil."
—*Chicago Tribune*

Richard
Armour
hilariously explodes
the fables and
foibles of American
higher education in

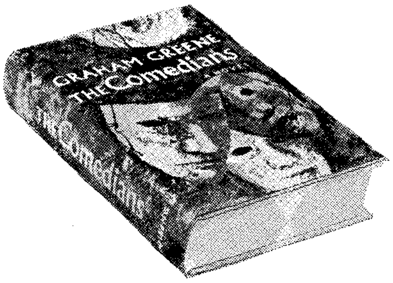
Going Around
in Academic
Circles

Drawings by Leo Hershfield
$3.95 at bookstores.
3rd big printing

McGRAW-HILL

RIZZOLI
International
Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

"Graham Greene's best book since *The Power and the Glory.*"
—CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, *Book Week*



The Comedians
At all bookstores $5.75
THE VIKING PRESS

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
"A guaranteed one-sitting reading adventure."
—WILLIAM McGIVERN
The new one by the author of After the Fine Weather blends crooked politics, love, cricket and murder — a strong brew! $4.50

THE CRACK IN THE TEACUP
by Michael Gilbert
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Wherever she goes she'll know what to do thanks to

THE *seventeen* BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING
by Enid A. Haupt
The ideal gift • $6.95 • McKAY

cialism. He is by no means the only Labour thinker who wants to save the Party from higgledy-piggledy pragmatism and electoral opportunism, although he sometimes writes as if he were; on occasion, he seems to be looking for excuses to be uncompromising. Nonetheless, he sets forth quite a few valuable notions and sensible appraisals; his facility with abstractions is tempered by his practical experience and, for Mr. Crossman, a mood of benignity.

ALL ABOUT ANTS, by Peggy Pickering Larson and Mervin W. Larson (World). This book, the work of a California entomologist and his wife, is a model of expository writing—clear, sharp, and arresting. It embraces, as the title indicates, the whole of modern scientific understanding of the infinitely old (at least fifty million years) and extraordinarily varied (carnivorous hunters, seed eaters, aphid tenders, growers of edible fungi, honeypots, janitors, silk weavers, slaves, masters) members of the family Formicidae. The authors discuss the intricacies of organization and the techniques of communication that enable colonies to function, the ability of some varieties of ants to "learn" (such as mastering a maze with six false turns), and the variations of intelligence among the different castes: "The brain is very poorly developed in the males, is better developed in the queens, but is largest and best developed in the workers." There is also a clarifying chapter on the antlike but non-ant termites. Photographs.

•

The railroad, which employs more than 1,200 persons, also operates a complete locomotive.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

One of the big ones, with a featherbed.

•

The rhythmic sound of "77 Trombones" will fill the Valley Music Theater tonight with the arrival of "The Music Man," composer Meredith Willson's noted musical show.—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

Ah, California!

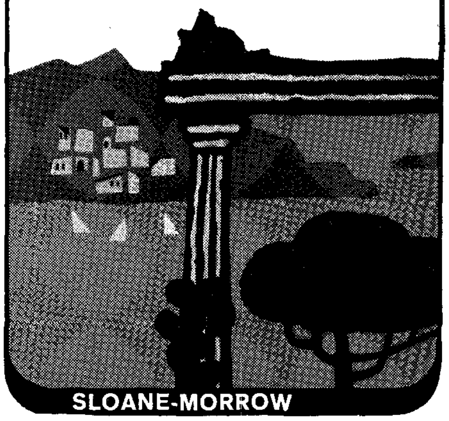
•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Architecture/West*]

The world's expanding population—the impact of man on man—at the rate of present increase, about 2% per year—in 650 years there will be merely one square foot of space per person—a situation presenting unusual design problems.

South of Rome
A Spring and Summer in Southern Italy and Sicily
ROBERT M. COATES
The noted art critic for *The New Yorker*, novelist, and short-story writer here continues his appreciation of Italy—its landscape, art and people—begun in BEYOND THE ALPS.
Photos. Maps. At bookstores, $6.00



SLOANE-MORROW

A vivid, perceptive, first novel about college undergraduates.
Dink's Blues

Photo by Laurence Risser
by Marilyn Hoff
$4.95 HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-66 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

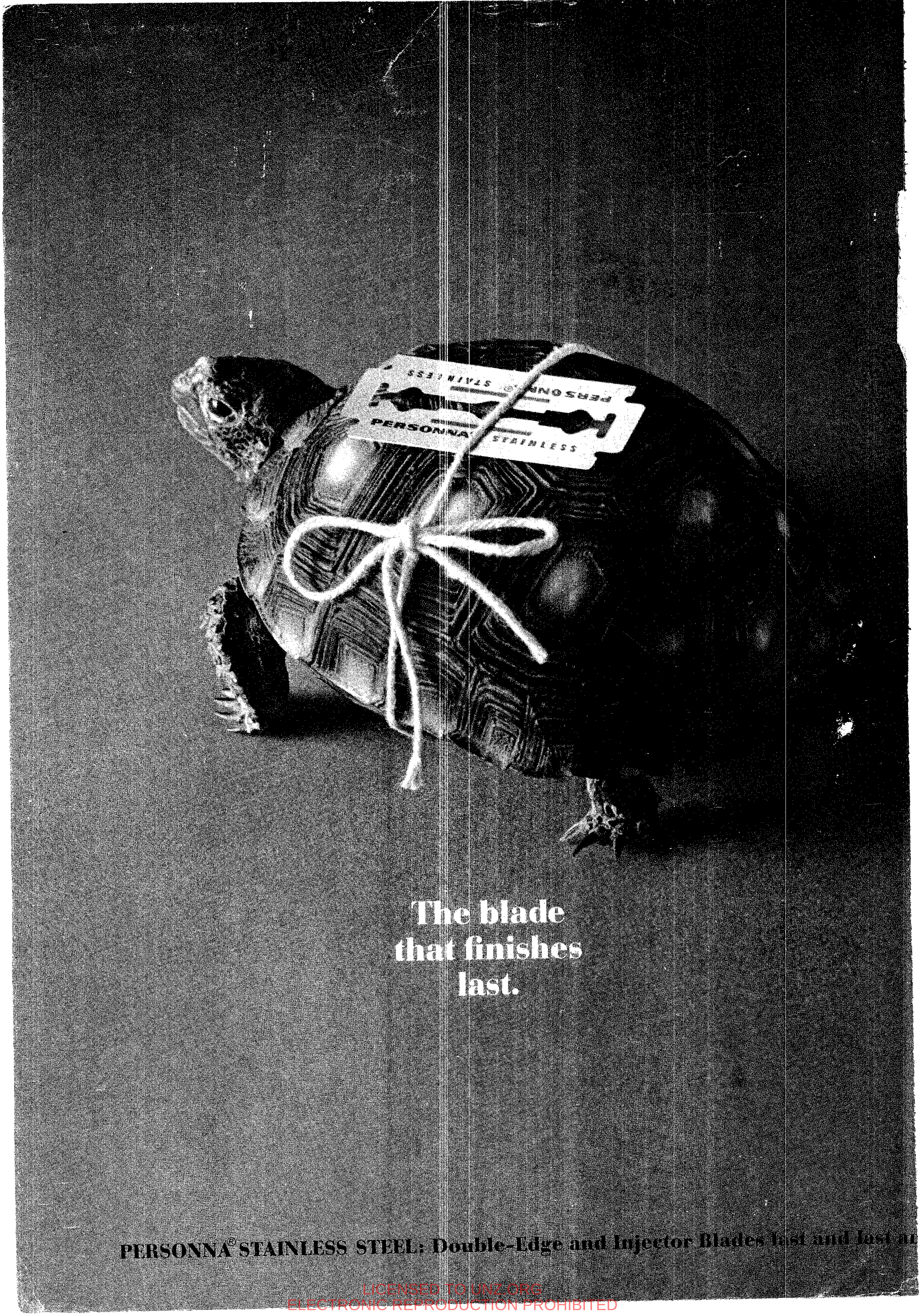
The Couth Vermouth

For a truly civilized Martini, don't stir without Noilly Prat. Admirably subtle. Correctly pale. And *dry* as only a French vermouth can be. Show you know your Martinis by mixing with Noilly Prat. The couth vermouth.

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C


PERSONNA® STAINLESS
PERSONNA® STAINLESS
The blade that finishes last.
PERSONNA® STAINLESS STEEL: Double-Edge and Injector Blades last and last a